Liberty

AUG. 5, 1944

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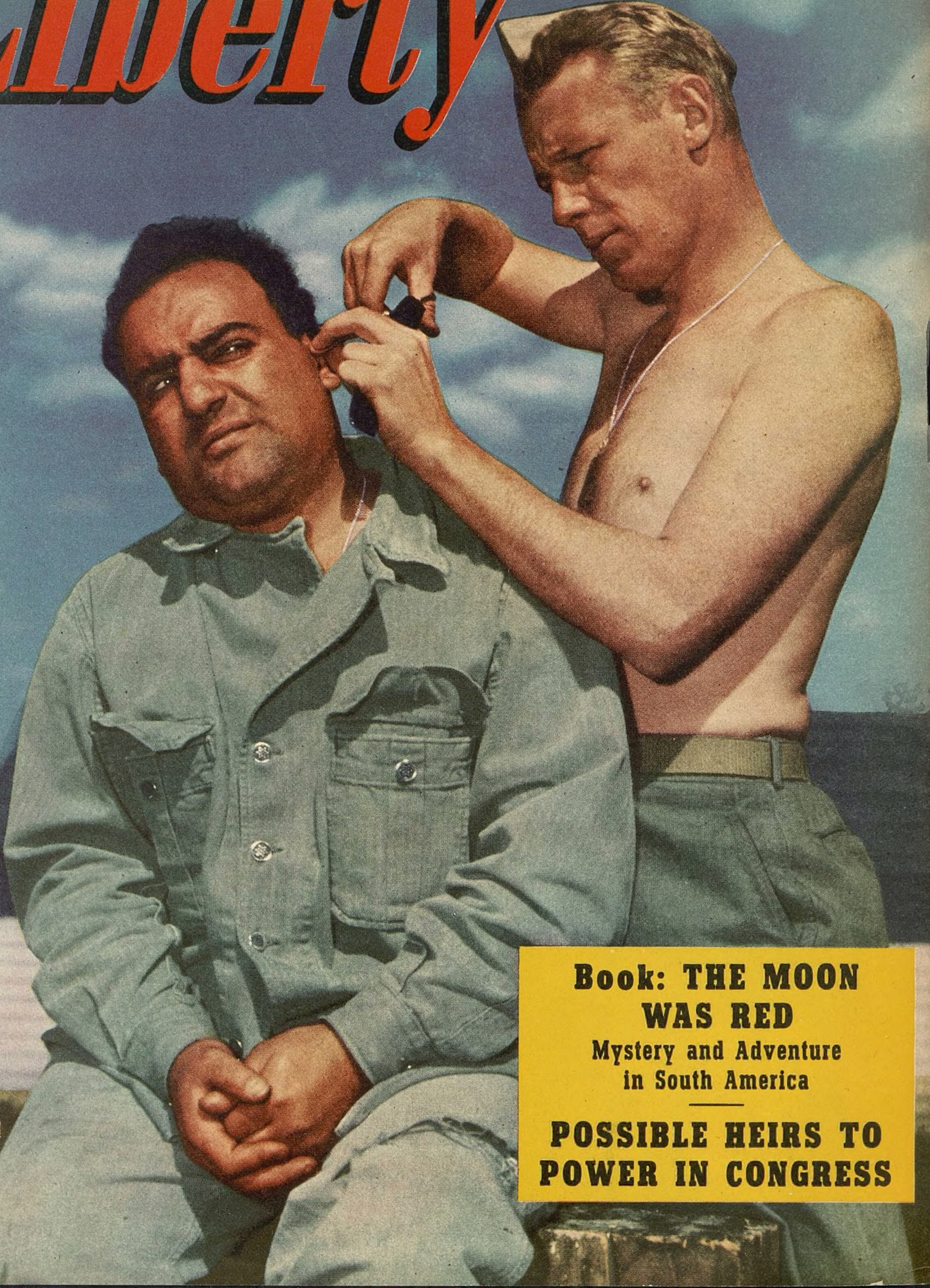
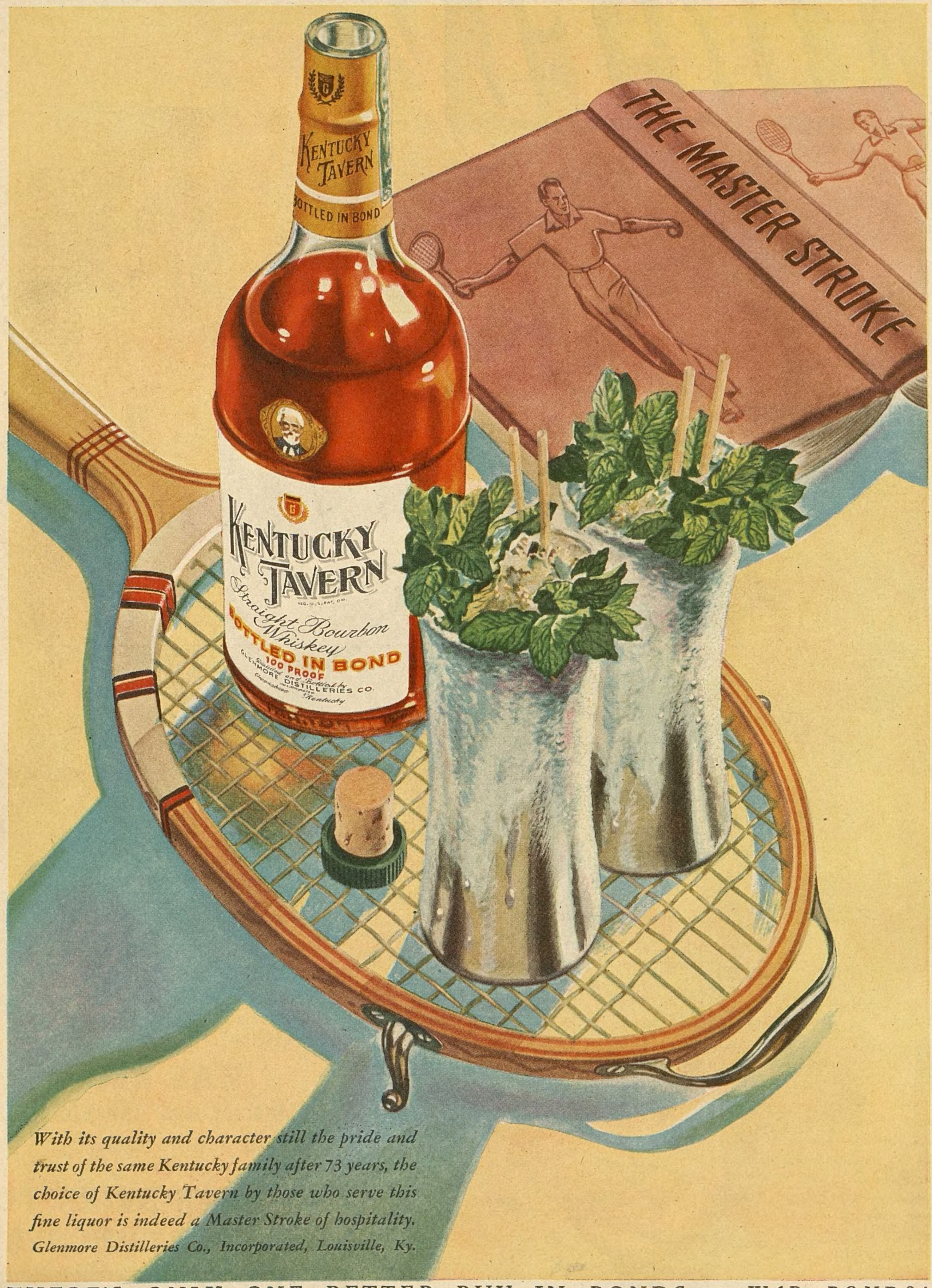


Book: THE MOON WAS RED

Mystery and Adventure
in South America

POSSIBLE HEIRS TO POWER IN CONGRESS

THE ARISTOCRAT OF BONDS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100 PROOF
Distilled and Bottled by
GLENMORE DISTILLERIES CO.
Owensboro Kentucky
THE MASTER STROKE

With its quality and character still the pride and trust of the same Kentucky family after 73 years, the choice of Kentucky Tavern by those who serve this fine liquor is indeed a Master Stroke of hospitality.

Glenmore Distilleries Co., Incorporated, Louisville, Ky.

THERE'S ONLY ONE BETTER BUY IN BONDS . . . *WAR BONDS!*

Paint and Brush
Can be Truly Magic Things—
They Stir a Child's Imagination,
They Kindle Bright Hopes for Tomorrow.

We see her a Woman—Talented and Reliant and Smiling—with a Smile that owes much to her Lifelong use of Ipana and Massage!

ENJOY YOUR painting, little girl. Let the magic of your colors, the strokes of your brush stir your imagination!

To you—and to the thousands of young Americans like you—is given a wealth of opportunity to develop the talents, skills and character that will enable you to face the future, able and confident and *smiling.*

Yes, *smiling!* For even their smiles have the best of care. Today, in classrooms all over the land, youngsters are being taught a lesson many parents have yet to learn—the importance of firm, healthy gums to bright teeth and sparkling smiles.

These young Americans know that today's soft foods rob our gums of the natural work and stimulation they need for health. They know why gums tend to become soft, tender . . . often signal their sensitiveness with a warning tinge of "pink" on the tooth brush!

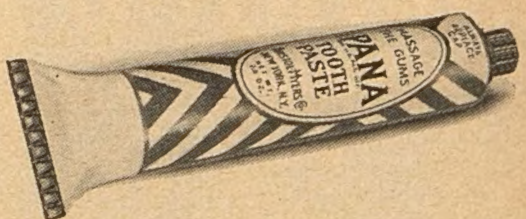
Never Ignore "Pink Tooth Brush"

If you ever notice a tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush—make a date to *see your dentist at once.*

He may simply tell you that your gums have become tender because of today's soft, creamy foods. And, like so many dentists do today, he may very likely suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

For Ipana Tooth Paste is designed not only to clean teeth thoroughly but, with massage, to aid the health of the gums as well. So massage a little extra Ipana onto your gums every time you brush your teeth. Circulation increases within the gums—helping them to healthier firmness.

Adopt the modern dental routine of Ipana and massage—for firmer gums, brighter teeth, a more sparkling smile!



Ipana Tooth Paste

Product of Bristol-Myers

Here's a worthwhile tip free.. gratis
One that's not to be despised
Any lighter works much better
If you keep it
RONSON-ized

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RONSONOL LIGHTER FUEL
5 Extra length RONSON REDSKIN 'FLINTS'
with the distinctive 'REDSKIN' coating. Best for ALL lighters.

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RONSON REDSKIN 'FLINTS'
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Avoid Inferior Imitations
If your RONSON needs attention send it to RONSON (Dept. 5, Newark 2, N. J.) for servicing at minimum cost.
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The Rum Connoisseur contains over 100 tested drink and food recipes. Send for your Free Copy. Ronrico Corporation, Miami, Florida. Ronrico Rum 86, 90 and 151 Proof. U. S. Representative: Import Division, McKesson & Robbins, Inc., New York City.
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Photographed by Ted Koepper at Fort Totten, Long Island, N. Y.

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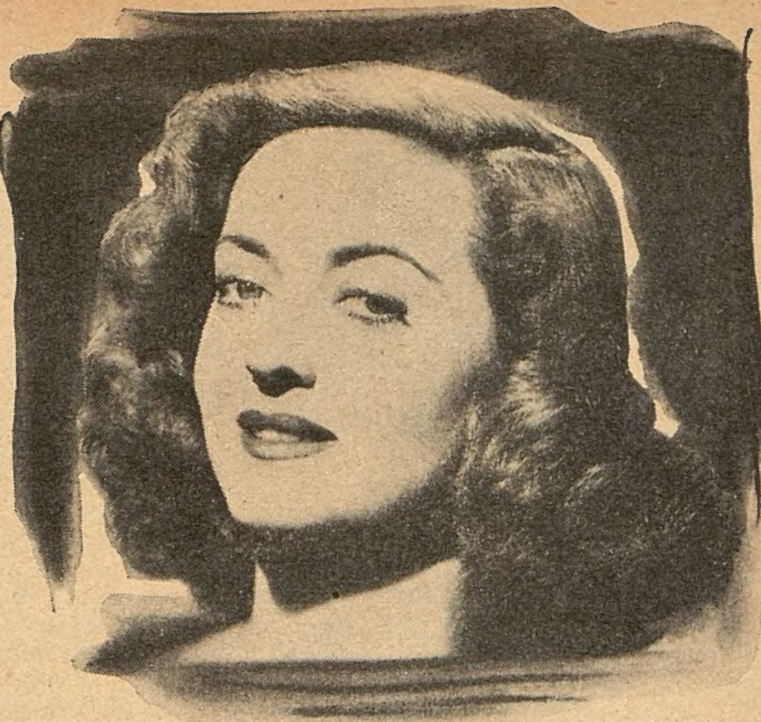
LEE WAGNER, CIRCULATION MANAGER



WORKING GIRL

NAME — Bette Davis

OCCUPATION — Actress

EMPLOYER — Warner Bros.

NATURE OF DUTIES — Helping employer to maintain *"an enviable record for combining good picture-making with good citizenship."* *

REMARKS — We've been proud of Bette Davis, of her magnificent artistry and enormous talent, ever since she came to work with us. (And no matter how easy it looks on the screen, the word is "work"—with a very large "W"!)

But we've never been so proud of Bette as since completion of our new picture, MR. SKEFFINGTON

MR. SKEFFINGTON is the story of a very rich man and a very beautiful woman, and of their life together, A love story? We think that even after seeing it, you won't be sure!

But you *will* be sure that MR. SKEFFINGTON is a picture to rank among the finest ever made . . . and that Bette Davis has no peer among screen artists.

You'll be sure, too, that the company which produced MR. SKEFFINGTON intends to keep that "enviable record" enviable!

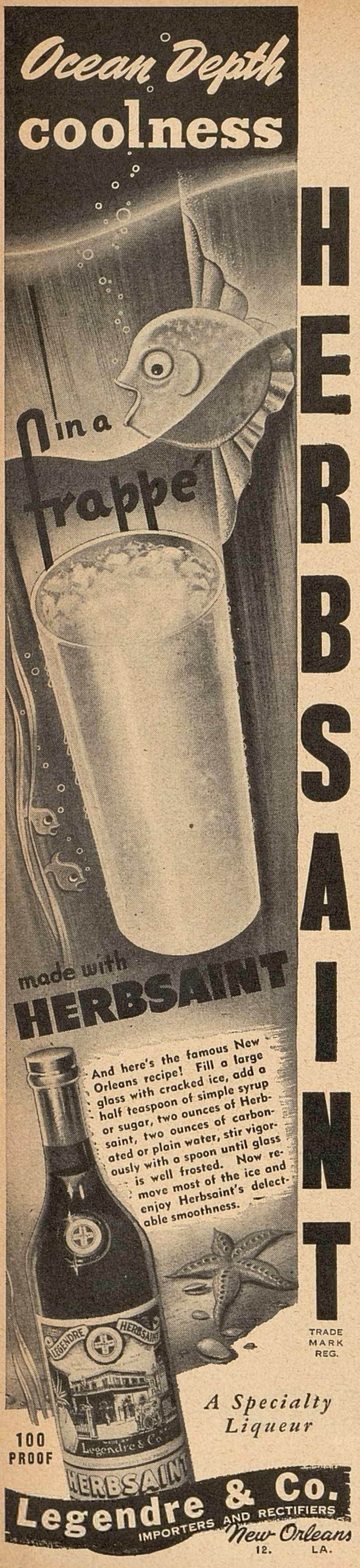
**The New York Times*

WARNER BROS.
are sending prints of this picture gratis to our boys overseas.
JACK L. WARNER
Executive Producer

BETTE DAVIS GREAT AS ONLY SHE CAN BE, IN **"MR. SKEFFINGTON"** with CLAUDE RAINS

RICHARD WARING • GEORGE COULOURIS • MARJORIE RIORDAN • Directed by VINCENT SHERMAN
Produced by JULIUS J. & PHILIP G. EPSTEIN • Screen Play by Julius J. & Philip G. Epstein From Story by "Elizabeth" • Music by Franz Waxman

Other Current Warner Bros. Productions:
THE ADVENTURES OF MARK TWAIN · BETWEEN TWO WORLDS · UNCERTAIN GLORY · SHINE ON HARVEST MOON · PASSAGE TO MARSEILLE · IN OUR TIME · DESTINATION TOKYO · WATCH ON THE RHINE



And here's the famous New Orleans recipe! Fill a large glass with cracked ice, add a half teaspoon of simple syrup or sugar, two ounces of Herbsaint, two ounces of carbonated or plain water, stir vigorously with a spoon until glass is well frosted. Now remove most of the ice and enjoy Herbsaint's delectable smoothness.

VOX POP

"The Voice of the People"

WRATHFUL TEENER

NASHVILLE, TENN.—Apparently Pfc. Gordon O. Baskin, who congratulates Miss Brenner for "using her cute little head," (June 3 Vox Pop), is accustomed to giving teen-agers credit for being first-class birdbrains. Pfc. Gordon O. Baskin, it will be five years before I am eligible to vote, but please wake up! Although sixteen-year-olds aren't even out of high school, they weren't born yesterday. The leaders of the present hold the strings that our generation will take over some day—some day not so far in the future. Not only do we concern ourselves with the present political scene; we also are using our "cute little heads" to think for ourselves and to become better prepared for the job of being capable citizens tomorrow. Pfc. Baskin, what did you go to school for?—*(Miss) C. L. D.*

BRICKBATS FOR MAMA'S BOY!

OAKLAND, CALIF.—Why continue publishing the gripes and grouches of the poor little mama's boys who, for the first time in their denatured lives, have been on their own, either in military or essential services? These poor dopes would wail at *anything* demanding a little guts, self-dependence, or hard work! Many of these lugs never walked as far as the corner in their lives; they borrowed pa's auto for that.

You'll notice that the beefs don't come from the miners, steel workers, railroad men, ranchers, and the many others who've led the hard lives of real men.

I'M ABUSED!
F C

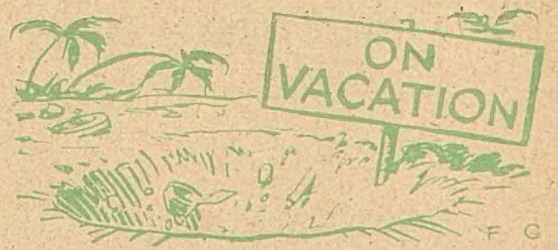
I'm 63 years old. In my time I've worked as a miner, a lineman, a factory hand, a salesman, a manufacturer. I've lived and worked in the hottest desert, the mountains, the valleys, the cities. I've been shot, and been smashed up in an accident which hospitalized me eighteen months and disabled me for a few years afterward.

After Pearl Harbor, I closed my business, went into war work. For over a year I did 12-hour shifts in an aviation plant as a machine shop production foreman, and as a toolmaker. My feet and legs not standing up to this, I'm now doing 8-hour shifts in one of Uncle Sam's naval air bases. I haven't missed a shift yet.

I say that no matter where you put him, a bum is always a flop, and always a bellyacher. A regular man will take anything that comes along and say nothing of it. To hell with these beefers! They are a damned small minority, thank God, but they make more noise and spill more ink and tears over themselves than the good guys who have to carry these damned things along, and who outnumber them 500 to 1.—*Lew Stoner.*

PLAIN TALK FROM THE PACIFIC

SOMEWHERE IN NEW GUINEA—I have been a faithful Liberty reader since I sold them as a kid ten years ago. Usually, I have no kicks. But I'd like to answer Paul Bigelow's foolish statement about go-getters (April 1 Vox Pop). As a civilian, I worked as many hours as were necessary, sometimes as much as eighty a week. Then I enlisted. Now overseas I realize what I'm missing. What would dear Mr. Bigelow do if he were fighting in the South Sea Islands on call every minute of the day, *every day*? How would he feel if the fighting men would take a day off a week? He certainly must admit that the war would last longer. If we'd had a few more "go getters" it might not have lasted this long. —*Cpl. J. M. Kearns, U. S. A. A. F.*



WIDOFF DOFFS HER HAT

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—Thank you for Paul Hunter's editorial The First of Our Big Bombers (June 24 Liberty). It is very enlightening, the subject is timely, and I feel certain that I speak for your countless other Liberty readers when I say we are looking forward to reading similar editorials in the near future.—*Helen Widoff.*

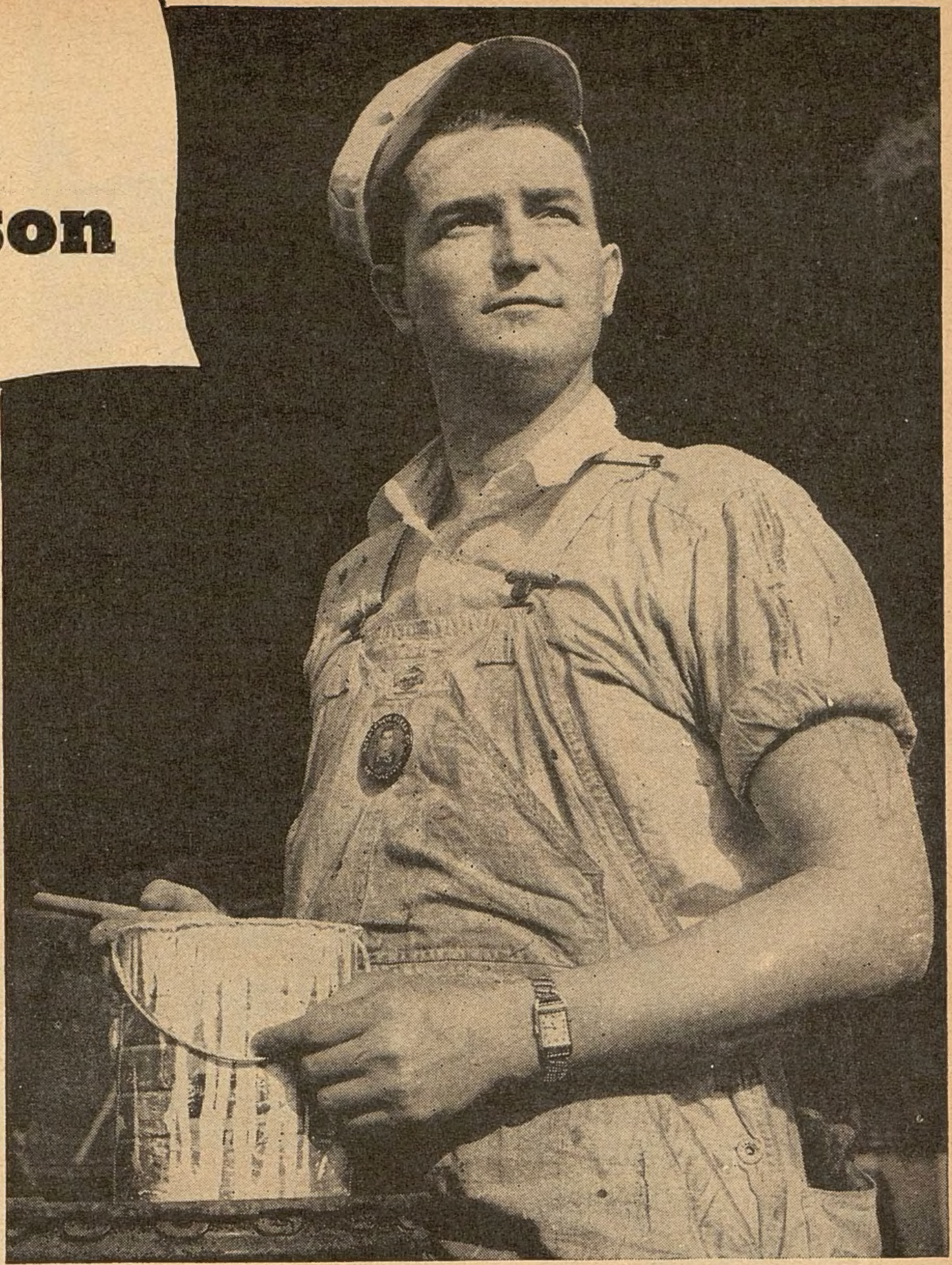
WORLD FAMILY

c/o F. P. O., SAN FRANCISCO—Dorothy Thompson's suggestion for an "international organization" (April 15 Liberty) is not a new idea, but it was excellently presented. In it she has shown that world peace can be assured only if justice and fairness for all nations are enforced—by all nations. If such a co-operative force had been in effect, this war would never have started.

If such a dream is ever to materialize, it must come in the wake of this war because it will be a great change and great changes do not take place during long years of peace. . . . The people of the world who do the working and the fighting and who would rather build and love than destroy and hate must back this plan. Now, more than ever before, Americans are concerned over foreign relations and realize

(Continued on page 10)

Meet Ev Jackson



You'd probably like knowing Everett C. Jackson. He was born in Illinois and now lives in Baltimore. He's thirty-four and married, and he holds a job at Bethlehem's ship-repair yard on Key Highway in Baltimore.

Soon after Pearl Harbor, Everett Jackson left the yard to join the Army. A first-aid man in the Medical Corps, he survived the sinking of the troopship on which he was bound for Guadalcanal, and later took part in the invasion of Rendova and New Georgia.

He served on New Georgia for twenty-seven days, under continuous bombing and strafing, and finally was badly wounded. After that, there were months in hospitals, then the Purple Heart and a medical discharge. Then the return to civilian life—and his old job with Bethlehem.

"Working here," says Everett Jackson, "is the next best thing to being out there fighting. I know they need the ships that I'm helping to repair at Key Highway. I only wish more people could understand how real that need is."

★ ★ ★

Like Everett Jackson, other veterans of World War II are joining, or rejoining, the Bethlehem production army in steady numbers. Over 11,000 ex-service men, nearly half of them former Bethlehem employees, have been employed by us in steel-making, in ordnance production, and in building and repairing ships.

To their jobs these veterans are bringing great resources of willingness, efficiency, and adaptability—and a marked desire to be treated by the same standards that apply to other civilians. Some of them are moving ahead to added responsibilities—to higher-skilled work or supervisory duties.

Their service in the armed forces is over. But they are heartened by realizing that through their jobs in steel plant or shipyard they are still helping directly to bring the war to an early and victorious end.

★ ★ BETHLEHEM STEEL ★ ★

WORLD'S LARGEST SHIPBUILDER

SECOND LARGEST STEEL PRODUCER

Shipbuilding and Ship Repair Yards . . . Quincy, Hingham, East Boston, Mass. . . . Staten Island, Brooklyn, N. Y. . . . Hoboken, N. J. . . . Baltimore, Sparrows Point, Md. . . . San Francisco, Alameda, San Pedro, Calif.

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RUM
86 PROOF

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Liberty
HOW WAGE CONTROL WORKS

NEXT WEEK

✓ SAILORS OF FORTUNE

By Colin Mackenzie

Liberty's Book Condensation

Colin Mackenzie joined the merchant marine after he was rejected by the Army and Navy (a little detail he neglects to mention). Within one twenty-four-hour period he was torpedoed three times; once he was given up for dead. But he went on blithely to further adventure on the beach heads of Italy!

✓ THE GOVERNMENT'S WAGE POLICY

By William H. Davis

Chairman, National War Labor Board

Often the rulings of the War Labor Board seem a little devious, but, according to Chairman Davis, they're based on a continuing policy which he makes crystal-clear in this article.

✓ G. I. JOE: WEAPON MAKER

By George H. Copeland

The experts think up the weapons, but it's G. I. Joe who quickly discovers their faults. Our soldiers' battle-front gripes are rapidly translated by the Army into improvements.

✓ WE CAPTIVATE RUSSIA BY AIR

By Maurice Hindus

An eyewitness account of the arrival of the first American shuttle bombers at Russian bases, together with some fascinating dope on the bases themselves and the men who man them.

✓ WHERE ARE THE BALLPLAYERS?

By Bill Stern

Big-league ballplayers are popping up all over the world's battle fronts. Some have taken healthy cuts at the enemy. Here's the line-up!

✓ TOWER OF THE LION

By Eleanor Mercein

Another episode in the career of Clarence—the dusky hepcat—who leads a peace parade to divert a game old Italian patriot—and witnesses a lightning romance.

✓ LUMBERJILL

By Frank Richardson Pierce

Danger paved the road across the hogback, and Margie Page needed all the spunk she could muster to drive a log-laden trailer where a double-crossing profiteer dared not go!

Pearl Buck's best seller, "Dragon Seed" has been made into one of the truly great motion pictures, exceeding even that memorable former success, "The Good Earth". It is the story of a lovely girl with a fighting heart who gave her love to a man who fought by her side in the great cause.

Dragon Seed

KATHARINE HEPBURN
WALTER HUSTON
ALINE MacMAHON
AKIM TAMIROFF
TURHAN BEY

HURD HATFIELD · J. CARROL NAISH
AGNES MOOREHEAD · HENRY TRAVERS
ROBERT BICE · ROBERT LEWIS
FRANCES RAFFERTY
JACQUELINE de WIT

Screen Play by
Marguerite Roberts and Jane Murfin
Based on the Novel by Pearl S. Buck
Directed by JACK CONWAY and
HAROLD S. BUCQUET
Produced by PANDRO S. BERMAN
A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture

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Leadership

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Compact carry-all for on-the-go business men. A portable office—containing oversize ring binder for 11" x 8½" sheets and compartments for papers, order books, memos. Of lightweight, weather-resistant pyroxylin coated fabric. Handsome and rugged.

. . . Available at leading department stores, luggage and stationery stores

STEIN BROS.

Manufacturing Co.

231 S. Green St., Chicago 7, Ill.

Fresh Peppermint
COOLIES

Delicious candy coating. Let them melt in your mouth for cooling, lingering candy refreshment.

We're supplying the Armed Forces. They come first. So if your dealer doesn't have these sweets today, look for them tomorrow.

5c

ANOTHER QUALITY CONFECTION MADE BY Candy Crafters, Inc.

LANSDOWNE, PA.

(*Continued from page 6*)

the need for better understanding. I say to hell with post-war leagues and alliances. Let's make all nations the United Nations. Give us more Dorothy Thompsons. Show us what must be done.—*Thomas Kennedy, U. S. N. R.*

SEABEES ARE SORE

Somewhere in the Pacific—We are members of a Naval Construction Battalion who, having nearly completed our designated job on "Island X" are now awaiting our relief. Tonight we were shown The Fighting Seabees, and is our face red. Had this picture been intended as a comedy we could possibly continue to hold our heads up, but since it was offered in all seriousness we shall certainly have to take a lot of ribbing from the boys in other branches of the service.

For example: What was the Seabee doing in the clamshell bucket with a bomb made up of dynamite sticks? Are we to assume he expected an enemy tank to lumber along beneath him? We doubt that the most gullible child would be impressed with the possibility that the enemy would allow themselves to be plucked out of a bush by a clamshell operator. Also, we counted four thousand-barrel tanks on a 50,000-barrel tank farm.

CB
THE FIGHTING CB's
F C

We expect no answer to these obvious questions, but point them out so you can understand why, if we had the Japanese character, there would be mass harakiri in every Seabee tent on the island. True, the Seabees are rigorously trained for combat, for emergencies, but it is embarrassing to be portrayed as supermen.

In closing, we would like to let the public in on a secret. Were we to shout "Can do," with the look of a dying martyr on our faces, we would, no doubt, be taken over to the psychiatrist. That expression is reserved for the radio programs and cheap movies, and has no place in the Seabees.

This is not the opinion of one person, but the unanimous opinion of the men and officers of our Naval Construction Battalion. We feel that this ridiculous type of picture should not be shown.—*Wm. J. McKim, SF1/c*

SUCH MEN ARE DANGEROUS!

New Guinea—Say! Do women really swoon at the sight of Sinatra? If it's that "lean and hungry look" that gets 'em, wait until we get back from New Guinea!—*Cpl. V. Scheetz.*

WRITE—DON'T GRIPE!

Somewhere in England—I have just finished reading some of the letters in May 6 Vox Pop and I notice that the majority of them are from people "griping" about one thing or other. Well, I have a suggestion to make for that kind of people: the next time they start to write about some "gripe," they should change their mind and write to someone in the service. Their boys NEED those letters!—*S/Sgt. R. L. Bombardier.*

JUST BETWEEN OURSELVES

BOTH AUTHORS responsible for Raid on Rabaul in this issue are with the 90th Bomber Group, known far and wide as the "Jolly Rogers." Originally Jules Archer, whose picture we give you, was with the Signal Corps in New Guinea, but he wanted more excitement and asked to be transferred to the Air Force, even though he had to start all over as a buck private. By order of General MacArthur, he became an authorized correspondent. The other half of the team on Raid on Rabaul, Walter Petravage, is a navigator, with the South Pacific his bailiwick.

MANY OF YOU will remember that Robert Ormond Case, whose story Between Friends is elsewhere in these pages, did those Direct Hits for us which we ran some time ago. He concerned himself with war facts in that series, but Bob is a fictioneer in his own right, having written a round dozen novels and many short stories. He's a Texan, but lives in Oregon, where he helped Kaiser launch his ships in "a small way."

ONCE UPON A TIME there was a gal named Eliza, who was left with a baby to bring up and a mother to support, and she happened to listen to a Western yarn that a cowboy was spinning to her brother. Though she didn't know which side of a horse you got on, she wrote down that story—and sold it! Thereafter, she advertised for cowboys, paid them for telling her their yarns, which she in turn sold to editors. From that, she naturally drifted into adventure and mystery stories. Oh, yes, she left off the "za" in her first name, and so we have Eli Colter, whose Homecoming you may have read before finding this corner.

THE EDITORS.

OLD TAYLOR

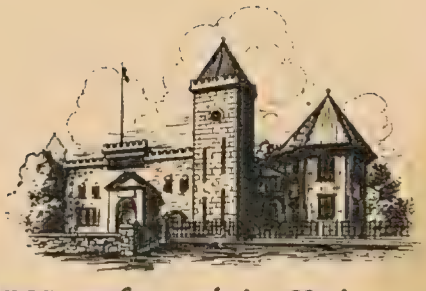
The Master's Choice

No one knew better than did the late Col. E. H. Taylor, Jr. what qualities make a whiskey truly great.

For he was a master distiller who created many noble whiskies.

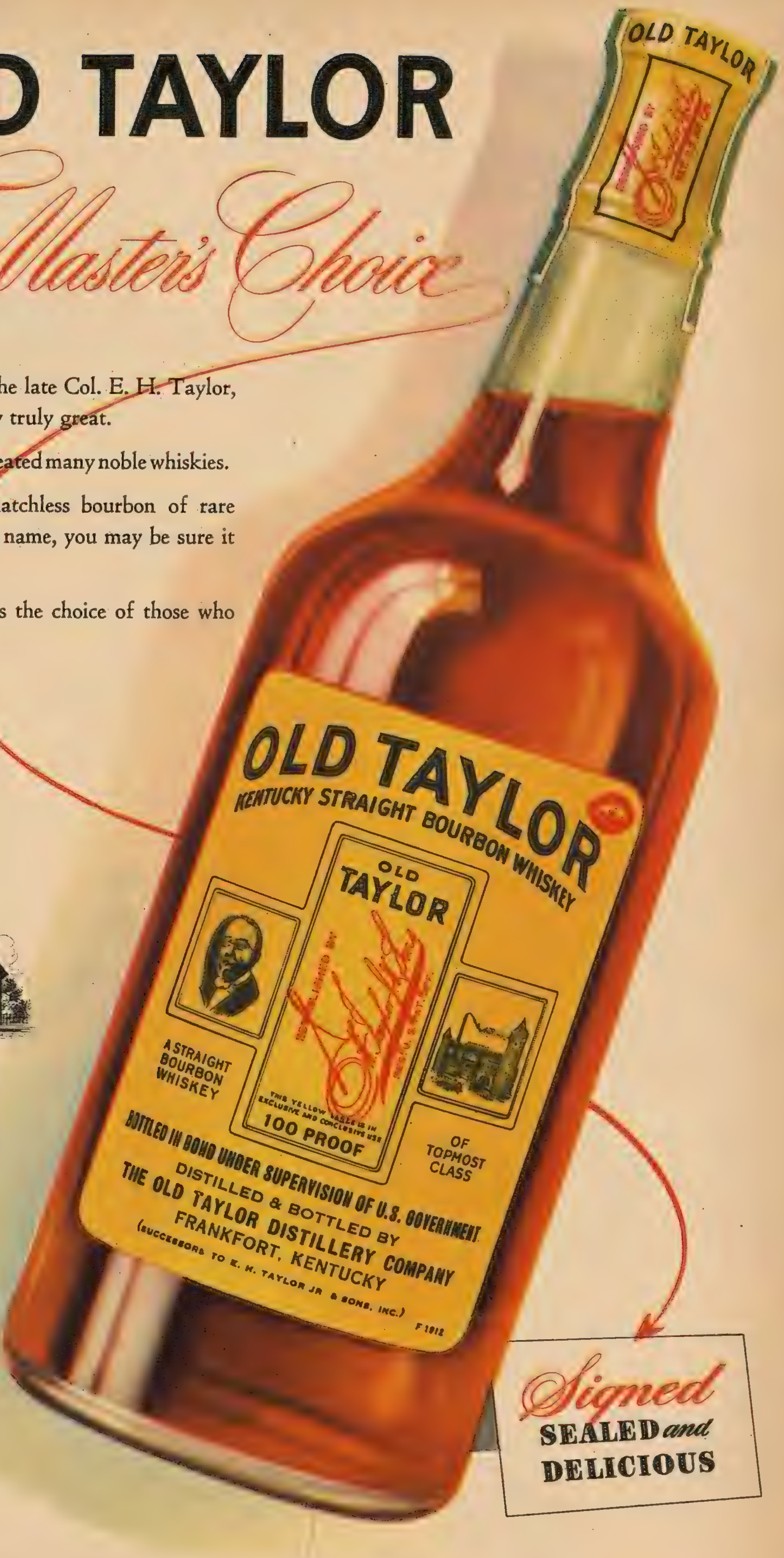
So when he selected one — a matchless bourbon of rare flavor and bouquet — to bear his name, you may be sure it was the master's choice.

OLD TAYLOR — now as then — is the choice of those who relish bourbon at its best.



OLD TAYLOR was first made in 1887 in the fine old distillery pictured here — and at no time since then has a single drop of any other whiskey come from this distillery.

National Distillers
Products Corporation
New York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OLD TAYLOR
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
OLD TAYLOR
A STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
THIS YELLOW LABEL IS IN EXCLUSIVE AND CONCLUSIVE USE
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THE OLD TAYLOR DISTILLERY COMPANY
FRANKFORT, KENTUCKY
(SUCCESSORS TO E. H. TAYLOR JR. & SONS, INC.)
F 1012
Signed
SEALED and
DELICIOUS

ON THE BEAM

BY WAYNE PARRISH

Japan's nemesis—the B-29 Superfortress. Contrast the span of 141 feet and length of 99 feet with the Culver Cadet poised underneath the giant.

Navy Plane—Land Take-off!

The Navy has discovered that flying boats can take off on land! One of its twenty-six-ton seaplanes, a Martin Mariner, made a forced landing recently on the bed of a dry lake in southeastern Arizona. The plane was much too valuable to abandon —but how to take off from sand?

Special beaching gear and wheels were taken to the dry lake, which is 4,000 feet above sea level, and a makeshift runway was laid out. After special crews had sweated in the sun, making ready for what was distinctly a new page in aerial history, the take-off started. It was successful. The huge flying boat soared into the air and returned to its more natural habitat on the West Coast.

The whole incident proved again the sturdy construction of American planes. In the forced landing, caused by a broken oil line, the hull was not hurt. The right wing tip, aileron, and float were the only parts damaged. Many aircraft experts would have labeled the feat "impossible," but it was no mirage that the scattered civilians at near-by cattle ranches saw racing across the dry lake to take off.

New Four-Bladed Prop

The new Bell Kingcobra P-63, a larger and improved version of the Bell P-39 Airacobra, is being equipped with an automatic, constant-speed four-bladed propeller developed and produced by Aeroproducts Division of General Motors Corporation. The smaller and older P-39, which has seen much service on the Russian front, used a three-bladed prop.

A notable feature of the new four-bladed prop is that the hollow-shaft hub is used for the installation of the nose cannon. Not much has been revealed about the P-63 except that its newer Allison liquid-cooled engines give it much greater power. Record speed of the hydraulic pitch-changing mechanism of the Aeroprop gives the pilot automatic and almost instantaneous control in the most crucial air maneuvers. This particular propeller is being used exclusively on the new plane.

Aeroproducts is a relatively new company in aviation, having been established only two and a half years ago. Some time ago it passed the ten thousandth propeller production mark. In addition to three- and four-bladed props, it is turning out six-bladed props of a dual rotation design.

D Day and Gliders

High tribute can be paid to the First Troop Carrier Command, whose headquarters is at Indianapolis, for the unprecedented air-borne movement as part of the invasion of France. Back in World War I, when most Army men still didn't believe the airplane was any good for military operations, the late Major General Billy Mitchell actually planned in detail what was to have been the first aerial movement of troops to the rear of the enemy's front lines. It was to have been staged in December, 1918. The armistice came before the Army had a chance to see how effective it would have been.

Of course Billy Mitchell's air force was very small. The troops he could have moved behind the enemy lines by parachute were only a few thousand in number. Gliders were unknown in those days. To prove the value of the airplane in the war was a gamble which he was willing to take.

In the invasion of France we have seen the greatest use of an air-borne invasion to date. More than 1,000 gliders towed by Douglas C-47 transports moved many thousands of men into France behind the German coastal defenses. Many thousands more were paratroopers. Although only two years old, the Troop Carrier Command has established much new aviation history. It was active in the hop to Sicily and Italy, and it staged the first long-range and exclusively air operation into the jungles of Burma. But the movement into France was by far the largest.

Warplanes in France

Beginning with the actual invasion of France, the distinction between strategic and tactical air operations can be followed more closely and with more real meaning to those of us on this side of the Atlantic. While the Eighth Air Force continues to hit vital war targets far in the rear in Germany—especially such targets as factories—the Ninth Air Force will be giving the world its first real demonstration of tactical air power.

It's the tactical air operations that played such a role in the actual invasion itself, and will precede our land forces the remainder of the way to Berlin. For many months tactical operations had been at work on the invasion coast, hitting German fortifications, supply depots, and anything else that looked like military preparations. As the invasion date moved closer, more attention was given to railroads and marshaling yards.

The immediate task of the tactical air groups, once the invasion began, was to isolate the battlefield to prevent reinforcements and supplies from reaching the Germans already engaged.

While strategic bombers blast the sources of war materials, the tactical air forces try to prevent the moving up of these materials. They attack especially enemy lines of communications and troop movements leading to the combat zones. The supply line is the most vital single part of an army; if it can be disrupted, the army depending upon supplies becomes rapidly vulnerable.

How far to the rear of the combat zone the tactical air forces operate depends entirely on how far back the enemy is drawing upon for reinforcements. But in all cases the tactical forces work in close co-ordination with the ground troops and the grand strategy. The invasion of France demonstrated how closely the airmen worked with the ground forces.

As a part of any tactical operation, the air forces must destroy as much as possible of the enemy's air forces and airfields. The devastating job performed against the Luftwaffe and German aircraft factories during the year preceding the invasion made it much easier.

It can be seen that the airplane is much more than long-range artillery, as some of the prewar ground strategists maintained. The airplane is highly flexible and can shift its deadly strength from one area to another very quickly. With full use of tactical air forces the enemy moves up reinforcements with the greatest difficulty.

Postwar Fields

Under the leadership of the National Aeronautic Association, all the groups and organizations concerned with tomorrow's airports and landing fields are being brought together into a co-ordinated planning program. All this is of vital interest to the recreational flier after the war.

Three types of landing areas for airplanes have been worked out as follows:

The first is known as the airpark, designed for the use of the individual flier living in a city or having business there. It would be located within or adjoining the municipality and would consist basically of a drained, graded, and turfed runway approximately 1,500 feet long and 250 feet wide.

Its total cost would probably not exceed $15,000. It would not be susceptible of expansion, for if traffic became too heavy, additional airparks would be built. It will be strictly for the individual flier.

The second would be known as a skyroad, built mainly for cross-country flying and serving recreational areas, farms, small communities, and factories located outside the cities. It would be located at intermediate points between cities on direct, planned routes and adjoining rivers, lakes, forests, and other recreational areas. Wherever possible, the skyroad would be located near a principal highway, so that existing automobile gasoline and service stations could also be used by the flier. The cost of the skyroads would not be great.

The third type of landing field is the type of airport best known today. It is called a "designated airport" and fits into one of a number of patterns established by the Civil Aeronautics Administration as to size and facilities. Such an airport is designed to serve scheduled air lines as well as itinerant fliers, and most airports today are very busy; it is a terminal, and every city today has at least one.

But it's the airpark and the skyroad that will get the real attention after the war, for these landing fields will be for the itinerant recreational flier using his own plane for pleasure and business. In bringing together all interested groups, the NAA is embarking on a program which the individual flier can watch with interest.

Air Force Argot

To supplement the list given on this page in the July 22 issue of Liberty, here is some more vernacular used by airmen, which you'd better become acquainted with or you won't understand what the boys are talking about when they come home. This particular contribution to the slang language comes from our own Army Air Forces. It isn't complete, but it will help:

bathtub—ball turret
big jeep—large bomber
Chinese landing—landing with one wing low
coffee grinder—aircraft engine
truck driver—transport pilot
peashooter—fighter pilot or fighter plane
ground gripper—nonflying personnel
geese—bombers in formation
hit the silk—bail out
mustard cluster—mythical award for poor bombing
pencil pusher—navigator
rainmaker—meteorologist
ribbon-happy—airman with extreme interest in his decorations or in collecting them
solid bundle of blitz—large formation of enemy aircraft
stuff—clouds or weather
fans—propellers

Then there is the lingo of radio communications which is used everywhere, such as "Roger," meaning "O. K." or "I understand"; and "wilco," meaning "Will comply; your last message has been received, understood, and will be complied with."

Then there is "on the beam," which means acting effectively or satisfactorily —but perhaps we are being a little presumptuous, since the title of this page is On the Beam. Actually, this expression originated in peacetime in connection with flying the invisible airways. If you were on course on the airway you were on the radio beam.

First customer—and severest critic . . .

He learned to fly in World War I, without a parachute. He never had a crack at a Hun or a medal, felt that his wings were honor enough. When Uncle Sam gave him a sixty buck bonus and a ticket home, he couldn't go back to the old life—saw his future in flying.

Or maybe he was too young for the War, and hung around hangars with his heart in his eyes until he could trade odd jobs for stick time.

HE slaved and saved to own a plane—an Army relic, a rebuilt crash job, or a homemade version. He gave lessons, sold rides, barnstormed, flew in prize meets; carried the mail; sometimes hit the headlines flying serum to a sick baby . . . But he wasn't a glory hound; just wanted to make a living flying—and often died at it.

If the old crate acted cranky or the motor quit, he couldn't tell the crew chief or Maintenance . . . Maintenance was his affair—or his funeral.

He needed an engine that didn't need a nursemaid . . . one that was easy on gas, simple enough that he could service it, up to hard work and hard knocks on cowpasture airports.

Jacobs gave him such an engine, and later better and larger versions. First customer and severest critic, he helped Jacobs develop the workhorse of plane engines.

WHEN war came, the Jacobs was ready for the bi-motored trainers, sure and safe for student pilots . . . On training fields from Canada to Cape Horn, the Jacobs takes more take-offs and more full throttle time than any engines in combat . . . stands up for more than 1,000 hours between major overhauls—*three times the original specifications* . . . helped train fine bomber pilots fast, and cut costs for taxpayers!

WE hope that these new pilots and their proud parents will not forget . . . how much of the success, safety and speed of the vast training program is due to the breed of men who believed and lived and worked to make airpower feasible . . . though many of them never survived to see the fact! . . . Jacobs Aircraft Engine Co., Pottstown, Pa.

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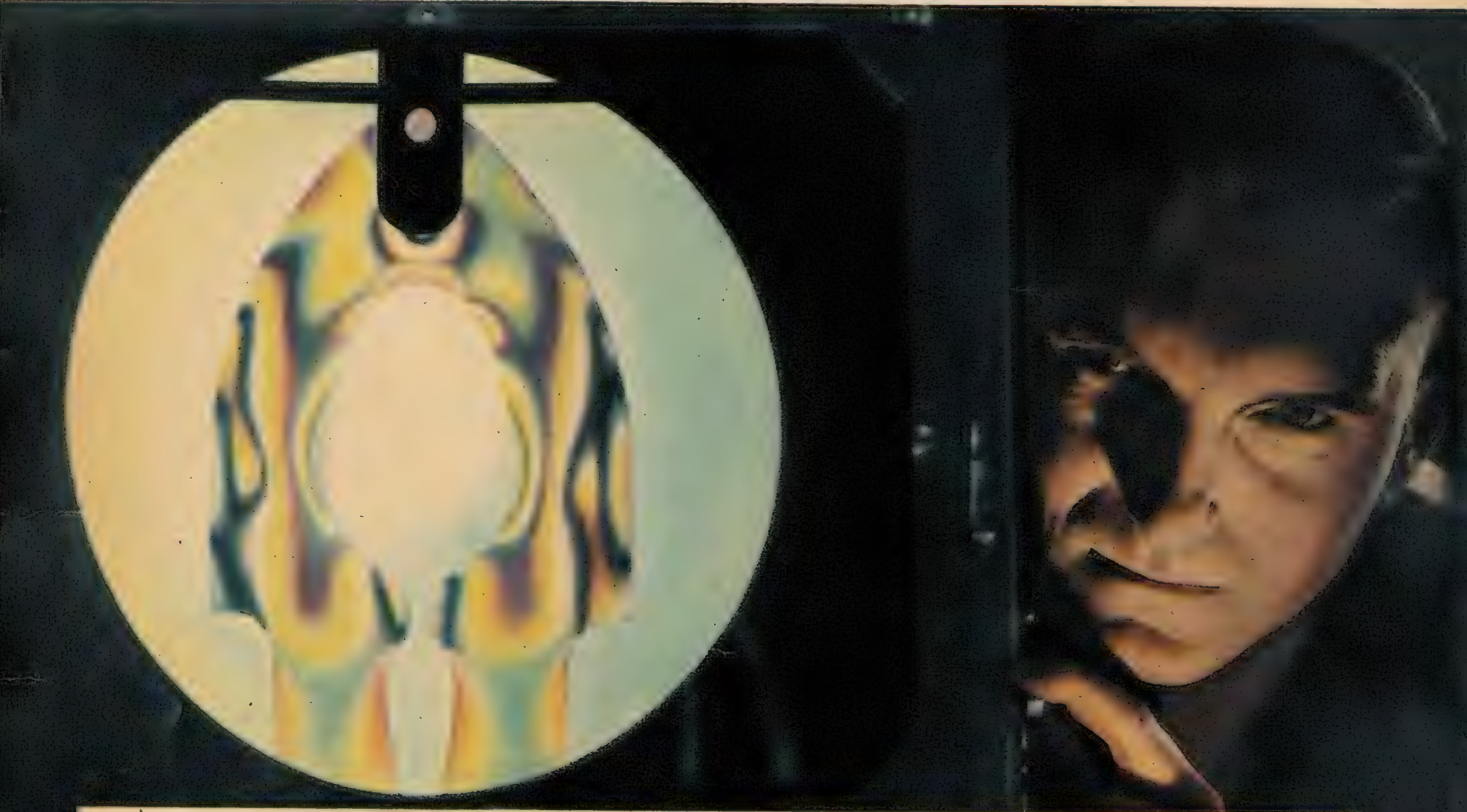

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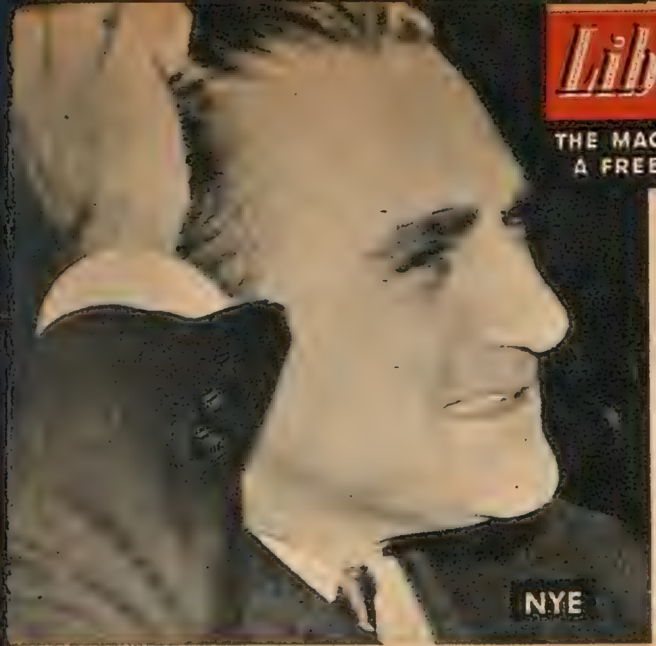
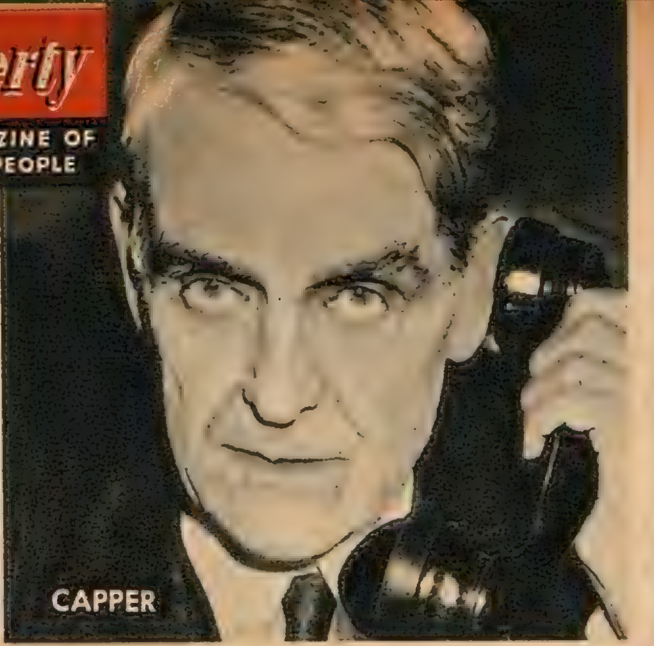




VANDENBERG

TO THE VICTORS BELONG THE COMMITTEES

Here are the heirs presumptive to committee chairmanships if the Republicans win control of Congress. These men and their legislative outlooks are worthy of study

BY GERALD MOVIUS

IF the Republican Party wins control of the next Congress, that could well mean the end of the New Deal, whether the Republicans elect a President or not. The men who would dominate a Republican Congress have anti-New Deal records, for the most part. And most political observers in Washington will give odds that the G. O. P. will take the House in 1945, while G. O. P. control of the Senate is an even-money bet.

The prospective leaders of a Republican Congress are men already known to the public, but few people except professional politicians appreciate how their status will change if the G. O. P. is victorious this fall. These men are the "ranking" Republican members of the major Congressional committees today, but they would become chairmen of those committees under Republican control. Chairmen run the committees, and the committees run the Congress.

All of the prospective House chairmen, like all House members, are up for re-election this year, as are three prospective Senate chairmen. Generally speaking, however, a district or a state planning to go Republican isn't likely to throw away a Congressional chairmanship by defeating an incumbent. So it is reasonable to assume that most of the prospective chairmen will be re-elected.

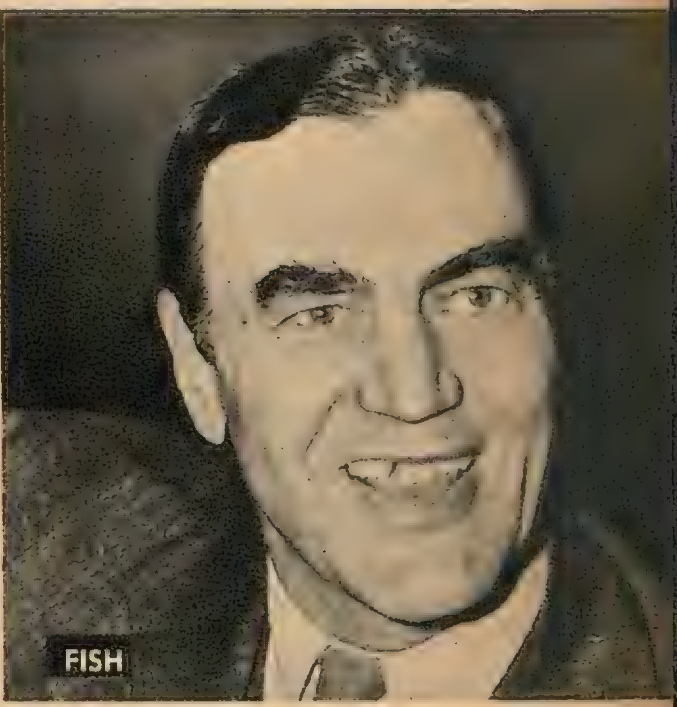
Figuring out who's going to be chairman of what committee is much less complex than figuring out a racing form or a box score. What happens is this: If more Republicans than Democrats are elected to the House of Representatives this November, the Republicans will "organize" the House in January, 1945. They will elect the Speaker, and the chairmen of all the committees will be Republicans. Moreover, on every committee there will be more Republicans than Democrats. The employees or "officers" of the House, such as the clerk, and also the clerks of all the committees will be Republicans. The precise reverse of what exists today under Democratic control will then prevail. The same will hold true in the Senate if the Republicans win enough seats.

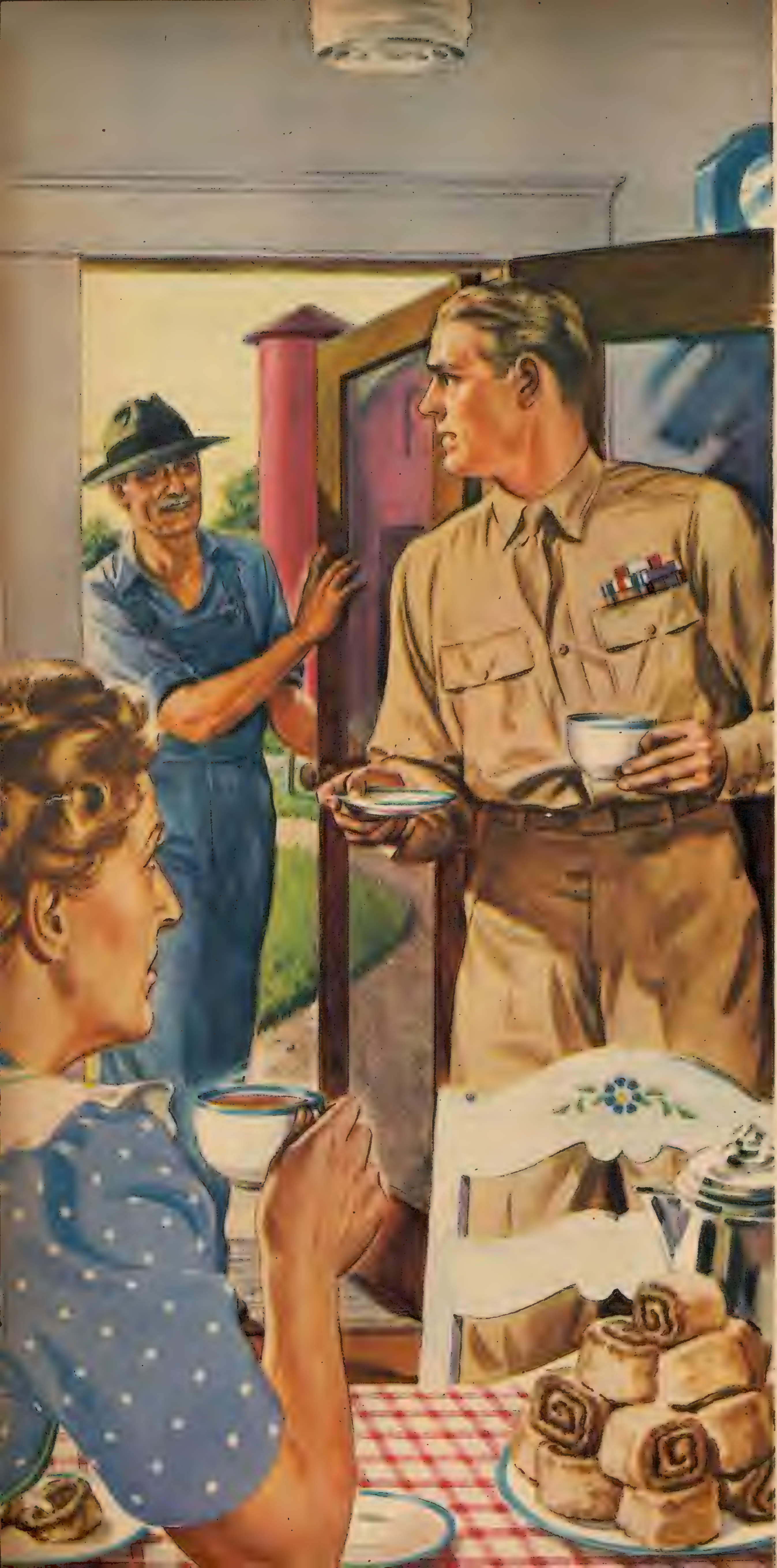
The committee chairmen on both House and Senate sides literally grow into their jobs. In a Republican-controlled Congress, the chairman of each committee will be the Republican member who has the longest tenure of service on that committee. The rule of seniority is fixed and arbitrary. There can be an exception to it only if a member personally rejects the opportunity to be a chairman; in that event the chair passes to the member of his party next to him in seniority on the committee. It follows that no member of Congress freshly elected this year can hope to be chairman of any committee, and thus it is that the members who will be chairmen if the Republicans win can be paraded for public inspection even now.

Washington lobbyists, for instance, have long since figured out who they'll be, and are even now cuddling up to them against the day when they come into power—and the powers of a committee chairman are something wonderful to ponder on.

A chairman is almost a dictator with respect to legislation referred to his committee. Every bill is referred to some committee for consideration, and, without committee approval, it is a rare bill in-

(Continued on page 62)





HOMECOMING

GARY HERNDON stopped on the crest of Willow Hill and dropped the blue duffel bag onto the moss under the ancient weeping-willow tree—a stranger in a strange land. Nothing looked familiar. Nothing made his heart leap or brought a lump to his throat. He eased his game leg and glanced down at the decorations on his chest. These were real. The ragged scribbled flag in the duffel bag, the scars on his leg and side, the whistling shellfire across the world, the discharge papers in his pocket. These were real.

The farm lying almost at his feet was a thing out of a transient dream, a dim dream that had long since passed him by. They had said his fraction of service had been contributed in full, his duty done, his further usefulness nullified. They had sent him home.

But it was not home. It was merely a low white house in a wide valley and a young horse cropping green grass in the oak-shaded pasture beyond the barn, and the entire picture was out of focus. Because he had been born in that house a thousand years ago and it should be falling apart. He had raised the black gelding from a colt and it should be a sway-backed bony scarecrow, knob-jointed with age. The grass should be yellow and dead, and it all had no right to have stood still while he had gone so far and been away so long.

Gary sighed, picked up the duffel bag, and started down the last green slope. Was it this way with all the fellows for whom the war was over? He slowed his steps as he approached the house. No one was in sight anywhere, but that would not last much longer now. Any minute Hank would come tearing, howling like a Comanche as only a ten-year-old kid could yell. His father would bustle out, exclaiming how well he looked, all that old eyewash. Of course his father and Hank would be around the house, waiting.

His mother would start bawling over him, making him feel as if he wanted to shout at them all to let him alone, and turn and run. His mother. He realized with faint consternation that he had no clear visual image of her. He couldn't remember what his own mother looked like!

He'd soon be reminded. She would be there on the porch, reproving him tearfully. Why hadn't he written, why hadn't he telegraphed so papa could meet him with the car? And how was he going to explain that so they'd understand?

How could he explain that he hadn't wanted to write, he hadn't wanted papa to meet him at the station, strutting across the platform, drawing everybody's attention? How was he going to explain that he preferred to walk so he wouldn't get there so soon? He wanted to put off seeing any of them as long as he could. They were strangers and he had to live with them, and he hated all the questions they were going to fire at him, and he wished he dared go anywhere else. How was he going to explain all that?

He was barely moving when he ascended the steps, every nerve taut. He crossed the porch, set down the duffel bag, and knocked on the door. He heard steps inside and he held himself tight, shrinking, sweat breaking on his forehead, bracing bone and muscle so hard he could hear

Cup and saucer gripped tight, Gary tensed, faced the door defiantly.

The poignant story of a soldier who returned—mentally shattered from the war—and the unexpected welcome he received that did the job a psychiatrist couldn't do

BY ELI COLTER

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN COLLINS

his heart pound; he could feel his jaw clamping and his mouth going dry. Any minute now—any minute the deluge, the din, the riotous awful welcome.

A figure moved into view in the cool hush of the hall. She looked too slim and neat in the lavender house dress, and there were no silver threads among the gold. Gary said with formal politeness, striving desperately to hold her off at arm's length before she made a rush at him: "Good afternoon, mother."

She smiled and waved a floury hand. "Hello, Gary. Come on in, dear. Hot for May, isn't it?"

Gary blinked and nodded and took a deep breath. He picked up the duffel bag and stepped warily into the hall. His voice sounded strained and hard in spite of his effort to appear offhand. "Hot as blue blazes. Where's dad?"

His mother laughed. "Wouldn't you know, Gary? He's out harrowing the potato field. It takes a lot of labor to keep papa in mashed potatoes the year round."

She would never tell him what that careless laughter cost her. She would never tell him how she longed in that moment to run to him and throw her arms around his neck and sob on his shoulder. She would never tell him about that warning letter now burned to ashes:

"Exhausted, Mrs. Herndon—shock; afraid to come home. Careful. Make no fuss over him; pay as little attention to him as possible. Let all the advances come from him. You must treat him exactly as if he had left only yesterday—"

She said lightly, "We ran out of cinnamon rolls, so I'm at it again." She indicated her floury hands and turned back into the kitchen.

GARY followed her helplessly, set the duffel bag down again and glanced around the sun-washed room. "Where's Henry?"

"Oh, he hasn't come home from school yet." His mother spread sugar and cinnamon on a rolled sheet of dough. "You know Hank is always having to stay after school for something or other."

Gary picked up the duffel bag. She didn't look real. She looked too young and untroubled. He said awkwardly, "Well, guess I better wash up a bit. Road's getting dusty already."

His mother started to fold over the dough, expending tremendous effort to prevent her hands shaking. "Yes, I hate to see it get dusty so early. Don't be long, and you can have a fresh roll and coffee."

Gary turned away with an odd feeling of bewilderment. He went out the door, shouldering the duffel bag, instinctively heading toward his old room. He stepped into the room and stopped and stared. His boots, dusty from the field, lay beside the bed, his soiled socks dangling from them. His blue jeans and brown sweater were draped carelessly over a chair back, one sweater arm trailing the floor. The bed was unmade, rumpled as if someone had crawled out of it only that morning.

Someone had. They would never tell him how his father had cussed patiently at the too-small jeans and boots and socks, wearing them a couple of days at work (right off the shelf where they'd lain clean so many months), to make them have the cast-off air that only recent wearing can give. They would never tell him how his father had rolled and tossed on that bed so it would look slept-in, staring into the dark, unable to close his eyes or quell his thoughts.

No astonished psychiatrist would ever listen openmouthed to a recital of those painstaking preparations and protest in dismay: "But, my dear lady, I didn't mean you to go that far." They didn't know how far to go. There was no one to tell them. There was only that challenging sentence in the burned letter:

"It may take a month, a week, a day, a year. Just how soon the adjustment comes will depend almost entirely on you."

Gary walked over to the bed and set the duffel bag on the floor. He tossed his garrison hat onto the rumpled covers, removed tunic and belt, and turned toward the washstand. The soap was not a clean bar; it was half used, with a streak of dirt across it. There was a faint ring around the bowl, the print of soiled fingers on the towel. Gary paused uncertainly, remembering how he had left towel and bowl and soap like that.

Half an hour later he went into the kitchen again, his blond hair brushed, the dust of travel removed. His mother was sitting at the table with a cup of cooling coffee, the plate of rolls before her, one beside her cup broken in two but none of it eaten. She would never tell him that she had been afraid to try to swallow lest the bread choke her throat. She looked up at him with a lazy smile.

"Pour yourself a cup of coffee and have a roll, Gary. It's about time for papa to be coming in from the field. Durn that kid brother of yours. I'd like to spank him for being so late. He has chores to do tonight."

Gary said shyly, "Maybe that's why he's so late."

Not a muscle of his mother's face changed expression. Her inner eye was seeing again that warning letter:

"Let him make the adjustment himself. Meet all his advances casually. Ask him no questions. Never mention his being away. Make light of all serious subjects if you cannot avoid them. When he has made the adjustment, no one will need to tell you. He will suddenly be himself again, and you will recognize that more quickly than I should."

She smiled at him as he wandered to the cupboard for cup and saucer. "Are you telling me! But he won't get out of them by any such trick. He'll do those chores if it takes him till midnight. Oh, there's your father."

Gary tensed and faced the door defiantly, cup and saucer gripped tight.

Herndon stood in the doorway, tall and dark against the lowering sun. He took off his hat, slapped the dust from it against his thigh, and hung the hat on the peg outside.

"Say, Gary, did you see Ed Simpson as you came through town?"

Gary felt the tension ooze out of him. He stammered, "Why, no. I didn't." He hoped they'd never find out how he got off on the wrong side of the train and skirted the whole town so he *wouldn't* see anybody. "Was I supposed to stop at Simpson's store?"

"Oh, no." Herndon came on into the kitchen, sniffing the spicy air, his gaze leaping to the coffee urn and the plate of hot rolls. "But he was supposed to watch for you, dang him, and send out a box of candy for your mother's birthday next week. Never mind; Hank can run in on Blackie and get it. Mama, you think you're going to eat all those rolls yourself? And pour me a cup of coffee too, will you, Gary?"

HE sat down across the table from his wife. For an instant their eyes met and held. Herndon swallowed and blinked, set his jaw, and forced it to go slack again. He would never tell Gary how he had taken twice as long to get to the house as usual, after lying on the grass all afternoon watching the slope where Gary had come into view. Was it fifty hours he had waited before daring to come in, or fifty minutes?

Gary returned to the table, bearing the cup and saucer toward his father. He said, hesitating, "Cream?"

His mother said, "In the refrigerator on the porch as usual, Gary."

They would never tell him of the long day spent getting the refrigerator moved back to the porch, the sofa back to the corner beyond the fireplace, every article of furniture returned to the exact spot it had occupied when he left.

He brought the cream to his father, poured his own coffee, and sat down with it. His father and his mother began to eat then. They knew they had to; they dared not let him guess that the rolls tasted like so much sawdust.

Gary cleared his throat. "I guess you've had it pretty hard on the home front, from what we heard over there, doing without gas and one thing and another."

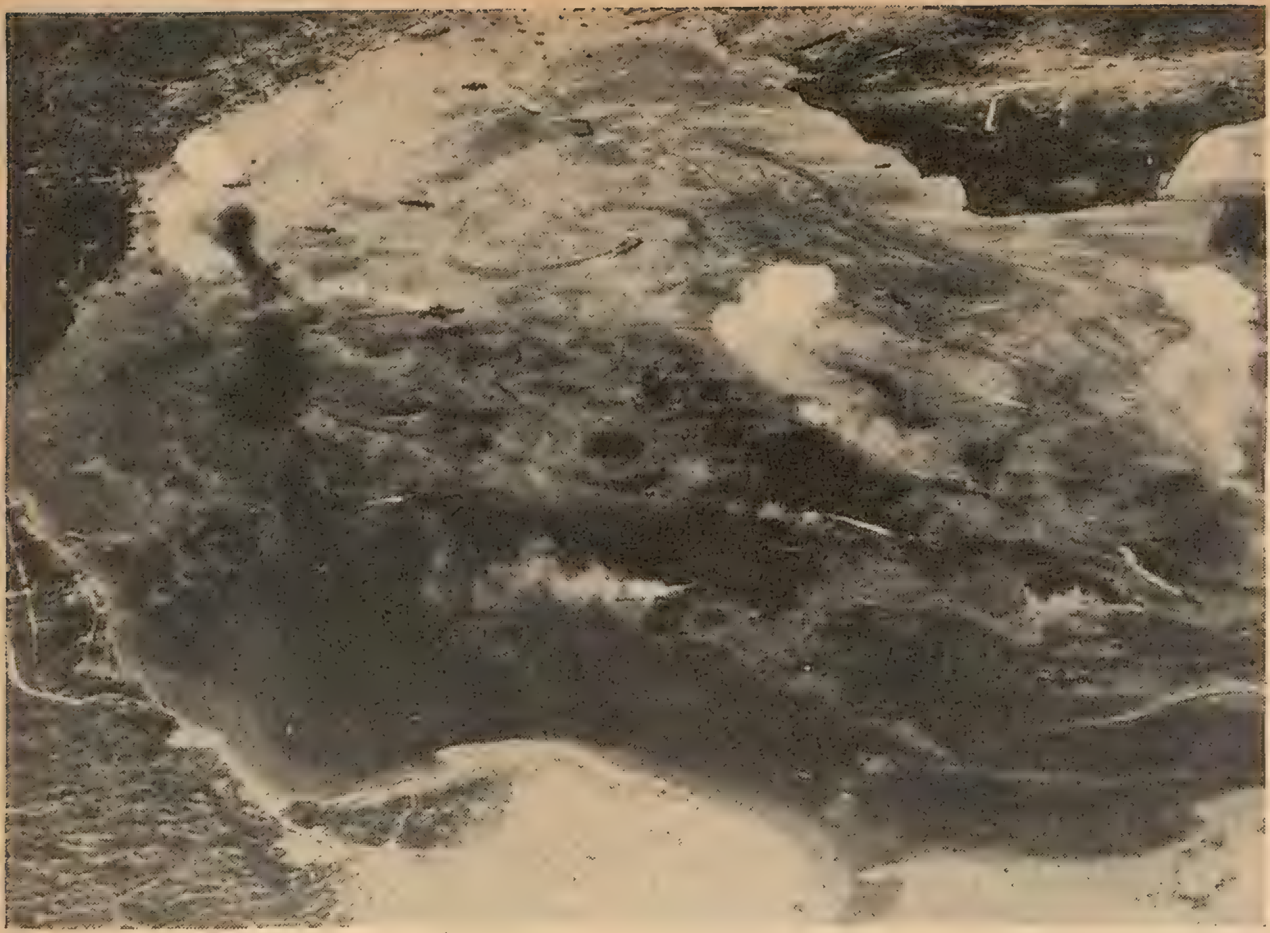
Herndon chuckled. "You don't want to believe everything you hear. Blackie and Brownie still pull a mean wagon. I've never seen a time in my life I didn't have to do without something. I can't see why it'd be any harder to do without gas now than it was to do without spuds when the crop failed." He grinned.

Gary grinned back, but before he could formulate an answer, there came a clatter of feet on the back porch. Gary tensed, instantly withdrawing into himself, on the defensive. He had a slight feeling of nausea.

Hank came banging in, dumped his lunch bucket onto the sink board, said, "Hi, Gary," and sent a gloating look at the heaped plate. "Oh, boy! Fresh rolls. Can I have one, ma? Can I?"

His mother laughed. "Do you ask me?

(*Continued on page 52*)



Jap flotilla at Rabaul. It was our chance for Pearl Harbor in reverse and we grabbed it.

Jap planes in revetments at Vunakanau Fie

RAID ON RABAUL

By Lieutenant WALTER PETRAVAGE as told to Master Sergeant J. ARCHER

IT was to be a second Pearl Harbor! That was a fact. It really was to be a second Pearl Harbor, and we had known about it in the unit for two weeks. Everybody was keen and on edge.

You don't hit a base like Rabaul with more than 300 airplanes every other day in the week. This was to be the very first time the strong Jap naval base was hit with anything even approaching this concentration of Allied air strength.

The mission was well planned. It was to be a co-ordinated attack employing B-25 Mitchell medium bombers, Consolidated B-24 Liberators, Beaufighters, and Lockheed P-38s. The low-flying lightning-fast 25s and Beaufighters were to hit the four airdromes at exactly eleven o'clock. They were to come in at treetop level, bombing and strafing. Their targets were enemy airplanes, supply areas, dispersal sections, and gas and oil dumps. They were carrying a quarter of a million rounds of fifty-caliber machine-gun bullets and twenty-millimeter cannon shells. In the bellies of the Mitchells and Beaufighters lay hundreds of para-frag bombs. Deadly and destructive at that low altitude, they would float to the ground at the ends of small white parachutes. The parachute bombs were necessary in order to give the 25s time to leave the area before the bombs exploded. It isn't healthy to fly fifty feet above the ground with bombs bursting underneath you.

And flying above, like mother birds watching their young, would be the 38s.

Half an hour after the medium bombers had left the area, the Consolidated 24s with P-38 cover were to come in at fly-speck altitude. Their job was precision bombing with 1,000-pounders; their target, the ships in the harbor at Rabaul. The shipping was the greatest concentration the Japs had ever dared gather. Of course these ships were perfectly safe. The Japs were smugly certain of that.

THEY get us up at four o'clock in the morning. The breakfast is better than usual and we're all in good spirits. They even have cold tomato juice! Where the mess sergeant digs it up nobody knows—or cares, so long as it's on the table.

Outside, the air is cool and refreshing. There is the faint unmistakable smell of the tropics. The stars are still out. The tremendous mountains of the Owen Stanley Range stand stark and rugged, the peaks hidden under layers of low stratus.

The squadron briefing room is bright with light. Spread over one whole wall are blown-up photographs of Simpson Harbor and the four airfields we are to hit. Those airfields shelter several hundred Jap planes.

In the harbor there are two heavy cruisers, innumerable destroyers, six submarines, four large freighters, and an uncountable number of smaller vessels.

This *is* to be a second Pearl Harbor!

Major Pelander is standing beside the photographers. He calls for attention. The room suddenly becomes silent.

"If you don't know what the target is for today—"

He pauses and looks significantly at the photographs. There is a low crackle of laughter around the room.

"If you don't know what it is, where the hell have you been for the last two weeks?"

So begins the squadron briefing. The usual data is run through: altitude of assembly over the field, route out, rendezvous with the fighters, route to the target, air speed and altitude of the bombing run, breakaway, and return. There are to be no mistakes today.

"Any questions?"

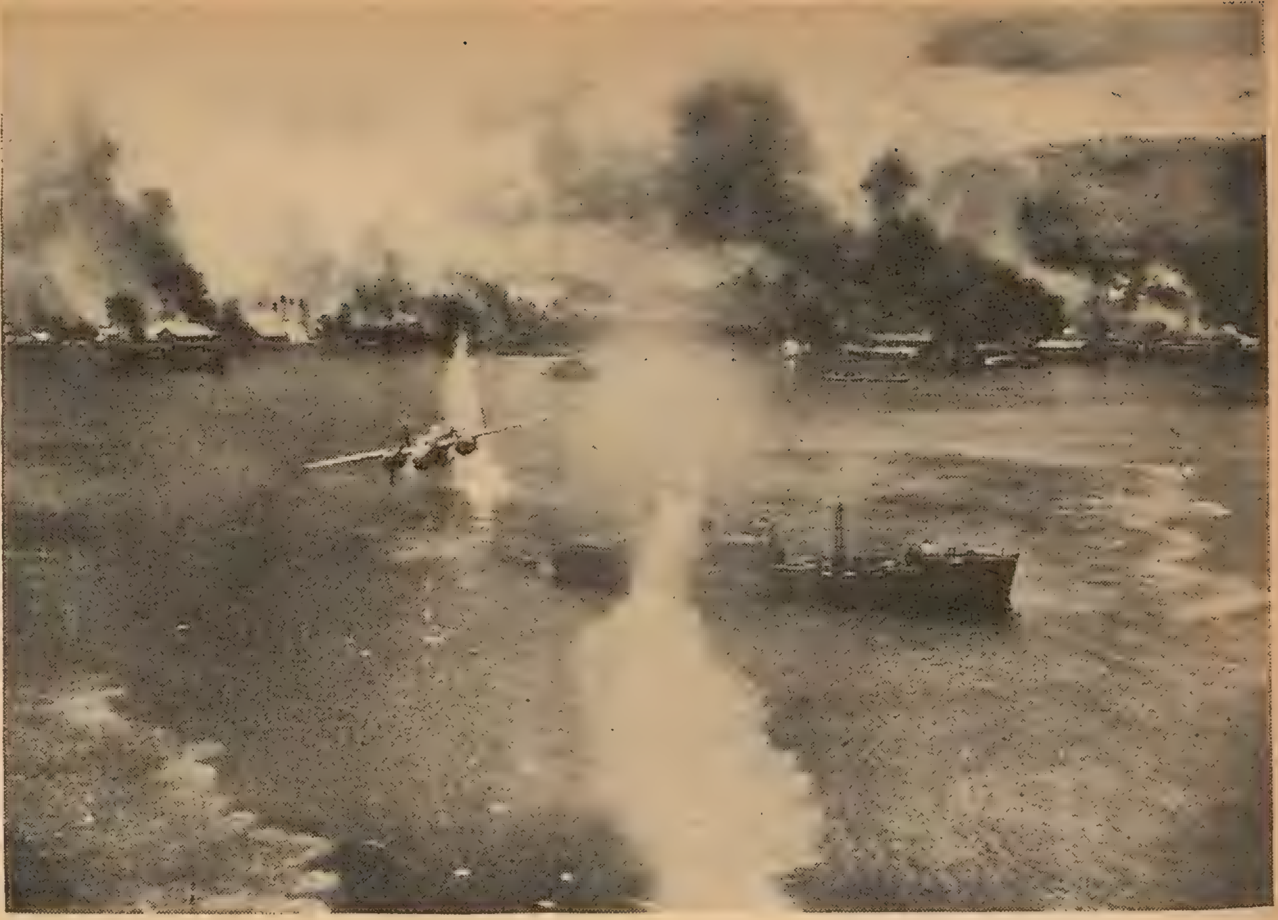
There are none. Everything has been explained thoroughly. Let's get 'em in the air.

But first there is the group briefing in a one-room shack next to Group Headquarters. The wall in front is plastered with the same target photos. When we get there, the other squadrons are already seated.

Up front, tall and erect with his .45 in a shoulder holster, his small pointed mustache meticulously trimmed, his gray eyes gleaming with excitement and anticipation, stands the colonel. He comes of Southern stock, has all the Southerner's zest for excitement and adventure. His bomb unit has been nicknamed the Jolly Rogers, and they have made headline history. On the big tail fins of the 24s they fly are huge skulls with crossed bombs beneath. The lips open in a leering grin, exposing a mouth full of jagged, irregularly placed teeth. The effect ought to be terrifying.

The colonel begins to speak. "This is undoubtedly the most important mission we've ever been on. The results will determine, in a large part, the strategy of the Allies in the Southwest Pacific in the coming months. I'm not trying to give you a pep talk. Most of you have been around too long for that. But when I say today will be another Pearl Harbor, I mean it. There is no reason to believe that this won't be a complete surprise to the Japs. General Whitehead has ordered complete radio silence on the way to the

Rabaul. Our para-frag bombs blasted them.



PHOTOS U. S. ARMY AIR FORCES INTERNATIONAL

The B-25s laid their eggs at mast height and practically hatched them.

target. If something happens to your plane and you have to turn back, don't say a word. We're sending up there today the greatest concentration of bombers and fighters ever used in the Southwest Pacific. These bombers were built to do business. Today they'll do it."

Not a word is said.

The colonel emphasizes the need for a skintight formation. The 38s will do their job; they're the best fighter outfits on the island. But some of those bastards are sure to get through. So keep that formation closed up.

Lead navigator, a hack, please. All synchronize their watches. First take-off at seven thirty. Any questions? No questions.

And that is that.

We're to fly The Drip. First Lieutenant Bill Dean likes her. She's a smooth ship to fly. And the lovely lady painted on the side, wearing only a smile, is a delight to see. She is our pride and joy.

WHEN we get to the revetment, Frank Kernan, the engineer, a Kentucky boy raised in the blue grass, clambers onto the plane and checks the gas caps. Mike Bulmer, the nose gunner, cleans the plexiglass that will give him a good view. Cook, a huge, smiling, genial fellow from the possum country of Tennessee, goes back to take a look at his tail guns. He's quite a marksman. In Tennessee he can drop a possum at a hundred yards with a rifle. Bill Croke from California is one of our waist gunners, and Jesse Coffey, a full-blooded Creek Indian from Oklahoma, handles the other waist gun. Jack Garrett, the radio operator, is a tall, slim blond boy from Los Angeles.

Lieutenant Bowerman, the co-pilot, checks over his jungle equipment. Machete, jungle knife, canteen, and small bag filled with emergency medical supplies: bandages, sulfa drugs, iodine, atabrine—all the many things that will be so important if we have to crash-land in the jungle.

Lieutenant Bill Cunningham, the bombardier, checks his bomb racks, looking with pleasure at the 1,000-pounders stacked neatly in the bomb bay.

Now it's time to start the engines, and we all scramble into the plane. Lieutenant Bill Dean, a Baltimorean, goes up to the cockpit and straps himself in with the safety belt.

"Clear left."

With a roar, number three engine starts. Then number four, and one, and two, in that order. The plane trembles violently, the tail rises into the air, and we taxi out of the revetment. Big bloated B-24s line the taxi strip as far as we can see—huge, deadly birds, concealing destruction in their maws.

At ten seconds before seven thirty, the wheels of the first plane leave the ground. Finally our turn comes. There's a wild roar of power, the plane seems to gather terrific strength, the tail rises high in the air, and Dean releases the brakes. With a surge The Drip starts its headlong run. The airspeed indicator jumps to 60, 90, 110, 120. The plane is rocking slightly now, the wheels caressing the soft rises in the runway. The instrument panel is shaking violently, the speed goes up to 130. Slowly the wheels leave the ground.

The Jap stronghold of the South Pacific is still there, but it has almost disappeared from the news. Here's the story of the big raid which began its neutralization

We are air-borne.

Quickly Bowerman retracts the landing gear as we skim over the trees and head for the rest of the formation.

An hour and a half later we rendezvous with the fighters, circling slowly up there in the blue. With them above us we set our course for Rabaul. It's an hour and ten minutes away.

We climb to 14,000 feet. In the cockpit Dean is putting on his oxygen mask while Bowerman flies the plane. Kernan is busy with the generators. They don't seem to be lined up properly. Altitude is hard on generators, and you can't be too careful. If your generators go out you have no electrical system—and that means, no gun turrets operating. Without turrets you're a dead duck for a Jap Zero.

It's all as simple as that.

Kernan seems to be spending more time than usual on the generators. I ask him what the difficulty is.

"I don't like the way they're behaving, lieutenant. I'm afraid we might lose a couple," he tells me.

That isn't good. The demand on your electrical system at high altitudes is terrific. It isn't comforting to think of two generators going out.

But it's too late now. "Better get up in the turret and test-fire your guns. We're only half an hour out of Rabaul. And get that oxygen mask on. We're at fifteen thousand now."

Abruptly I hear a chatter like the distant pounding of a hundred huge typewriters. The nose gunner is testing his guns. A few seconds later the same sound comes from the rear.

The top turret sitting above me, just to the right of my desk, begins to hum and whir. It moves as Kernan tests it for azimuth, makes a slow circle, and finishes with the guns pointing to the rear. Then the guns are tested for elevation.

Kernan looks down at me and motions. I know what he means. In a moment he'll test-fire, and the empty, burning-hot shell cases will come tumbling down onto the flight deck. On the first mission he test-fired without warning me, and a searing shell case went down my back. I was watchful after that.

SUDDENLY a wild staccato racket makes me jump. It always does, even though I'm expecting it. Shell cases fly all over the deck as the guns chatter. I huddle over the navigator's table, trying to keep out of the way.

Looking up, I see Kernan motion. All right, he's finished. He looks grotesque up there, his headset over his ears, the wires trailing to the floor, his face covered with an oxygen mask, eyes peering out. He just barely fits into the turret. The finger triggers are neat at his hands.

Please, generators, stay with us. We need those turrets.

Looking out of the side window I see Rabaul in the distance. It's open! No clouds over the harbor that I can see. Good day for bombing. We're at our bombing altitude.

We make a long wide circle to the left. Down below us I can see two of the airfields. Clouds of smoke are drifting slowly into the air, and there is already a large fire in one dispersal area. Several black columns are rising from another. The two strips look rather scarred.

The 25s have done their job!

I imagine a scene that is later confirmed by Intelligence reports: The 25s swooping unexpectedly over a hill to hit the airdromes. Tearing in at 250 miles an hour right above the treetops. Guns blazing from all sides, the bullets ripping into buildings, parked airplanes, trucks, supplies, fuel dumps. The bullets singing wildly and the tracers smashing into gas and oil tanks. The sudden red plume as the gas goes up in flames. The billowing black cloud that covers an oil dump.

The 25s have struck oil!

Excited wild-eyed Japs running all over the place. Three of them, caught out in the open refueling a plane, go down almost before the roar of the engines can have registered in their ears. A plane about to take off is clipped, cut in two as it's smacked with 20-mm. shells. A bunch of Japs taking a shower, naked in the sun, suddenly look up to see the sky black with planes—planes right above their heads. They don't live long enough to get excited. It all happens that fast.

And when the 25s bank sharply to the left and swoop off, there isn't much left. Numerous fires, clouds of smoke, broken burning planes, wrecked buildings, and many dead Japs.

And the white bomb parachutes continue to settle slowly and quietly in the mid-morning sun, even after the planes have left.

The same scene takes place at each of the four airdromes.

IT is the aftermath of all this I see as we make our wide circle to the left. The squadrons begin to separate, each making for its own target, each settling down to the bombing run. That is when we first see the Japs. It's a P-38 gyrating wildly in the air that brings them to my attention. The 38s are frisky, but they don't act like that if everything is calm and peaceful.

Looking behind and above the 38, I see three beautifully streamlined airplanes with red circles on their wings. They're playing a game of chase with the 38. Zeros are lovely-looking planes in the sky. There's no taking that away from them. And they're vicious and unpredictable. Many an Allied pilot will vouch for that. But they're no match for a 38. Not unless it's at least three to one.

I pray that the 38 will get away.

But I don't have much time to pray. Because now all hell breaks loose! Every gun on the plane begins to chatter and roar. The cumulative effect is ear-shattering. Over the interphone comes a confusion of screams: "Zeros at twelve o'clock! Zeros at three o'clock! Zeros at nine o'clock!"

What the hell? Have they got us encircled?

Standing there in the cockpit between the pilot and the co-pilot, I see the Jap planes, painted green, red, and silver. They're a crazy rainbow whirling madly in the skies. They loop, turn, Immelmann, chandelle, split-ess, and strut—every combat tactic in the books, and some that aren't. Off to the right two P-38s plummet down and make a pass at a green plane. It is all over in two seconds. But in that time more lead is expended than you could load in a bushel basket. The green plane bursts into flames. Looking around, I see

(*Continued on page 55*)

PHOENIX in the RAIN

Mr. Primm was just a mouse in a trap from which there seemed to be no escape, until a stranger made him see how easy is the road to freedom

Liberty's
SHORT SHORT
STORY

BY JULIET BRIDGMAN

ILLUSTRATED BY LAWRENCE BUTCHER

MR. PRIMM realized that this thing must have been going on, somewhere in some intangible hidden place within himself, for at least ten out of the fourteen years of his marriage. He sensed that it had been there for a long while, and yet the conscious knowledge of it had come as a nasty shock.

As he walked slowly through the darkening streets, Mr. Primm tried to piece together the past. He paced through the dimmed byways of his memory, arranging bits and fragments carefully in their proper places in the puzzle that surrounded him. But always they resumed the same ominous pattern. Always he returned to that awful moment wherein he had raised the knife behind her back in an almost irresistible surge of frenzy and rebellion. And then the awakening—the sudden panic of realizing what he was about to do and that he was standing with the bread knife in his hand and she was still talking, talking. In a way, he was sorry he had caught himself in time; she would be so much more agreeable, dead. He only wanted her to be agreeable. That was all he asked.

Mr. Primm's awakening to his new self had come about one morning when he and Mrs. Primm were in the kitchen. She was sitting at the table, drinking coffee, and he was standing by the sideboard, slicing bread. She always insisted on unsliced bakery bread, which took Mr. Primm six blocks out of his way. She was talking about Todd, but he could not remember what it was she was saying. He only recalled that she had, as usual, referred to him as "My boy," "My son," or "My Toddie"—as though he, Mr. Primm, had no part whatever in his son's existence. She never used anything but the first person singular, he reflected, and preferably in the possessive.

HE recalled the time Mr. Hawthorne had given him one of those expensive, wonderful cigars and how he had saved it all day to smoke at home. "You're not going to stink up *my* living room with that filthy thing!" she had shrieked, snatching it away. Odd; he had been thinking of that very incident while he was slicing the bread.

There were other things, too. The way she had of smacking her lips and exhaling noisily when she drank coffee. He didn't want to miss any part of The Fire Bird on the radio, but she kept up her steady flow of chatter. She must have said that the coffee was good, and the rolls and bread were good, a dozen times. Mr. Primm had searched a long while for the right word to describe her eating. He hated the way she coyly referred to herself as "an enthusiastic gourmet." And the way she played with the expression, twisting it around in various juxtapositions in her phrases. He had found the right word. Lecherous. She was a lecherous gourmet.

"A gravy lecher," said Mr. Primm aloud. He liked the way it sounded. The brutality of the spoken syllables soothed him, almost as the crashing chords of Stravinsky music always did. It released a pressure inside his chest and elated him at the same time. It made him feel strong and free. But if he had killed her, he couldn't very well blame Stravinsky. He couldn't say, "It was you who awoke the sleeping ghosts of the past and made them rise up like an avenging army and cry out for retaliation."

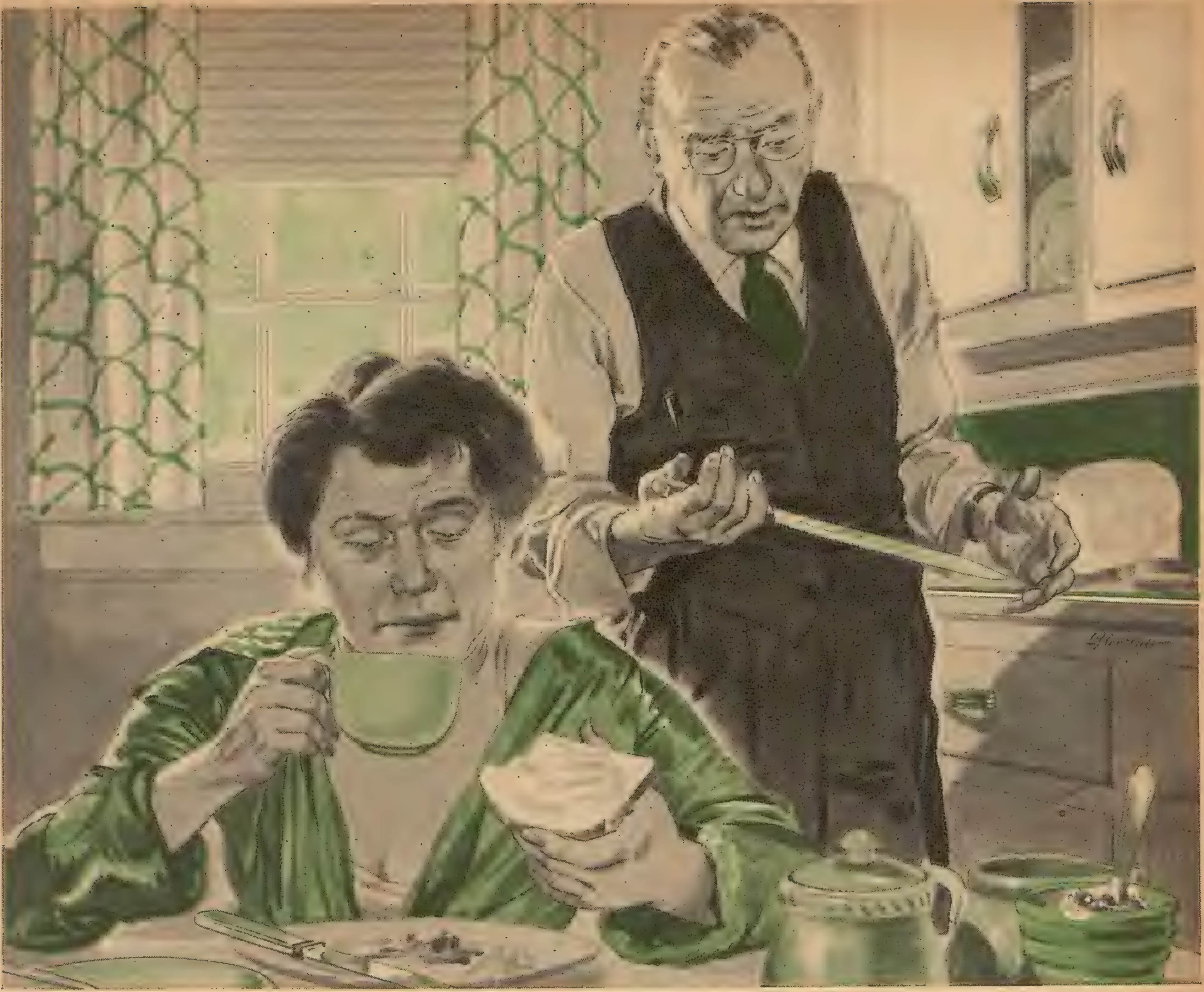
A week had gone by since that first incident. There had been two similar occasions since. It's a miracle she's still alive, thought Mr. Primm. He let the strange mingled feeling of fear and satisfaction seep through him. "She thinks I'm a weakling," he told himself. "My own son called me a *jerk*. She brought him up to think that. While I was working, year in, year out, she was teaching my own son to disrespect his father. If I kill her, it will be in self-defense, dammit. In defense of my soul!"

HE had come to a corner and wondered what street he was on. Avenue A. He crossed and continued eastward. A light rain had begun to fall and the thick night air was easier to breathe. He started walking more quickly and purposefully.

When he reached the parapet he stopped and leaned over it to look out at the East River. The distant lights were hazy through the mist and fine rain. He watched the powerful automobile lights below, whizzing along East River Drive, carving graceful cone-shaped pieces out of the night and filling them with clarity. He took his glasses off, wiped them carefully, and put them back on his nose. The cones of light were sharper now; clean and compact. They were going somewhere, brooded Mr. Primm. They were free, and he was trapped. "Are you a man or a mouse? I am a mouse, only I am less than a mouse. I am a mouse in a trap."

He let his head sink down on his arms and leaned against the wet parapet. "I've got to pull myself together. My nerves are shot. If I go on this way I'll go mad. Then what? A mess. Scandal, police, newspapers, flash bulbs. I wouldn't mind. It would be worth it. But it would ruin Todd's whole life."

He pressed his thin hands hard against his temples and tried, with closed eyes, to visualize her. That way she had of sitting, with her ankles crossed and her knees hanging apart. Her indelicacy was like a steam roller crushing his sensitivities. Oh, God, if he could only go blind and deaf so he wouldn't see or hear her any more! If he could rally the courage now . . . an instant on the parapet, a fleeting second downward, and then silence, freedom. That would be the best way, as soon as his courage . . .



The awakening—the sudden panic of realizing what he was about to do and that he was standing with the knife in his hand.

"Hey, bud!" The voice startled Mr. Primm in the darkness. He hadn't noticed that a car had stopped behind him. A man was leaning out of an open window of a weather-beaten sedan. "Hey, bud," the man said again, "how do I get onto the East River Drive?"

Mr. Primm went over to the curb. "To go uptown or downtown?"

"I want to go to the George Washington Bridge," the man explained.

"Take the next street west, and get onto Avenue B. Up a few blocks there are big signs and arrows pointing to the entrance to the Drive. You can't miss it."

"Swell. Thanks, neighbor. I've wasted half an hour roaming around. Never could get the hang of this here town." The man receded, and then stuck his head out of the window again. "Can I give you a lift?"

"Oh, no. No, thank you," said Mr. Primm. "Very nice of you, but . . ."

THE man had already opened the door and slid back under the wheel. "C'm'on. Hop in. It's raining. Maybe I can drop you some place." Mr. Primm hesitated and then got into the car. The driver was a big, pleasant-looking, middle-aged man wearing an open-necked sport shirt and, on the back of his head, a felt hat. The sedan was filled with suitcases, packages, and a spare tire. As the man drove slowly down the street, he peered intently through the windshield. "If I ever get out of this town I'm heading for Des Moines," he volunteered. "Got a swell job in a plant out there."

"Going all alone?"

"Yeah. Heck of a drive." He turned the corner and drove north. The lights turned red and he took a pack of cigarettes out of his pocket and offered them. "Smoke?" Mr. Primm took one and lit a match for himself and his companion. The lights turned green.

"The entrance is about six or seven blocks ahead," said Mr. Primm.

They sat for a moment in silence. The radio in the dashboard was on and the man poked at the dial buttons, bringing forth an odd conglomeration of sound and static. Mr. Primm looked forward into the graceful arcs of light that cut through the darkness in front of them. They looked so different than they had from the parapet. There was something warm and personal about them now. The radio's static subsided suddenly, leaving a tiny gap of silence, and then resumed its sound, transforming gradually into familiar strains of music that elated Mr. Primm and made him feel strong and free. He leaned forward to catch each tone.

"Want to hear this?" asked the man beside him.

"Yes, very much," said Mr. Primm. And then he realized that this was the first time in fourteen years that anyone had asked whether or not he wanted to hear something on the radio; the only time in fourteen endless, heavy years that anybody had said, "Want to hear this?" It sounded better than Stravinsky.

"Well, here's the Drive now. Any place I can drop you?"

MR. PRIMM did not answer right away. His thoughts were soaring on the wings of The Fire Bird, spiraling upward with each crescendo. He turned to the other man and cleared his throat.

"Would you, by any chance, possibly"—he started falteringly—"that is, would you consider it possible—I mean, could you perhaps consider—"

He stopped. His voice and courage had failed. Once again a feeling of despair overcame him.

The man behind the wheel was looking at him, a smile spreading over his jovial face. Mr. Primm took a deep breath and made a new start:

"What I want to say is, could you drop me in Des Moines?"

There! At last he'd gotten it out.

"Sure. Be glad to have you," said the man simply. "Let's get going."

THE END

SOVFOTO

Care for Russian wounded begins in the front lines and continues until they are healed and battle-fit again.

RUSSIA'S WOUNDED FIGHT AGAIN

BY HELEN WEIGEL BROWN

THE Russian doctor, who said he spoke "very bad English," sat in the quiet office of the Soviet Embassy in Washington telling us in very good English about the almost phenomenal development of medical science in Russia since the war began. What he told us was amazing.

We in America are heartened by the knowledge that our fighting men, if wounded, have a far greater chance of survival than did the soldiers in any other war in history. The figures tell us that dramatically. Up until the time of the invasion of France, the lives of ninety-seven out of every hundred wounded American soldiers were saved. In Italy only one half of 1 per cent of the battle casualties who have reached hospitals have died. In the early phases of the invasion itself, ninety-nine out of a hundred who received first aid on the Normandy beach heads were saved.

What we don't know, perhaps, is that our military medical men pray that, as the battle quickens, their record of lifesaving will be as good as that of the Russians. Russia has suffered enormous casualties; yet only 1½ per cent of her wounded have died, and 73 per cent have returned to battle. In Africa, 64 per cent of our casualties returned to combat within ninety days.

The fact is that Soviet doctors and scientists have helped revolutionize wartime medical and surgical practices. As one indication, the elaborate medical service backing the American forces of liberation in France includes a system of specialty hospitals copied from the Russian pattern. No time is wasted in getting men suffering from desperate chest or abdominal wounds, say, into hands skilled in chest and abdominal surgery.

Contrary to rumors, it is not the Russian way to regard soldiers as expendable. The battle to save the wounded is as unrelenting as the battle against the Nazis

Dr. Vladimir Lebedenko, head of Moscow's two largest hospitals and one of Europe's greatest neurosurgeons, sat in the Soviet Embassy office that day shortly after his arrival here as representative of the Russian Red Cross and Crescent, and told us how his country had achieved her triumphs of lifesaving. He himself was in Moscow on the December day in 1941 when Germany rained sudden death from the skies and the city's hospitals overflowed with wounded and dying. Since then he has performed nearly a thousand delicate brain and nerve operations on the torn bodies of soldiers and civilians.

Behind the fighting lines today, he explained, Soviet doctors take nerves from corpses and graft them to living men to restore shattered arms and legs to use. They heal gaping wounds with "bandages" made from the peritoneal membranes of animals. Through a simple new method they obtain hundreds of thousands of quarts of thrombin—blood ferment which stops bleeding. Previously it had been available only in infinitesimal quantities. They remanufacture blood from the red corpuscles formerly discarded after removal of plasma. They preserve blood for twenty-five days; formerly it was ten or twelve days. They detect gas gangrene in its earliest stages with X-ray. They locate metal fragments embedded in men's bodies with a "radiotrobe."

This isn't to say that Russia alone does these things. "Do not say that Russian wartime medicine is the greatest in the world," Dr. Lebedenko warned. "Science is a universal treasure. What each country's doctors have discovered is the result of accumulated studies by doctors of all nations. We owe much to the surgeons of America and of other countries."

There are two reasons, he said, for Russia's outstanding strides in medicine. "We already had a background of unprecedented progress in the medical field during the twenty-two years between the Revolution and the opening of World War II. Under the Czarists there was an appalling lack of medical service for most of the people. After the Revolution we progressed from thirteen medical schools and 24,000 doctors to seventy-two medical schools and 160,000 doctors. There are, in addition, 400,000 less completely trained doctors who act as assistants. Considerably more than half of these doctors are women. This concentration on medicine gave us a momentum when the time came.

"Germany struck suddenly, and on our own soil. Casualties were enormous, both among soldiers and among the civilians who helped valiantly to defend our cities. We saw the terrible threat of the battlefields in a long and gruesome struggle—and prepared at once to cope with it. We knew we must apply to war a principle we had long since learned—to value people above all else; to value each man."

(Continued on page 59)

OUTPOST STOCKHOLM

The OWI wages a world-wide war of wits against the enemy. Here, from the confidential files, is the story of how the Battle of Sweden was fought and won

BY BLAIR BOLLES

Bomber mot Kar

OWI PHOTOS

Karl Jensen, head of OWI in Stockholm, who outmaneuvered the wily Goebbels.

THE plane from Scotland landed at the edge of Stockholm in the dead of night. Among the weary passengers was a young Danish-American architect named Karl Jensen. He had come from the United States with a special wartime official assignment. The orders he carried in his dispatch case directed him to join battle inside Europe against Josef Goebbels, the Nazis' evil genius of propaganda.

Since that night in March, 1942, Jensen and his staff have successfully carried out their job of outwitting Goebbels, who was assaulting Sweden by the propaganda strategy of terror which had proved fatal for many another European country. Besides helping neutral Sweden retain its faith in the Allied cause, Jensen, under the Germans' very eyes, has spread the allied story through booklets, newspapers, magazines, and movies in occupied Norway and Denmark.

OWI Stockholm. Radio tower is on the roof.

The struggle of propaganda in Sweden makes one of the thrilling chapters in the confidential files of the Office of War Information. Here for the first time is told what the OWI Stockholm outpost has accomplished. The United States spends $360,000 a year on information in Scandinavia; Germany spends about $4,000,000. Yet when the Swedish government last summer announced that Germany no longer would be permitted to send its troops to Norway in Swedish trains, a newspaper in Sweden sympathetic to the Nazi cause bitterly blamed the influence of the OWI for that action.

A hard fight confronted Jensen, the OWI's chief Scandinavian agent, upon his arrival in Stockholm. The Nazis were blanketing Sweden with their story. By cutting off Sweden from the world through the occupation of Norway and Denmark, the Germans had obtained a near monopoly over Sweden's import of news and information. The aim of the great Nazi campaign was to drag Sweden into the war on Germany's side without diverting any troops from military operations already under way.

The United States opened its counterattack because it wanted Sweden to stay out of the war. The fall of Sweden would have been a psychological blow to other non-Axis nations. It would have provided Germany with a rich set of factories to help along the Nazis' war industry. And it would have deprived the Allies of a listening post vital to our military intelligence, which owes much of its knowledge about conditions inside Germany to information gathered in Stockholm. The OWI in its overseas work is primarily an agent of the Army.

When Jensen walked along the Stockholm streets the first day he was there, he found that many magazine kiosks were selling the Swedish language version of the Goebbels propaganda magazine, Signal. A few months ago the cover picture on Signal showed General Ulysses Simpson Grant, the Civil War leader and American President. The German caption writer, anxious to portray Americans as villains, called Grant "the man responsible for the first total war." A Stockholm store window carried a vivid display of Nazi pamphlets entitled The German Worker, The Führer and His People, The Jews Behind Stalin, and Did the War Start in the United States? The air waves of Sweden were filled with German pronouncements from the Königsberg and Weichsel radio stations.

The signs in front of movie houses were alarming. Germany was trying to dominate the foreign motion picture business in Sweden. The newsreels of the war which the Swedes saw were UFA films made in Germany. They stressed the Axis arguments that the Nazis, Italians, and Japs were indomitable. The practice of American film distributors was to send one negative of a picture into Sweden and arrange to have it duplicated there. But the raw film needed for this duplication was not available in Sweden when Jensen arrived. The Germans were having a field day.

The Nazis were appealing to every type of Swede. The German Legation gave fashion shows to attract the women. One thousand especially selected Swedish army officers were receiving a hair-raising booklet describing the invulnerability of the German army. Mailboxes were stuffed with German pamphlets. The Reich government had three dummy publishing houses in Sweden distributing books. Societies were organized to spread the Nazi doctrine. Germany controlled five newspapers. Four German offices in Stockholm employing seventy-five persons were busy spreading the Goebbels line.

What ultimately made possible the defeat of Goebbels was the fact that Sweden didn't want to fall into the German net. The country was waiting to hear the American story if it could only get it. Jensen's first problem was to build up a staff to help him tell the story. Now forty-two men and women work under him, seventeen Americans and twenty-five foreigners. Second in command is George Larsen, an American citizen who was born in Sweden. He directs the flow of information into Norway and Denmark.

The OWI agents in Sweden have to be versatile. Frederick Prokosch, American author of The Asiatics, not only lectures to

(*Continued on page 69*)

BLOW HIGH, BLOW LOW

BY ALLAN R. BOSWORTH

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK GODWIN

A daring rescue leads to high-flying romance when a lovesick ensign risks his life in a Navy balloon to go to the aid of a damsel in distress

THE altimeter said six hundred and fifty feet. Ensign Peter Seahorn valved gas for half a second, ordered two handfuls of ballast sand thrown over the side, and leaned his lank six feet against the coaming of the wicker basket. The Sad Sack—a Navy training balloon bloated by thirty-five thousand cubic feet of hydrogen gas—had plastered her fig-shaped shadow on a grassy knoll.

"Dead spot," Peter told the three cadets. "Between two strata of air. We could sit here for maybe an hour, simply by valving enough gas to compensate for the superheat the bag gets from the sun."

Ensign Stuckey broke off whistling between his teeth, and leered at Peter. "However," observed Ensign Stuckey, who was the assistant instructor, "we won't sit here—will we, Peter? Because we have other plans, haven't we, Peter?"

Peter frowned at him. Ensign Stuckey had all the jaunty self-assurance so often found in small, gamecock men. He knew a thousand parlor tricks and was always the Life of the Party. What was that one Stuckey pulled last night? You had to get three missionaries and three cannibals across a river . . .

Peter growled, "Pipe down!" and put the cannibals, the missionaries, and Ensign Stuckey all out of his mind. "Now," he told the cadets, "I'll show you how to gauge the direction and force of the wind currents below."

He pulled tissue paper from a roll, tore it into oversized confetti, and dropped it overboard. The cadets watched, wide-eyed. Ensign Stuckey, unabashed, resumed his whistling.

PETER had no intention of sitting in the sky. Sue Whittaker was at the summer cottage up in the hills, waiting to be rescued from the quiet life. The cottage had no telephone; besides, the question Peter wanted to ask her was not one to be mouthed into a mouthpiece.

She was slim and electric and marvelously alive; she had become, in two weeks, the second great love in Peter's life—the first, of course, being lighter-than-air flight. But up to now he had never been alone with her. If it wasn't Stuckey, who had a way with women, it was a jaygee named Rocky Flint, who had a classy blue roadster and a sailboat.

Peter sighed, and came back to the task of demonstrating that an expert can fly a free balloon practically anywhere by choosing the proper wind. He checked the altimeter again, noted a pair of silver-sided Navy blimps playing tag against the hills, and looked down at the fluttering paper.

At about five hundred feet, the flutter curved eastward toward the giant hangars and the vast desolation of the bay mud flats. That was no good. But at an altitude Peter estimated to be around three hundred and fifty feet, another current took over. The bits of tissue swung southwest like a scatter of pale butterflies.

He smiled, and then yanked the lanyard running up through the neck of the gas bag to the valve at its towering top.

"Valve two seconds!" Peter announced.

"Valved two seconds at ten twenty-three!" the cadet keeping the flight log intoned dutifully, as he made the entry.

"Remember that for every second you valve you lose nine pounds of lift. You start falling through—that is, losing altitude. The altimeter"—he rapped that instrument with his knuckles—"doesn't always register a change quick enough. Watch the statoscope instead. When you're falling through, the bubbles go to the left along the tube. Understand? Out two handfuls. Out one handful. Out one handful."

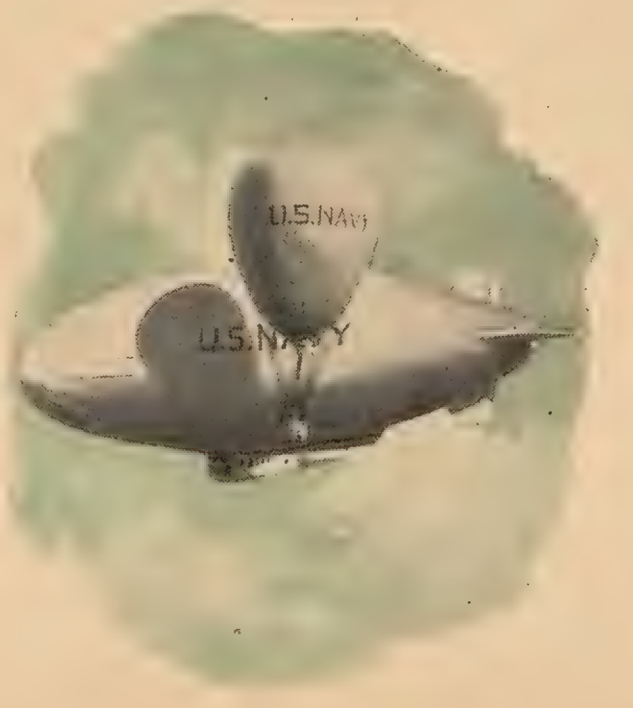
The sand man repeated those orders and scooped ballast from the canvas pocket on the outside of the basket. The Sad Sack was dropping so fast she overtook some of the sand, which sprinkled the shoulders of the men in her basket.

"Out two handfuls! Valve half second!"

The shadow slid down the slope and began moving southwest. Peter jarred the altimeter again, and the needle jumped to three seventy. The Sad Sack now had a fair wind behind her, and Sue was up yonder in the hills.

"Now," chortled Ensign Stuckey, "we're cooking with gas! You don't need engines to put this show on the road. All you need is gas and a little sand and a roll of toilet tissue!"

Peter juggled gas and ballast delicately for the next ten minutes, thinking of Sue, and—without wanting to—of the three cannibals and three missionaries. It was so quiet in the sky they could hear the homing pigeons walking heavily in the box secured to the rigging above the basket. But ground noises came up plainly. Below and behind the Sad Sack, a pair of Navy trucks threaded the country roads, carrying the ground crew and a dozen cadets waiting their turn to hop.



"Blimp on our starboard, sir!" a cadet reported.

Peter looked up in annoyance. That would be Rocky Flint, who took a particular delight in deviling both him and Ensign Stuckey since Sue had come into their lives. The K-ship bore down, rocking in the wind, circling with all the grace of a flatulent elephant. Rocky cut both his engines and let the blimp fall through while he stuck his head out of the control cabin.

"Get a horse!" he taunted. "And keep that windjammer away from the Whittaker place!"

"Out one handful!" Peter muttered, then raised his voice. "You come any nearer and I'll throw sand in your eyes!"

Ensign Stuckey made hitchhiking gestures with his thumb. Rocky only grinned and set his engines roaring proudly again.

"Maybe he's already been there," Ensign Stuckey said malevolently. "Why don't you give up, Peter?"

"Pipe down," Peter retorted.

"But you don't stand a chance. Look—with me aboard, and—"

Peter came to a sudden decision. "You won't be aboard!" he announced grimly, and leaned out of the basket to signal the ground crews to stop. "Landing in that plowed field beyond the trees!" he shouted.

BUT he might have known. Ensign Stuckey didn't seem greatly discomfited when he joined the ground crew in favor of a cadet of approximate weight, and Rocky Flint had been too exuberant during that exchange of insults. Peter weighed off again, climbed back to the three-hundred-and-fifty-foot level, and managed to pilot the Sad Sack over a corner of the Whittaker yard.

He valved gas there and found a calm spot just under three hundred feet, where he shouted Sue out of the house. The sun made a glory of her hair, she shaded her eyes and looked up. Even at this altitude anybody could see she was beautiful.

"Hey!" Peter shouted. "I mean, hi! How's about tonight?"

"I can't hear you, Peter!" she called.

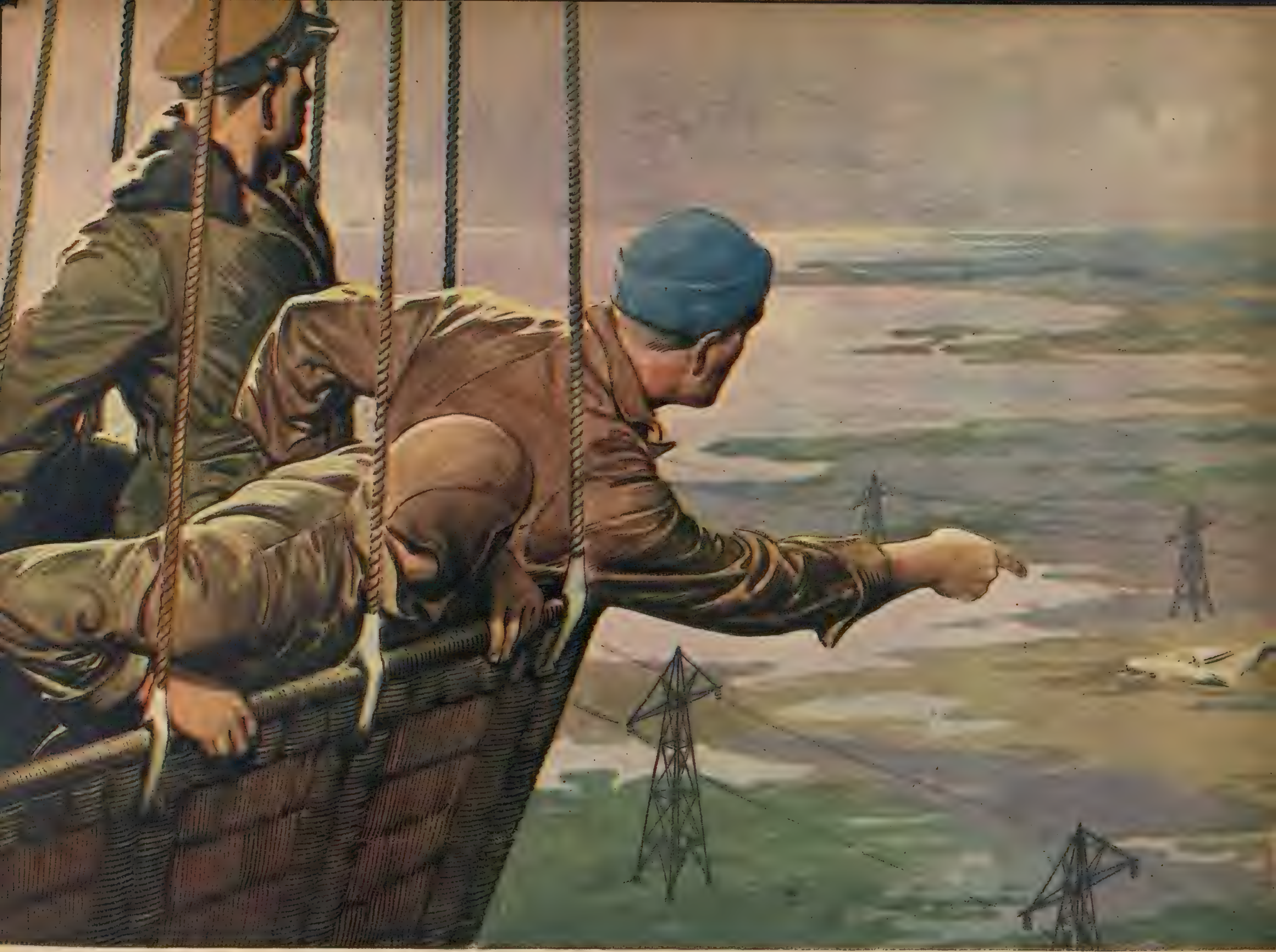
The cadets snickered and the pigeons shuffled disrespectfully, and Peter felt his ears burning. He made a megaphone of his hands.

"How's about tonight—dinner—dancing?"

"Oh, I'm sorry, Peter! Rocky was just over. We made a date to go sailing."

There was that damned sailboat again. "Well," Peter persisted, "tomorrow's Sunday. Tomorrow evening, then?"

"I—I made a date with Jim Stuckey last week, Peter. Awfully sorry. If you'd been a little earlier . . ."



It was a sailboat on her side, her wings muddied and bedraggled. Two tiny figures perched on her sloping hull.

Her voice really sounded wistful as it trailed away, but there was no solace in that. Peter waved good-by and ordered out ballast. The altimeter said two eighty, but he felt lower than sea level.

The only comfort remained in flight, and it was a day for free ballooning, with the winds filled with vagaries. He even managed to work his way back toward the station after a dozen practice landings. Before he pulled the red rip cord twenty-five feet off the ground and spilled all his gas for the final landing, he had seen a white-winged bird boat skimming up the bay toward the harbor.

ROCKY FLINT had the edge on both Peter and Ensign Stuckey. Rocky's home was here; he had friends and a family, and the blue roadster that was gradually being weaned on an A card. And where Ensign Stuckey had parlor tricks and the gift of small talk, Rocky had a medal to give him glamour.

It was Rocky, out of a score of blimp and plane pilots, who had found an Army plane forced down off the coast. He had hovered his rubber cow over the sinking craft and rescued its crew by rope ladder, despite high wind and heavy seas. He deserved the medal, all right. It was just that a man piloting the Sad Sack had no chance even of rating a service ribbon—he only drifted around throwing out sand and bits of toilet paper.

Peter had dinner at the station. The stars were bright when he went to the movies. But when he left in the middle of the picture without knowing whether Rosalind Russell was going to marry Willard Parker or Brian Aherne, he found rain slashing down in windy gusts. If this sort of weather held, he and the Sad Sack would be grounded tomorrow, and it'd be a long, dull Sunday. I hope, he thought viciously, that the top jams on that blue roadster!

The telephone woke him. Dawn was soupy gray at the windows. The rainstorm had given place to thick fog.

"This is John Whittaker—Sue's father," the voice said. "Sue hasn't come home. Her mother's worried frantic. Have you seen Rocky?"

Peter gulped. "Not since yesterday noon," he said, and a thought stabbed him: Maybe they've eloped!

"They went sailing," Mr. Whittaker continued in a strained voice. "But surely they tied up when it began to blow! The radio—the radio says small craft may have foundered or been blown out to sea!"

Peter was wide-awake now, but a helpless feeling seized him. He said, "I'll look for Rocky. Maybe he's back. Maybe they put in somewhere up the harbor, and Sue couldn't tell you because you haven't any phone there. Maybe—"

"She could phone her aunt in the city. And Rocky isn't back at the station—I've already talked to the captain. He'll send out some blimps if the fog lifts. The Coast Guard patrol boats are searching. But nobody could find anything in this fog."

Peter got the number of the neighbor's phone Mr. Whittaker was using, then dressed and went outside. It was worse than he'd thought. Ceiling and visibility were zero. The blimp crews waiting at the hangar told him it was the kind of day when even the sea gulls had to walk. The storm had come in from the sea, hit the north coast, and swung, blowing seaward again. Warnings for small craft had been flown by mid-afternoon.

BUT Rocky was reckless. He'd be confident of his ability to handle the sailboat in any kind of weather.

Peter wandered restlessly into the free-balloon hangar. Ensign Stuckey was at the office desk, jaunty and unworried.

"Oh, they'll turn up," he said. "You know Rocky. Look, Peter. Here's a swastika made of eight matches. The trick is changing it into three squares without—"

"Skip it!" Peter said crossly. "How's it look for hopping?"

"Are you nuts?" Stuckey demanded. "It's like the inside of a motorman's glove. What wind there is above the fog is blowing toward the bay. And the bay, my friend, is out of bounds for the Sad Sack for the simple reason that a ground crew can't follow her there."

"I've got to do something!" Peter said desperately. "If the fog lifts at all, we'll hop. That is, if the Old Man will give me permission."

"You are nuts," Stuckey observed, and arranged three short matches and three long ones in a row. He was about to try

(*Continued on page 66*)

GROWING phenomena of contemporary life are the omnipresence of the photographic camera and the skill of those who operate it, either to make a living or just for fun. There are few places in the world into which the camera does not peer; few people, great or merely odd, who escape its nimble probing.

In this new weekly feature, Liberty aims to present some of the more interesting products of the camera's searching. For these pages we seek pictures which of themselves tell stories—which are odd, informative, or startling. Some may have appeared elsewhere, but all, we hope, will be worth looking at twice. Liberty presents

The Camera Eye

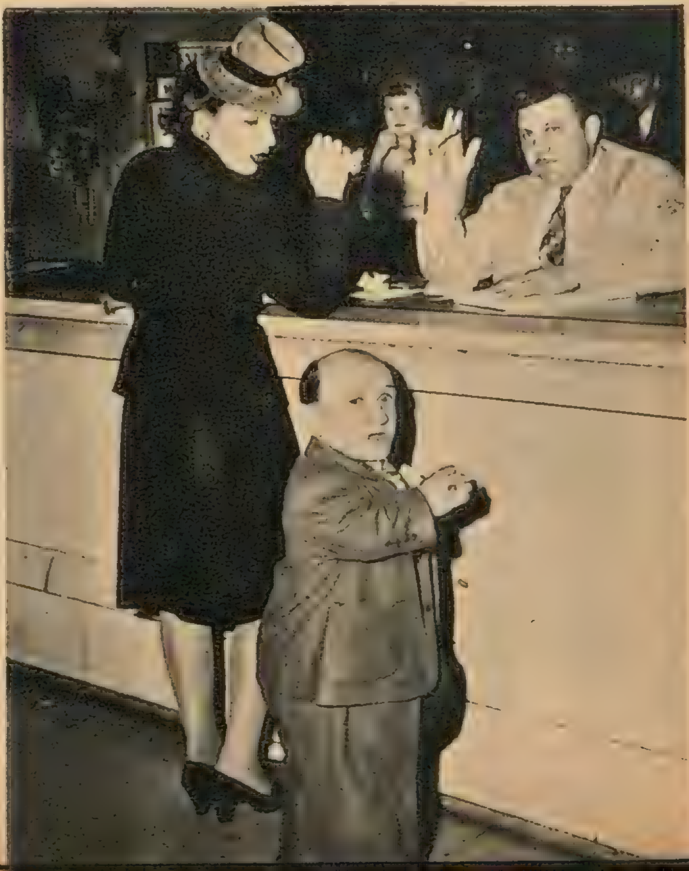
HOT FIGHTER—Band leader Harry James, he of the "hot trumpet," spends his spare time these days in Stillman's gym, New York, coaching his new fighter Jimmy McDaniels, Los Angeles welterweight. Jimmy fights like a veteran; is beginning to look like one. ←

NZIO SUN PARLOR—Lieutenant Olive Field, Army nurse from Leb- non, Pennsylvania, doesn't seem too anxious to pose when her sun bath interrupted. But her little dog Eric doesn't mind in the least. Being a mera hound for a moment is O.K. with Eric—in fact, it's a pleasure! ↑

FAMOUS TRIO—Author John Gunther and girl-about-town Elsa Maxwell listen while Congressman Clare Boothe Luce makes a point at a Waldorf-Astoria dinner party. They're not just listening politely; they're really interested. ↑

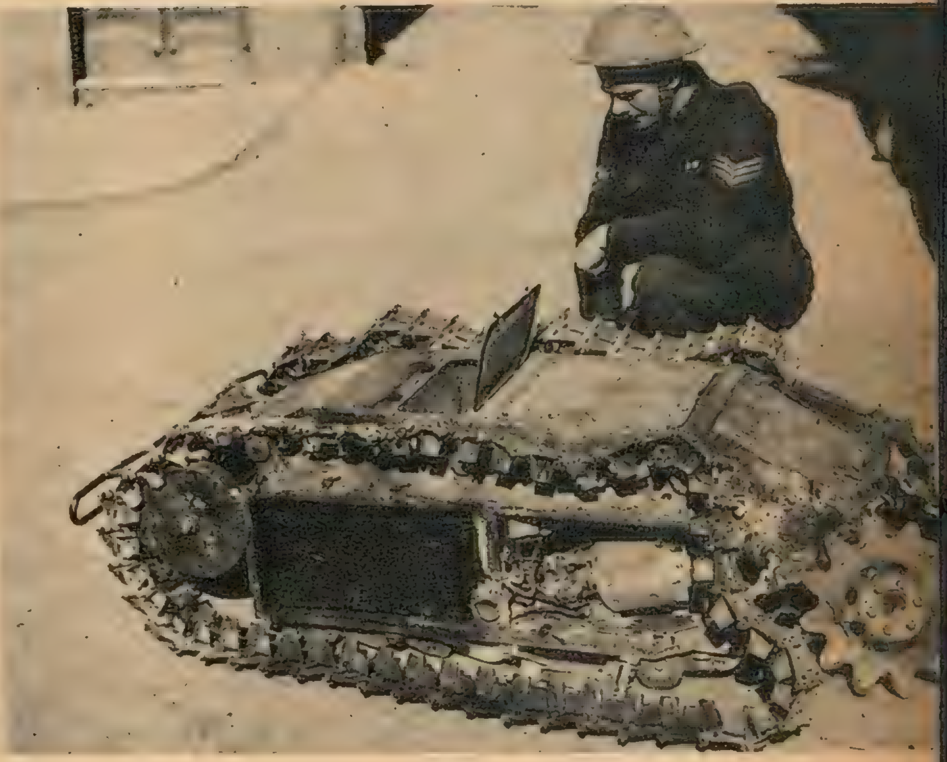
RATS AT REST—Call the guard! But wait! It's not Hitler and his pals—it's only Robert Watson, Martin Kosleck, and Alex Pope, who portray top Nazis in new Paramount film, The Hitler Gang. ←

MUST BE LOVE—Evelyn Lucas, five feet eight, of Cincinnati, and Stanley Ross, three feet two, an actor, get license to wed in Chicago City Hall. At least he ought to get a chair to stand on. →



ROYALTY AND THE SCARECROW—As the Queen and Princess Elizabeth talk with a camouflaged British paratrooper, King George (behind them) listens. Soldier looks ready for business with all those grenades in his belt. →

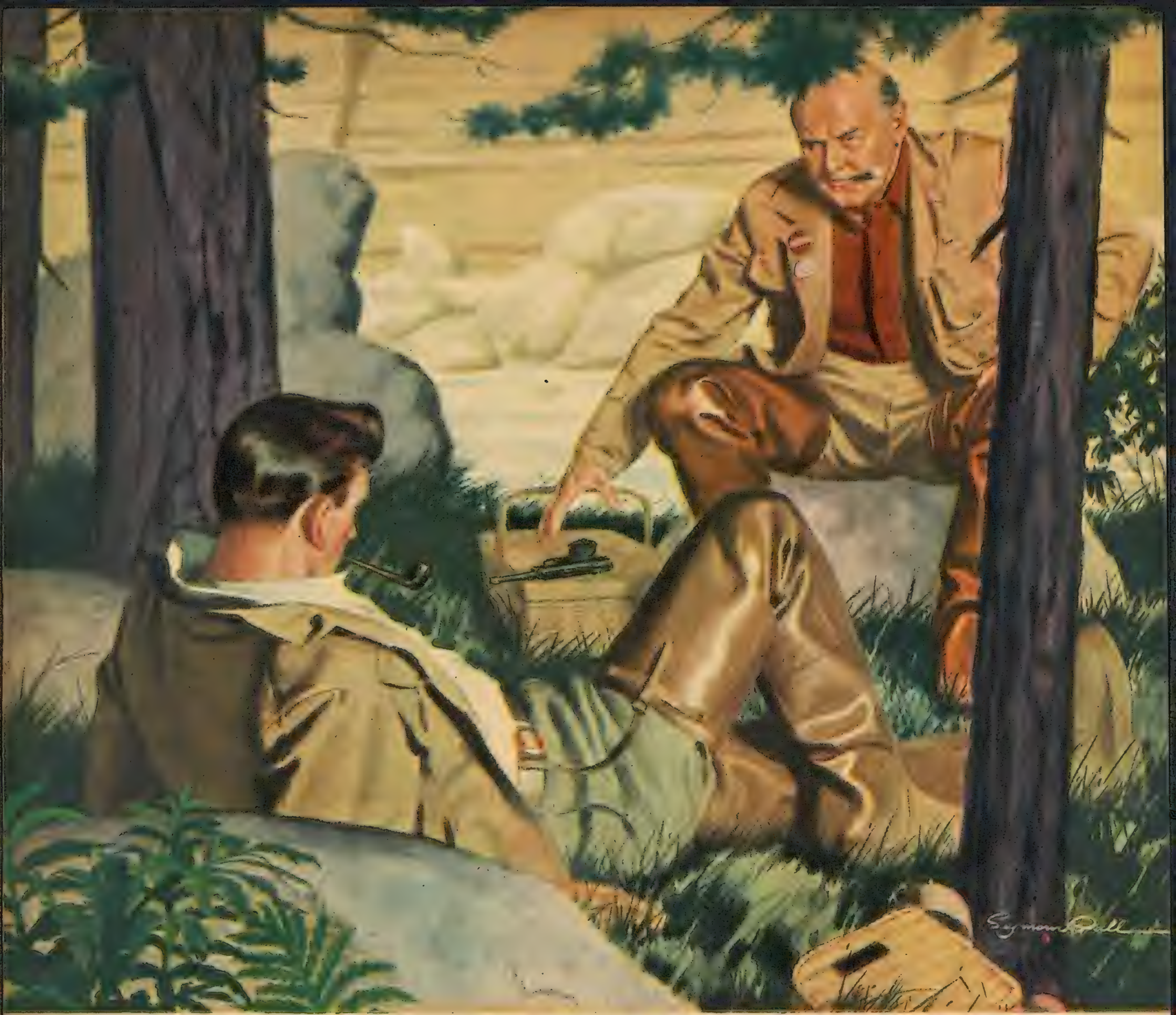
GIFT FROM ELEANOR—Britain's women soldiers now get married with all of the trimmings, thanks to the wedding gown sent over by Mrs. Roosevelt. Shown is Lance Corporal Ford of the A. T. S., who married Sergeant Kenneth Field of the U. S. A. A. F. in Edinburgh. ↑



DOODLEBUG TANK—It looks like something found under a Christmas tree, but it's not. The Germans used this deadly toy in Italy and France. It's sent forward and exploded by remote control, but hasn't proved to be as effective as they hoped. ↑

AERIAL JUMBOS—L-type Navy blimps maneuver above their hangar at U. S. Naval Air Station, Moffett Field, California. They're good as a flock of geese at formation flying. ←

BLOCK BUSTER—Girl workers at Nebraska Ordnance plant in Omaha try one for size. It can't explode until the detonator is added—but they *might* slip off that shipping ring. →



Sam was sprawled on his side and elbow. He saw Mort's hand drop to the Luger, then withdraw slowly.

BETWEEN FRIENDS

BY ROBERT ORMOND CASE

ILLUSTRATED BY SEYMOUR BALL

MORT PALMER had fished upstream after lunch; Sam, down. In mid-afternoon, when the sun began to beat directly into the canyon, Sam remembered the cool shady cove where they'd eaten lunch. He hadn't had a strike during the past hour, and he felt drowsy. Also, he recalled, there was a half bottle of whisky left in the picnic basket in the cove.

This last detail suggested a pleasant picture. It was of Professor Sam Trask, remote from critical campus eyes, sprawled on his shoulder blades on the grassy bank up yonder, smoking his pipe and taking an occasional reflective nip from the square bottle. Mort would come down presently and sprawl near by. He'd get out one of the two cigars he allowed himself each day. He'd light up and puff slowly, rolling the cigar around a little, making it last.

Then he'd get down to the real business of the trip. It wasn't just to fish. Mort always had something on his mind when he suggested a jaunt to Rock Creek. Mort was a writer, a highly successful one, and he relied on Sam to help work out psychological angles. Mort was meticulous about those angles, which probably explained why his monthly earnings were greater than Professor Sam Trask's annual salary. His fictional characters lived and breathed.

It was always a pleasure to give Mort a hand. Mort had two treasures—his profession and Cissie, his wife—and he, Sam, was in a position to give clinical attention to both. Mort wrote about people, which was also Sam's field: the study of human behavior. Sam also knew Cissie, knew her better than Mort suspected. Mort would be completely staggered, in fact, if he could have seen Sam's mental card index of the whims, caprices, and impulses comprising the personality of the somewhat gorgeous but none too bright female known as Cissie Palmer.

WHEN he came up to the cove, Sam saw with satisfaction that the grassy stretch of bank just above the water line was still in the shadow. It was a pleasant spot. Salmonberries framed the bench, their yellow fruit half ripe. A slight breeze was pouring down from the upper canyon, bringing with it the earthy fragrance of the forest and the keen breath of higher snowfields.

Sam deposited his rod and creel at the edge of the bank. He yawned, stretching his lean length, his studious, kindly face touched with rare contentment. He glanced about the flat, looking for the lunch basket. It was nowhere in sight. He lowered himself lazily to an elbow and got out his pipe.

He puffed lazily, looking up the canyon. Mort was probably around the first bend up there, stubbornly whipping a certain riffle that broke down tantalizingly between two giant boulders. He'd give it up soon and start downstream. Meanwhile the business of the lunch basket was puzzling. Mort certainly hadn't taken the basket with him. It was too cumbersome for that—one of those square hampers, with a handle on top. Therefore Mort must have hidden it.

Why hide it? It was an odd detail, trivial on the face of it. And yet, as Sam had always told his students, deviations from the normal are never trivial. They were the straws pointing the winds of human behavior, the telltale ripples over deep and sometimes dark currents.

The basket was of no great value. Mort wasn't trying to safeguard the whisky. There was nothing in the basket except the square bottle and the napkin in which Cissie had wrapped the sandwiches. . . .

Or was there? Sam recalled that he hadn't actually seen the bottom of the basket at noon. Mort had opened it up and had passed out the sandwiches and the hard-boiled eggs and the cuts of mince pie. After they'd eaten, he had folded the napkin and put it back in the basket. He'd put the bottle in last, and even through the protecting layer of the napkin the bottle had clinked against some metallic object. Sam had wondered vaguely at the time why a basket made entirely of wicker should have anything of metal on its bottom.

He looked about him quizzically, studying the encircling brush. It seemed, in Sam's first survey, that not a leaf had been disturbed in the semicircle. Then, in the most interior point, where the shadow was deepest, he saw a single broken and wilted frond in the mass of fern at the base of the salmonberry.

He got up and went over; and there the basket nestled. He was about to lift it from its nest when a thought stopped him. Parting the ferns, he undid the clasps, raised the lid, and peered in.

The bottle was resting on its side across the napkin, which had been folded once, lengthwise. Its center bulged. Sam raised the edge of the napkin and saw at once what the bottle had clinked against. It was probably the most powerful and vicious side arm produced in the arsenals of man: a Luger automatic.

It was Mort's Luger, one of his prized World War souvenirs. Sam had been with him in the Meuse-Argonne when Mort had found it. He'd seen Mort slide the six cartridges home and pat the streamlined grip affectionately. "Good target pistol," Mort had said.

But Mort had never used it as a target pistol. He'd kept the deadly gun hidden about the house, calling it burglary insurance. The six cartridges, lethal as ever after almost a quarter century, would be in its magazine now. Mort hadn't mentioned that he'd brought it along today, nor why. . . .

Sam knew why. Its presence here could mean but one thing: Cissie must have talked. In a spirit of bravado, or after a highball too many—or even, perhaps, in penitent mood, though this last was almost incredible—she'd told Mort about the whole affair. Not all, perhaps, but enough.

And that, as was proved by the Luger nestling here, could be bad.

Sam dropped the napkin into place and fastened the lid of the basket. He wanted a drink, needed it, but decided to wait. To take out the cartridges would be an idle gesture. It would only postpone the showdown and prove nothing, except his personal fear of it.

He left everything as it had been and returned to his resting place at the edge of the flat. He sprawled there again, propped on an elbow. Some men had many close friends, others only a few. In Professor Sam Trask's lonely world, outside his laboratory, there'd been but one. . . . He closed his mind to that phase of it. He'd weighed all the ingredients and taken the risk, knowing from the beginning that this could be—as it had now become—his most dangerous experiment.

The pattern of three lives depended on Sam's analysis of Mort's problem, and he alone could determine whether the final scene would be reconciliation—or murder!

IN the distance Mort was an insect at first, crawling over and around boulders at the foot of the wall. He grew larger and became a fisherman with rod and creel, and waders flapping, his bald head glistening in the sun. Close at hand, he was a short heavy-set man in his early forties, smooth-cheeked and leisurely of movement. He was colorless of personality until you looked into his eyes. There you met dignity and force. Mort's eyes had the deep-set, steadfast, penetrating quality seen often in the glance of a skilled fencer. It was the look that said quietly: "Brother, be eternally vigilant."

If there were fierce and tormenting fires burning in him now, he gave no outward sign of it. He came up on the flat and shed his equipment beside Sam's.

"You're smart," he said. "They're not biting any more." He went over to the back of the cove, got the basket and brought it back. He said nothing about hiding it, which was the simplest way to brush that angle aside.

He seated himself, facing Sam, but did not at once open the basket. He rested his elbow on it and got out his cigar; asked Sam about the fishing down below. He hadn't had any luck himself. The water was too clear on the riffle. The big ones were lying doggo on the bottom.

"The hell with it," he concluded. "It's a nice day. How's for a little nip?"

"It's an idea," Sam said.

Mort opened the basket, the lid toward Sam, and got out the bottle. He set it down, reached in again, casually, and brought out the Luger. He held it in his right hand, closed the basket with his left, and looked quizzically at Sam.

"Well!" Sam said. "The Luger, eh?"

"The ammunition's pretty old," Mort said. "I thought I'd better try it out." He turned away from Sam, squinting across the creek. High on the opposite bank was an ancient snag. Its rotting bark clung precariously to its bleached torso. "Right in the center of that spot near the bottom," he said. "Maybe."

HE rested his elbows on his knees and took a double grip. His finger pressed slowly. The gun leaped in his hand, crashing loudly through the quiet. A fragment splintered away from the spot on the snag, near its right edge.

"Good ammunition," Mort said. "Bad shot."

"Not too bad," Sam said. The snag was a good forty yards away.

Mort slid the safety catch forward and then laid the Luger on the top of the basket, its muzzle angling a little to the right. In that position, he could drop his hand upon it easily and quickly. As at lunchtime, he was seated well out of reach, cross-legged.

Sam saw the whole pattern in a curiously detached way. The fresh bullet hole in the snag would prove the target practice. The flattened grass would show their relative positions, facing each other. A Luger was notoriously a tricky weapon. Sam thought: Better watch your timing, professor.

Mort took up the bottle, set it down.

"In this yarn I'm working on," he said, "I've come to a tough spot. It's the pay-off. I've got the facts and they've added up, but I don't like the answer. Give me a better one and we'll kill the rest of the bottle. Fair enough?"

"It's a proposition," Sam agreed. "I hope I can help."

"So do I," Mort said. "So do I, Sam." His lips twisted a little but his eyes didn't laugh. From that point on, except when he took out his cigar and looked at it, his eyes never left Sam's face.

"It's man-woman stuff," he said. He and Sam had talked plot so often they used the jargon of the trade. "Two men and a woman. The hero and the woman are married. They've been married for years. No children. The other man is an old, trusted friend of the hero. This phony friend plays a waiting game. He waits years before he makes a pass at this woman. Then, when she's emotionally off guard, he moves in. . . . Those are the basic elements." Mort rolled his cigar. "I lifted 'em from the Pyramids."

"'They were old when Nile was young,'" Sam quoted, nodding. Cissie had not only talked but, typically, had tried to shift the entire blame. "Emotionally off guard" was a clue to that. "The viewpoint's the thing, of course," Sam went on. "What about this hero?"

"A dim-witted faithful beagle," Mort said; and it hurt Sam deeply to sense his raw and quivering self-contempt. "At the top of his profession, but blind as a mole around home. He loves his wife. He'd have bet his last dime on his friend's loyalty. It's only by accident that he learns about this affair."

"While it's going on?"

"Afterward. They've tired of it. They've called it a day."

"How does the husband discover it?"

"The wife spills the beans. She's a small-town girl, and now with the money and prestige rolling in, she's out of her depth. She's tried to hide it by stepping out in front. So there's been the horsy phase, and the yacht-club phase, and the cocktail crowd. Now it's the Little Theater. She

(*Continued on page 48*)

McELROY'S MAGIC MADHOUSE

BY BARNEY NAGLER

NATURAL COLOR PHOTO TAKEN FOR LIBERTY BY KNOPF-PIX

Bighearted, bear-sized McElroy runs his factory like a side show, but produces.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT McELROY, of the Boston McElroys, is a wonderfully fantastic character. Nobody ever calls him Mr. McElroy, or even Theodore. He's Ted to everyone, including the 500 workers of the McElroy Manufacturing Company, highfalutin handle of the magic madhouse which somehow manages to spew forth instruments of dot-and-dash communications for the United Nations.

Ranking officers of the U. S. Signal Corps will tell you at the drop of a salute that without McElroy it would have been almost impossible to organize the vast system of radio-telegraphic communications necessary in global warfare. If this is an amazing tribute to a man who didn't get past the sixth grade in grammar school and still speaks the language philologists call Old Low Boston, it is also a tribute to something like chaos, for the McElroy Manufacturing Company is a cross between a madhouse run by the inmates and a convention of good-time Charlies.

When the Army and the Navy took time off from fighting the war last November to award McElroy's company a joint Efficiency Award for consistently high production, one wag suggested that the "E" stood for "E gods—how'd they do it?" Actually, McElroy's was the first firm of its kind in the United States so honored. Certainly it was the first plant without a system to get the award.

Months ago a government inspector assigned to the McElroy plant to check on equipment manufactured there suggested that Ted hire an efficiency expert to really put things in order. "If you can make such an amazing production record amid all this confusion, think of what you could do with some efficiency," the adviser said.

McElroy fell for it. He hired an efficiency expert and installed him in his leather-upholstered office, which is known throughout the plant as "the Padded Cell." From the garish cubicle the efficiency expert issued forms and notices indicating the proper procedure for the workers, who were suddenly conscious of the flow of authority.

Ted knew something was wrong when one employee, in his anxiety to meet the new situation, called the boss "Mr. McElroy." But Ted still wasn't certain—that is, not until production slumped. Down and down it went as the efficiency expert speeded up the paper shortage with new and more complicated directives. Finally, one day Ted walked into his office in time to hear the expert reprimanding one of the girls in the plant. When he saw tears welling up in the girl's eyes, he couldn't contain himself, and he rushed out and away.

The next day this message adorned the door of his sanctum sanctorum in gilded letters: "T. R. McElroy, president, vice-president, secretary, treasurer, general manager, and still boss of this joint! Let there be no mistake about this!"

Thus the efficiency expert was expertly disposed of, but almost before he fled from the Boston war plant the juke boxes which abound in it were once again blaring forth. The numerous refrigerators containing food for the workers were restocked, and the daily free offering of beer once again flowed with the compliments of the management.

The juke boxes are the remains of more than 1,000 purchased by McElroy at the start of the war in a gesture which was labeled as mad by even his fondest admirers. "What's he gonna do with all those music makers?" the boys asked. They found out when the supply of electric motors used in the automatic dot-and-dash equipment which he manufactures ran low. While other manufacturers of high-speed radio-telegraph apparatus were caught in the bottleneck resulting from the lack of electric motors, McElroy stripped the juke boxes of theirs and continued building the sorely needed communication equipment. This marked the first time on record that the juke box was enlisted in the fight against the Axis.

Stripping down the juke boxes worried McElroy. If he had to rip the motors out of every box, there'd be no more music for his workers. But the boss wasn't stumped. Within a few weeks he had found enough talent among his employees to organize a ten-man orchestra. Now, whenever the workers in the plant grow tired of listening to the juke boxes still on hand, he drafts the orchestra for an impromptu swing session.

Every afternoon at four he orders the trumpeter to blow a blast on his instrument. Each worker looks up in gleeful anticipation as McElroy jumps up on one of the worktables and bellows in bass:

"All out for refreshments, my fellow workers! It's beer on the house!"

Ted McElroy is a thoroughgoing physical contradiction. Built along the general lines of a General Grant tank, he conjures up in a newcomer's mind a weird blending of a grizzly bear and a dizzy elephant, pink or otherwise. His ponderous paws are slightly less formidable than a prewar Polish ham, and his shaggy mane gives him the appearance of an uprooted giant oak in reverse.

Yet in those sausage-like hands are the grace and delicacy of motion which have made McElroy the world's fastest telegraphist, a title he has held almost without interruption since he first won the cham-

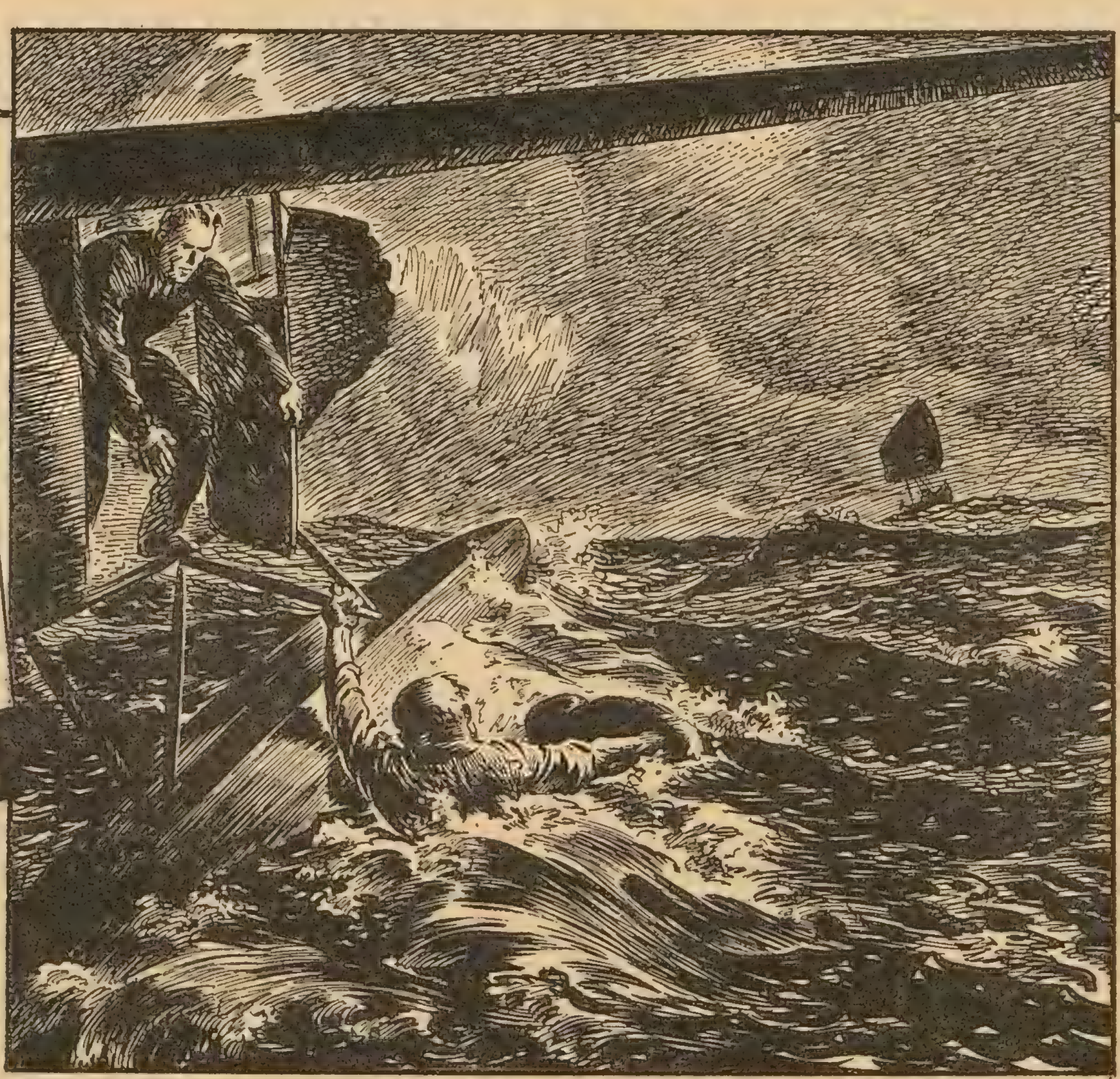
(*Continued on page 53*)

A profile of the world's fastest telegraphist who builds bad news for the Axis with juke boxes—and flies the Army-Navy "E" for efficient inefficiency

The Moon Was Red

BY DANA SAGE

Sancho, the South American Indian who speaks basic English, and Don O'K Adams, his boss from New England, go on the dangerous trail of a disappearing lady. They make an unbeatable team — and a rousingly readable story.



A
Liberty
BOOK
CONDENSATION
READING TIME
ONE EVENING

ILLUSTRATED BY LAWRENCE BUTCHER

UNTIL half an hour ago a brilliant equatorial sun had warmed the decks of the S.S. Illimani at her Puno pier. While she bustled with preparations for her passage across Lake Titicaca, the bleak Andean darkness had spilled down through air too thin to sustain a twilight glow. Suddenly a flicker of light approached through the blackness surrounding the town. It grew brighter and quickly became the headlamps of a car catapulting along at a speed so reckless as to indicate a South American driver. Skittering into town, the clatter-jointed station wagon swung sharply toward the pier, nosing its way into the crush of llamas, burros, and Indians that blocked the cobbled street. Its driver cursed them furiously with horn and voice until, at last, in blasphemous triumph, he achieved an arrival.

The first of his passengers popped out—a muscular, compact, well-tailored Indian. His face was a full moon clouded with a dark frown, his harsh black hair bristled like wire under his jauntily tilted fedora, his high cheekbones gleamed with a fierce shine, and his nose had the breadth and flatness of a warrior's. With his restless, glistening eyes he glanced quickly around. Having made sure that all was well, he smiled with cherubic blandness and in a quiet purr spoke to the man inside the car.

"We have come here safely, *jefecito.*"

The driver wagged his head in wonder. It never ceased to astonish him that this peculiar specimen of a civilized Indian habitually addressed the great Donald O'K Adams as "little chief."

Donald O'Keefe Adams III, tall in topcoat and homburg, alighted unhurriedly.

"You've indeed accomplished the impossible, Julio!" he said to the driver, "in bringing us here so quickly." His Spanish was fluent and broadened only faintly by a Harvard accent. *"Muchas gracias, Julio! Adiós, amigo mío!"*

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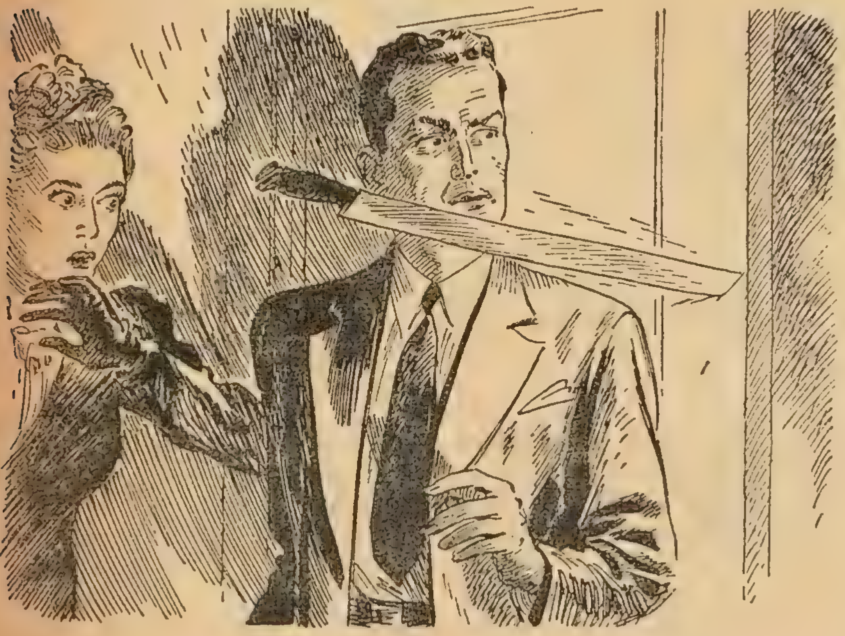
"Buen viaje, señor! Salud! Salud!" And to Sancho, Julio ventured to add, "To you, Señor Sancho, a very, very good evenings also."

"Let us be straightforward, señor," Sancho said. "Truly you're glad to see me go. Because I am an Indian you have no approval of me. I, too, am happy to be gone from you. Because you are partly not an Indian I have hate for that part of you. It's too bad that this should be so, señor," Sancho continued in his quiet, purring tone, "but as the wise and highly respected father of Don O'K has said, 'Every man is as God made him, though frequently much worse.'"

Sancho glided off. As he edged the Indians aside they stared at him stolidly. Sancho resembled them, yet he was something the like of which they had never seen before.

In their clothing there were a hemisphere and centuries of difference; Sancho's were Fifth Avenue. His eyes, as shiny black as theirs, sparkled with an intelligence beyond their unschooled capacities. His skin was copper-colored, like theirs, but it was fine-textured, for Sancho had long ago learned the use of soap. In fiber and bone, in the huge full chest so perfectly adapted to the rarefied air of these Andean tablelands, he was still a Lengua; but education and long association with Don O'K had made him a man of another world. Sancho was Don O'K's satellite, bodyguard, henchman, major-domo, leg man, buffer, and general all-round factotum.



Donald O'Keefe Adams III, lean and handsome, mounted the gangplank with the urbane air of a man who unpretentiously, pleasantly, and quite properly belonged. He carried that air everywhere with him.

THIS was October, 1941, a period of international ferment, and he wasn't often to be found at home in the Adams mansion standing beneath arching elms in Quincy, Massachusetts. He was the sole owner and manager of Adams & Son, traders and shippers for three generations, and Adams & Son, its ramifications rooted deep in all corners of Latin America, was a colossus straddling the Panama Canal.

Donald O'Keefe Adams III was welcomed into Pan-American conferences in the Department of State, and he mingled, tactfully nonpartisan, at White House receptions. In this vast southern half of his world, he was equally at home. He was a young man of extraordinary stamina and ability who happily rolled up his sleeves over blueprints or production graphs or recalcitrant machinery or a diplomatic conference. Tonight, in Puno, Peru, the Illimani was as familiar to him as the Merchants Limited.

On the deck Captain Medina warmly awaited him.

"Señor Adams, *amigo mío!* Most distinguished and esteemed, noble and not sufficiently celebrated sir and friend, welcome aboard the Illimani! My poor ship is yours to command!"

They strode forward through the biting, swirling mist, Sancho bringing up the rear, still effortlessly loaded with Don O'K's baggage. The fog had grown steadily thicker, and the promenade deck was a gray, chill tunnel. As they turned a corner, even the dim glimmer of the deck faded. Not a sparkle shone from any of the bulbs along this section of the promenade. Captain Medina halted, blinded and indignant. "This is disgraceful, Señor Adams! However, I see there are lights burning inside your stateroom. Enter, señor! I trust— *Por Dios,* what is this now?"

The knob slipped from the captain's fingers as the door, pulled from the inside, opened suddenly, releasing brush strokes of light forming the elongated shadow of a large figure standing just inside the room.

Don O'K stepped across the threshold. Simultaneously there was the click of a switch inside the room and instant darkness striking down. Just in front of him Don O'K heard a stifled cry of alarm in a woman's throat.

The next sound was hardly a sound at all, but rather a sensation of swift movement. In the deep blackness of the room something sprang.

Don O'K felt himself thrust backward suddenly and hard against the half-opened door. A sharp, short hiss filled his ears; the shock of a powerful impact shook the door, and an unseen figure darted past him.

Don O'K heard a grunt from Sancho, a series of thumps and rapid footfalls on the deck. The footfalls vanished. Several seconds of silence passed while Don O'K stood rigid against the door, holding his breath, lifting his free hand until it touched the thin, cold thing quivering directly in front of his throat.

There were mutters and quick movements around him, then another snap. Captain Medina had found the switch. Don O'K shifted aside and gazed at the steel blade he had felt.

THE machete had slashed horizontally through the dark air just above the level of his left shoulder. The keen blade had struck the edge of the open door and had driven deep into the wood. Had the blow been delivered with an accuracy equaling its swiftness, Don O'K knew, his body would now be lying inert across the sill and his head would have rolled across the deck and off, to bob in the icy-cold waters of Titicaca.

Then he saw the lady standing still and frightened just behind the door—the lady with the briefcase.

She was pale, and the violence in the dark had knocked her flowered hat slightly askew, but she was a formidable lady nonetheless. Her hair was a striking premature white, worn in sweeping waves to soften the strength of her handsome face. She bulked large in a dark suit cut in expensively comfortable looseness and set off by a severe white collar, a diamond lapel ornament, and a delicate necklace of jade. She held her briefcase almost grimly in a black-gloved hand. It was importantly fat and heavy, tightly strapped and securely clasped. It bore the golden initials M.B.F.

She said, "Really, I should like to know the meaning of this!"

"It seems to have been an attempt at murder," Don O'K said. "I wonder which of us was meant to be the victim."

"Murder!" the captain screeched. "It is impossible!"

"The man who did it may still be aboard the Illimani, my captain," Don O'K said quietly. "He was barefoot—unless he was wearing sneakers or slippers. His footfalls had a peculiar light sound as he ran off. They made me think of bare calloused feet or soles of soft leather or rubber."

Rafael Medina pointed into the midst of Don O'K's scattered bags. There lay a man's pair of oxfords of generous size, brightly shined, their laces still neatly tied

"These are the abandoned property of the criminal!" Captain Medina asserted emphatically. "Is it not true?"

"Those are Sancho's," Don O'K said. "Sancho has never quite become accustomed to shoes. He jumped out of them so he could travel faster. He chased our man." He pointed to a bright red necktie lying beside the shoes "Also Sancho's. He hates ties and collars. They choke him in moments of stress. May I suggest again, my captain, that the man Sancho chased may still be aboard the ship?"

"At once, Señor Adams! I beg of you, keep yourself safely here. Do not perplex yourself. I shall catch this criminal, I promise you most solemnly!" The captain rushed out.

As the sounds of the man hunt spread all over the Illimani, Don O'K pulled out the deeply imbedded machete.

The lady was still standing just inside the stateroom, clutching her briefcase as if determined never to part with it.

Don O'K hefted the machete and said, "May I present myself? I'm Donald O'Keefe Adams of Boston."

"I remember you, Mr. Adams," the lady said shortly. "I saw you in the White House several months ago. I was waiting to see the President. I'm Mrs. Symington Foster."

Don O'K's eyes were alight with interest. "Mrs. Symington Foster? The founder and president of the Women's League for Inter-American Solidarity? I've heard of you often."

She smiled faintly and her tone became almost gracious. "Thank you. We have a great deal in common, Mr. Adams. You're interested in inter-American solidarity, aren't you?"

"Decidedly," he said. "But at the moment I'm particularly interested in this knife, and the man who threw it. He was in here with you—in my stateroom."

"You're wrong," Mrs. Foster said coldly. "This is *my* suite, and I was quite alone."

WHEN Sancho returned half an hour later he found Don O'K alone. In that time Captain Medina had reported failure in the search for the attacker. He had also insisted that Mrs. Foster and all her luggage be moved to another suite. This one, he insisted, was the best and therefore obviously intended for Don O'K regardless of previous reservations. Neither the lady's indignation nor Don O'K's embarrassed protests had any effect. There had been a lucky diversion when the chief steward had delivered to Mrs. Foster a large envelope plastered with air-mail stamps. In her eagerness to read it, she had at last consented to be shown to her new quarters.

Sancho's first action was to pick up the machete and carefully sniff it. Then he disappeared through an inner door and in a moment reappeared, his nostrils flaring. *"Pucha!"* he said. (This expletive had a wide range of meanings, from "The devil with it!" to "Whaddya know!" This time it meant, "I thought so!") "A smell in there, *jefecito."*

"Don O'K stepped into the bedroom, sniffed, looked bewildered, and shook his head.

"But yours is a white man's nose," Sancho reminded him. "The white man's brain is sharp but his nose is feeble. Even though I am a very bright man, too, *amigo,* mine is an Indian's good nose still. The man was here. The smell of him is not yet gone. This was a violent man, with great fear and hate in him."

"I can well believe that," Don O'K agreed. "He was hiding in this bedroom then, waiting. But for whom, I wonder? For the lady or for me? There's no one who hates me so much as all that."

"Amigo, your great and good father has said that no man can know why another man may have hate for him, for sometimes his best purposes may be taken in error."

Don O'K sighed. "Sometimes I wish my admirable father hadn't pumped you so full of his philosophy, Sancho. I'm convinced I wasn't the intended victim. Still, Mrs. Foster is just as convinced she wasn't. One of us must be wrong."

"It is quite possible to become dead through being wrong," Sancho said sagely.

They left the cabin and walked along the glistening dew-wet deck. Suddenly Sancho paused, turned about, and trotted back in the direction from which he had just come. He opened a door and slipped through into the lighted suite beyond. Don O'K found him gliding across the living room toward the closed inner door of the bedroom, bent forward as if to pounce. Abruptly a man emerged from the darkness of the bedroom. He snapped the door shut behind him and stood against it, confronting Sancho angrily.

"Who the devil are you? What are you doin' here?"

Don O'K stepped in. "This is Sancho," he announced pleasantly. "I'm afraid he's taken an interest in you."

Sancho's eyes were fierce. "I got the same smell again, *jefecito.* It was very thin, but it made me come back and I have the belief that it is here." He glided forward until his flat nose came into close proximity with the man at the door, whereupon he took a thoughtful sniff of him. "But he is not the one, although he too is full of fear."

"Why, you insolent black devil," the man snarled.

"You wish to have a fight with me, señor?" Sancho inquired softly, lifting his heels out of his shoes and one hand to his tie. "Make a start, then."

"One moment!" Don O'K said, stepping between them. "One moment, please!"

Don O'K took stock of the man at the door. He'd spoken with a broad Southern accent. The flush of his thin face warned that he was hot-tempered. He was slim and slight, with a handsome sullen face.

Don O'K said, "You see, there's a would-be murderer on board. Fortunately, no casualties. In fact, we don't even know whether he was after me or Mrs. Foster."

The man stiffened. "Martha," he whispered. "Martha."

"She's all right," Don O'K said quickly. "Sorry I startled you so. You know her?"

The man said, "She's my wife. I'm Symington Foster." He added abstractedly, "The archeologist."

"Of course." Don O'K's voice gave no hint that he'd never heard of an archeologist named Symington Foster. "I'm Donald O'Keefe Adams. You're going to Bolivia to dig?"

Foster's face brightened again. "To Tiahuanaco. Ever heard of it?"

"I have a factory not far from there. Come to the lounge and we'll drink to the success of your expedition."

"Not now, thanks," Foster said. "They've just finished puttin' my equipment aboard. I've got to check it before the ship sails. Otherwise something's sure to be left behind. These spigs are damn' careless."

Don O'K sighed. "I'd like to ask you a practical question, Mr. Foster. Is your expedition staff so large that you won't need to hire any native labor?"

"I've one assistant, that's all. His name's Blodgett." Foster's manner was peculiarly defiant as he spoke. "I sent him ahead from Balboa by plane. He's in Tiahuanaco now, preparin' the ground."

"Then you'll hire Indian workers, and certainly you'll have to ask certain government officials for their cooperation. You'll never get it if you call them spigs in their hearing."

Foster's face flushed. "Now see here," he said. "Don't you treat me as if I don't know what I'm doin'."

"Mr. Foster," Don O'K said, "my business and my whole life are devoted to achieving a strong, healthy friendship with South America. I simply can't shrug it off when you threaten that cause with such easily avoidable evils as careless words."

Foster drawled, "That's high-soundin' talk, Mr. Adams, but I've been here before and I got along. I guess I know how to handle them."

Don O'K said quietly, "I wish you luck."

OUT on the deck they found Captain Medina welcoming the last of his passengers ascending the gangplank. In black silk and black lace, a scarlet mantilla draped over the black sheen of her hair, she was, in the mist, an ethereal creature. She seemed to float up to the deck. And she smiled like an angel whose smile hinted she was not quite an angel.

"Buenas noches, Señor Adams. It's so good to see you again," she said. *"Buenas noches,* Captain Medina," and she was gone in a cloud.

A voice spoke behind O'K. "Golly! Who was that?"

Don O'K saw a dark girl shivering in a jacket too thin for a night on the Altiplano.

"Señorita Blaine," the captain answered, "I 'ave the honor to inform you that this delightful woman is the Marquesa Carlota de Montalvo. And now, at last praises to God, we may sail!"

The lights of Puno glimmered astern, waned, and were gone. It was the dark of the moon. Except for the flash of a wet reed sail here and there, the mist concealed the *balsas* still swarming around the ship. Keeping up with her vibrant fourteen knots, the small boats would, as always, flock with her for hours. They were utterly silent—the Indians in them neither talked nor sang, although they could hear the scratchy lilt of a phonograph playing in the Illimani's lounge.

Inside, Don O'K and Sancho sat with the dark girl they had met on deck. She had accepted Don O'K's offer of a drink with indifference. Now, as she nervously twisted the glass in her hand, she said, "Oh, by the way, I'm Francia Blaine."

"I see you, señorita," Sancho said.

"Sancho means he's delighted to meet you," Don O'K said, "and of course I'm delighted too."

"That's good," Miss Blaine remarked. "That makes you two the only happy people on board."

In the light of the lounge, Don O'K saw that she was lovely despite her expression of discontent. Her dark eyes widened as Sancho produced a balled handkerchief and unwrapped an irregular gray lump as big as an orange.

Miss Blaine recoiled a little. "What is it, putty?"

"Chicle," Don O'K explained. "Sancho chews it because he has to chew something, as all the Indians here do. Is this your first visit to South America, Miss Blaine? I'm afraid you're not enjoying it."

The girl shivered. "Why don't they have more heat? My blood's turning into raspberry sherbet and we're practically sitting on the equator."

Sancho beamed. Here was an opportunity to display his knowledge! "It's true that you are very near the equator, señorita," he said, "but in addition the air is very thin here because you are two and one half miles high in the sky. On the whole earth Lake Titicaca is the very most high water on which ships come and go. The señorita will please see that she doesn't let herself take a fall overboard."

"Why not?" Francia asked. "Sharks?"

"No, señorita, but it gets very rough weather every day, with violent winds, thunder and sky flames. Also it's very cold, almost as cold as ice itself. If the señorita should take a fall into it she'd quickly become stiff and feeble with the sharp coldness."

"I've been sort of planning to keep out of it," Miss Blaine drawled. "You know, there's something strange about the way you make with the words, Sancho."

Don O'K smiled. "Sancho speaks Basic English—English simplified and reduced to eight hundred and fifty words. When Basic was in process of development my father made Sancho a member of a class that was used as a proving ground for it."

"Among them all, señorita," Sancho said smugly, "I was the most respected learner."

Francia smiled. "You're bright, all right, Sancho, so maybe you can tell me when do we get where we're going?"

"We should get to Guaqui at seven o'clock in the morning, but no doubt it will be much later."

THE girl nodded and relapsed into dreary silence. After a few minutes Sancho whispered briefly to Don O'K, got up, and glided away.

Don O'K turned to study his companion. The girl's dark beauty, the unhappiness in her heavy-lidded eyes, had aroused his interest. What had brought her aboard this ship? He began to talk to her, to draw her out, and in a very little while she was pouring out her woes. It had only needed a sympathetic listener to open the floodgates.

Francia said bitterly, "This trip is a love cure. I'm getting over Mike. My wonderful mother insists I'm getting over him, and she's never wrong, never. His family are nobodies—good average American nobodies. He hasn't any money, either, except as much as we'd need to live on in average comfort. He has no prospects—no more prospects than any other bright, up-and-coming young man with a chance of grabbing the world by the tail."

"I'd very much like to meet this good-for-nothing Mike," Don O'K said.

"He's poking around a jungle somewhere in Brazil as a drug scout for Parrott and Company. He's swell and he's fun and the most wonderful thing of all is that he's not one bit afraid of Mother. He stands right up on his hind legs and talks back to her. It's marvelous! Cabinet members don't dare do that, but Mike does. And she can't take it."

"Is it possible," Don O'K asked, "that your mother is Mrs. Symington Foster?"

"So you've met her already," Francia moaned. "I should have known. And you're impressed, you like her. All my life she's been busy being wonderful all over the globe. When I was born she just put me in her briefcase and went on."

"Aren't you being a bit too harsh, Francia?"

"I suppose so," Francia admitted wearily, "but she's always been so much in the thick of big things that I've seemed pretty trivial by comparison. Wherever she goes, something starts happening. She went to Italy and Mussolini marched on Rome. She went to Munich and got tangled up in a beer-hall *putsch*. Her diary reads like a sort of Perils of Madame Pauline with Portfolio. Something's cooking right now. I know the signs. Something's going to blow up."

Remembering the machete, Don O'K agreed with her. And later, at dinner, he thought the blowup might come at any moment.

AT THE one long table presided over by Captain Medina, all the other passengers were already seated when Mrs. Foster, complete with briefcase, made her entrance. The marquesa rose and with a cry of pleasure hurried forward. In the brighter light her beauty seemed faded. She looked fully as old as her forty-five years, with ashen lines of worry around her piquant mouth and her brilliantly dark eyes—eyes trying too eagerly to be gay, as she greeted Mrs. Foster.

"Martha, my dear! It's so delightful to see you here, Martha!"

Mrs. Foster stopped short, her face frigid.

"It's been so long since I saw you last!" the marquesa cried, her English faintly accented. "I had no idea I'd find you here on the Illimani, of all places!"

"Didn't you?"

"But, Martha, of course not. It's such a wonderful surprise!"

"Is it!"

The marquesa's smile waned; she drew her scarf more closely across her fine shoulders. "But what's wrong? You greet me so coldly." She managed a little shaken laugh. "We've always been such good friends. Has something happened between us?"

"I'm sure you've no need to ask."

Mrs. Foster brushed past, but the marquesa was not so easily dismissed. "But I do ask. Truly, Martha, I don't know what to think. Tell me—"

"Not here, Carlota," Mrs. Foster said. "At the proper time—in La Paz, perhaps—you may be sure I'll discuss it thoroughly."

Mrs. Foster sat stiff-backed and tight-lipped, her briefcase in her lap. The marquesa slowly returned to her chair. The look in her eyes might be bewilderment, or, Don O'K suddenly thought, fear. Captain Medina squirmed in distress over the embarrassing scene. Don O'K decided to help his friend, the Captain. Mrs. Foster might possibly be made to feel a little less belligerent.

"How long are you planning to stay in Bolivia, Mrs. Foster?"

"Only several weeks, until I've finished my survey," she said somewhat graciously. "Symington had planned to stay longer, but he may come back with me."

Her husband looked up with a start. "Certainly not! I'll be there for months. Blodgett and I have mapped out plenty of work for—look here, Martha, why did you say that?"

"I'm not so sure of your expedition as I was, Symington. We'll not discuss it now."

The dark handsome face flushed. "But you can't leave it hangin' up in the air, Martha!"

"If only you'll handle the matter properly I'm sure you won't be disappointed, my dear," she said coolly.

And there the uncomfortable scene had ended. Don O'K wondered what lay behind Mrs. Foster's almost threatening conversation with the marquesa. The marquesa was from one of the oldest and proudest families in Bolivia. What damaging information about her could Mrs. Foster know—and how did she know it?

Later that night, on deck, he received enlightment on that last question. He and Francia Blaine stood alone in the sharp, cold wind, and the girl's bitter young voice broke a long silence. "Pleasant dinner, wasn't it, thanks to Mother? Sym's at the bar, fortifying himself for whatever's coming. Tackle her at the wrong time and your whole life might go bust. Funny couple, Mother and Sym, aren't they?"

Don O'K tactfully evaded the question. He said, "He's rather handsome."

"And younger than she is," Francia said bitterly. "He flatters her and she likes to indulge him. She's giving him this expedition just as she'd give a kid an expensive toy. He's a louse at heart, and she knows it, but she means to hold onto him."

"I should say there's hardly a doubt that she will."

Francia gave Don O'K a glance of camaraderie. "You know the answers. Sym married Mother for her money, of course. He used to be an assistant curator, earning less than peanuts. Mother's his means of accomplishing his ambitions—his big chance to be somebody."

"What are his ambitions, Francia?"

"Certainly not to publish scholarly papers in scientific quarterlies, I can tell you that. I don't know just how much he has on the ball as a scientist, but it isn't a lot. He has an assistant named Blodgett who's forgotten more archeology than Sym will ever know. In this little excursion Mother's the bank roll, Blodgett's the brains, and Sym's the one who'll bask in the spotlight. He wants to outshine them all as a glamour boy among adventurers—wants pretty girls to mob him for his autograph."

"I can see the appeal in that, although your mother probably can't," Don O'K said, smiling. He turned his head. "Listen! She's still at her typewriter. I admire her vitality. Most people would wait till the morning to answer their mail."

"Mail?" The girl's voice was sharp. "Did she get mail here on the ship—tonight?"

"Why, yes," Don O'K said. "A rather important-looking big brown envelope. Came by air mail."

Francia moaned. "Here we go again." She brooded for a moment, then seemed to come to a decision. "Look," she said grimly, "you might as well be forewarned. Mother loves to get things on people. She finds out the darnedest things about them! She's interested in you now, Don O'K, so she'll have your private history on file before long."

Don O'K said in a sepulchral voice, "Scram, pal, the jig's up."

The girl smiled and her voice was lighter as she went on. "Have you ever been thrown out of a saloon in Peoria, or socked a cop in Dallas? If so, don't imagine you can keep it under wraps. Nobody has any secrets from Mother."

"I'm not particularly alarmed," Don O'K said. "How does she do it?"

"She hires snoopers. Private detectives. She's addicted to dicks. It gives her a sense of power, getting things on people, and does she love it! You saw her tonight at dinner. Lord knows what she's got on that poor woman."

DON O'K became aware that Sancho had reappeared. His approach had been utterly soundless. Now he stood with his head lifted, his restless dark eyes searching the night sky.

"Do your ears get it, *jefecito*?" he asked softly. "A low musical sound, like a great bee? And coming nearer, quickly nearer. And see—colored lights like stars, up there in the sky."

"A plane," Don O'K said. "Heading straight for this ship."

They hurried along the deck, watching the plane swooping lower, its wing lights gleaming red and green. The throbbing of its motor beat down, growing rapidly louder, shattering the intense silence of the Andean night like the fearful voice of a winged monster. It brought stewards and passengers hurrying to the deck, as it settled close alongside, its pontoons cutting low. Fog flew behind it. Then it was floating on the water, its propeller spinning to a standstill.

From the plane a voice called, "Hey! Hey! Fran, you there?"

Francia cried, "Mike!" She ran to the rail and hopped ecstatically up and down and cried again, "Mike, darling, Mike, Mike! Yes, you big lug, I'm here, I'm here!"

Several *balsas* were bobbing around the plane. Presently one of them swung toward the side of the Illimani. Rafael Medina ordered a ladder dropped overside. Francia was waiting near it, bouncing with impatience, when Mike swung aboard.

If they were aware of their audience they paid no attention to it. Francia went snugly into Mike's arms, and Mike kissed her. He kissed her thoroughly, several times. They laughed and said things to each other which neither heard, and then they went back into each other's arms.

"Really!" Don O'K heard Mrs. Foster say. She marched to Rafael Medina. "Captain, you simply cannot allow this young man to remain on this ship."

Mike and Francia were talking simultaneously, so rapidly that the captain had a little difficulty in calling himself to their attention. Finally he put a firm hand on Mike's arm.

"Señor," he said with authority, "this incident is not permissible. There are certain rules—"

"Don't worry about it, chum, don't worry, everything's dandy." Mike dug confidently into his pockets. "Here's my license. Here's my passport with a flock of visas. I'll buy a ticket. That's my own plane and a couple of Aymarás in a boat are pulling it over to Guaqui. I'm all set, see? What're you looking so glum for, Captain? Haven't you ever been nuts about a beautiful girl?"

Rafael Medina's face lighted. "*Si, señor*, many times!"

"Well, then, everything's swell!"

"Mike, darling, I can't believe it!" Francia squealed. "Where'd you come from?"

"Upper Amazon, Fran, I—"

"But, darling, how'd you know I'd be here?"

"That was easy to figure from your last letter. I—"

"But Mike, how did you get away from your job?"

Mike's face fell. "Yeah," he said, "how did I?" and he looked grimly at Mrs. Symington Foster.

She turned a withering gaze on Mike. Of the two, at that moment, he had more dignity, in spite of the unpressed suit that seemed not to belong to him and the threadbare coat that strained across his back. Muscular and short-necked, he had the big, capable, sun-browned hands of a doer and a scrapper.

"You've no intention of staying, I hope?" Mrs. Foster inquired of him across a great social distance.

"Long enough to do what I came for, that's all." He pushed his battered hat far back on his sun-bleached hair and scowled at her. "You're such a great lady, Mrs. Foster, I don't suppose anybody's ever offered to poke you on the jaw?"

"Don't be insolent!"

"That's the way I am when I get mad," he said. "I'm not an ambassador or a prime minister. I'm just a guy named Mike Logan, from Minnesota, who's crude enough to get good and sore when he's pushed around. Know what I mean, Mrs. Foster?"

"I do not, and I've no desire—"

"Don't try to brush me off. You've done me enough dirt already. You've done plenty. You got me fired."

"I don't know what you're talking about."

"Mike!" Francia cried. "What are you talking about?"

"Getting bounced, baby," Mike said. "By her. All of a sudden it comes out of a clear sky, wham! My contract's canceled. I'm canned in the middle of the Matto Grosso. They don't usually give a guy the boot when he's sweating his head off and getting results, but that's the way they gave it to me. No reasons stated. Well, they didn't have to draw me a diagram. Your mother happens to be in pretty thick with the president of Parrott Drugs."

"Mother!" Francia stared at her incredulously. "You couldn't!"

"Couldn't she, though!" Mike said. "It's too easy to figure, Fran. A guy who's out of a job's in no spot to marry the daughter of the great Mrs. Symington Foster."

"It's too ridiculous, really," Mrs. Foster said coldly. "I won't listen to another word of your absurd accusations. Francia, what ails you? Don't look at me like that!"

"I believe Mike," Francia said quietly.

"Oh!" Mrs. Foster's voice was icy. "I've only one thing more to say on this very distasteful subject, Francia. You're not to associate with this young man on board this ship. If you disobey me you'll have cause to regret it, I promise you."

"Mother!" Francia's cheeks were white with anger. "I don't know what you think you can do to me now. I don't care. I'm not afraid of you. Not any more. I can fight back—and I will."

"Francia—"

"I think I hate you, Mother," Francia said. "I think I really hate you terribly."

MRS. SYMINGTON FOSTER stood very still for a moment; then she lifted her regal white head, strode across the deck and into her stateroom, and snapped the door shut.

Francia pressed both her hands over her face. "Mike. I could kill her!"

"Take it easy, honey," Mike said. "Come on, let's go some place where we can talk it over."

Don O'K looked thoughtful as he and Sancho returned to their quarters.

"This isn't good, *jefecito*," Sancho said sagely. "Words of the mouth are sometimes as deadly as stones sent sailing through the air."

Sancho had information as well as philosophy which he insisted on passing along to Don O'K. He admitted shamelessly that he had snooped around and had overheard an argument between Mrs. Foster and her husband.

They had been quarreling over Blodgett, Foster's archeological assistant. Mrs. Foster had just discovered that he had been mixed up in some scientific scandal eight years earlier and had been totally discredited. (Those detective reports, Don O'K thought grimly.) She wanted him discharged.

Sancho opined that Mrs. Foster seemed to be asking for trouble in a number of directions, and Don O'K ruefully agreed.

Later, when Don O'K was telling the police the events of that tragic night, certain incidents seemed to have no relevance. The strangely ominous encounter at dinner. Sancho's intrusion into Symington Foster's cabin, and the quarrel about Blodgett he had overheard. Mike's picturesque arrival by plane. These did not seem to have the obvious significance of the deadly machete or the confidential reports that Mrs. Foster had received.

He did not tell the police, either, about his two curious conversations in the bar after dinner. He had found Mike making a grimly serious business of getting drunk as quickly as possible, hardly the mood for a happy-hearted lover. Don O'K could still hear his sardonic voice. "Everything's messed up again. Now Fran wants to go back to the States with me. It doesn't make sense. With her mother giving me the works I may not be able to get another good job. I'd rather starve by myself, thanks. If I had Fran to worry about, too, I'd go nuts."

"Francia must have an income of her own," Don O'K said.

"Fran can't have any of her own money for another year, and even then her mother can hold out on her. Something about the way her fund's tied up."

"Does money mean so much to you, Mike?"

He eyed Adams. "Are you kidding? Listen, I've been working as long as I can remember, and for what? For money. Fran's got a couple of million bucks coming to her."

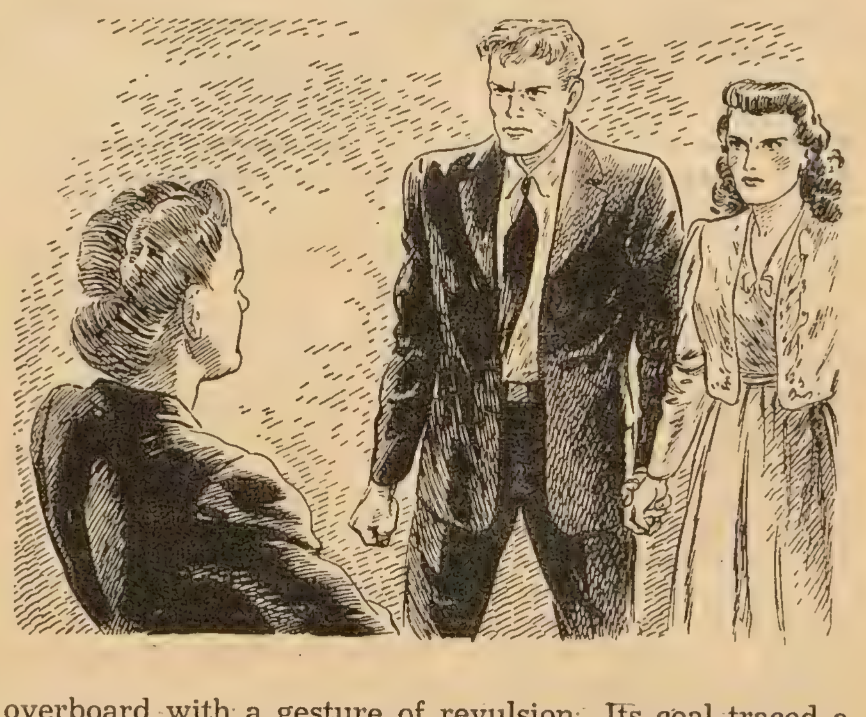
"Mike," Don O'K said, "don't try so hard to sound as though you want to marry Francia for her money."

"Don't get me wrong. I'm in love. But Fran's got the dough, or at least she's got it coming. I am not going to let Fran's mother wreck my life and hers too. It can't go on like this. Something's got to give."

There had been more queer fire in the talk with Symington Foster, his eyes gleaming as he spoke of the Inca treasures he meant to uncover. His gloating voice had reminded Don O'K of a miser caressing gold; there was nothing of the impersonal scientist in this flushed handsome young man.

But even the charm of his good looks had faded when they saw him again later that night. It was eleven thirty, and the mist still lay thick on the water as Don O'K and Sancho came on deck.

They saw Symington Foster standing at the rail. He had just lighted a cigarette. After one puff he dropped it overboard with a gesture of revulsion. Its coal traced a long, descending arc that dimmed and vanished in the mist. At once, however, he held a match flame to another, then flipped the second cigarette after the first. Then he sagged against the rail and pressed both hands to his face.



Don O'K hurried to him. "What's wrong, Mr. Foster?"

Foster's drawn face was sprinkled with cold sweat.

"It's without question the *soroche*, señor," Sancho said. "The mountain illness."

"Quickly," said Don O'K. "To his cabin."

Once there, Sancho threw blankets over the sick man, then at once began to glide around the room, first into one corner, then another, sniffing, a frown of fierce puzzlement on his flat face. He muttered to himself. "The señor was keeping something secret in this room, maybe, but now there's nothing."

Sancho leaned over the bed and spoke to Foster with an oracular air. "You have taken too much food and drink for this thin air, and you have made too much smoke. No medical man is on the ship, señor, but there is oxygen to be had, which is the best thing for this feebleness."

Five minutes later, as they were giving Foster the oxygen, a cry quavered in the darkness over the water.

Don O'K turned to Sancho. "That was the call of a cormorant, wasn't it?"

"It seemed to be, *jefecito*, but these birds are not night flyers."

He was about to elaborate this information when a scream shattered the silence. It was Francia's voice. She cried, "Mother! Mother!" They heard her footsteps running on the deck.

Don O'K ran out of the cabin and after the girl. He caught her, took her shoulders in his two hands. Her breath came through her open lips in little sobs.

"What happened, Francia?"

"I don't know!" she whimpered. "I saw Mother just for a second. She was at the door, she was pulled back. She looked terrified."

Captain Medina appeared at Don O'K's elbow.

"I tell you something awful has happened to Mother!" Francia screamed. "You've got to find her!"

"May I suggest, my captain," Don O'K said calmly, "that the ship put about? Your searchlights—"

Captain Medina raced to the bridge and shouted orders. Instantly the ship felt the effect. Thumps and noises of straining came from its depths. It listed slightly as its course veered into a curve. Two searchlights reached out to a wall of mist.

"Tell me everything about it," Don O'K said to the shivering girl. "Begin at the beginning."

"I was in Mother's bedroom—alone—the lock rattled and somebody gasped—trying to say something. Then the door was pushed open again—and I saw Mother. She looked ghastly—all mussed, her hat just hanging on, her hair coming down. Her eyes seemed to be sticking out of her head. There was something around her throat—something tight—strangling her."

"What was it?"

"I don't know. Then—she—she couldn't seem to get inside. She was jerked backward. The door went with her—it slammed shut. By the time I got it open—she was gone."

THE rest of that night was a kaleidoscopic nightmare. The ship veered and circled and sounded its mournful siren. The crew searched: cabins—hold—even the loading deck. It was here that Don O'K found the smudges on the low rail next to the slippery ladder that led from the upper deck—smudges where the wet paint had been rubbed off by desperate hands that had gripped and then let go.

They found Mike, bleary-eyed at the bar, and marveled at the speed of his sobering up to join in the hunt.

But they did not find Mrs. Foster.

Early in the hunt Sancho had smelled smoke, and led Don O'K to a stateroom which he unceremoniously entered. Thin wisps of haze were floating through an inner door. There was the sound of water running in a washbowl. Then the door opened and the Marquesa Carlota de Montalvo emerged, wearing a loose, flowing negligee. She stood rigid, staring at Sancho.

"Our apologies, señora marquesa," Don O'K said quickly. "We smelled smoke."

"It's nothing," the marquesa said rapidly in Castilian. "Only a little paper in the wastebasket. I threw a lighted cigarette in, not thinking. It's quite all right now. It's really nothing."

Sancho had sidled past her and into the bath. "It is true," he said, turning back, "that there are small bits of burned paper in the basin. But not many; most of them have been washed down. As for the basket for waste, it is there."

He pointed. The wastebasket was sitting beside the dresser. The marquesa's eyes flashed angrily at Sancho.

"The señora marquesa seems full of unrest," Sancho purred.

"Of course," she said, clasping her slender hands together. "Naturally. You startled me."

"I take note also," Sancho persisted, "that there is a small bloody mark on the side of the señora marquesa's face."

Her fingers flew up again to cover it. "Yes? I didn't know. When I was putting out the fire the smoke blinded me and I stumbled against the door." Suddenly her tired face grew hard with resentment. "Señor Adams," she said, her voice trembling, "your friend is unnecessarily meddlesome. Why do you permit him to come into my bedroom and ask insolent questions?"

"You see," Don O'K said quietly, "something has happened to Señora Foster."

The marquesa seemed to shrink. Her lids lowered to veil her dark eyes, and several times her lips moved without making a sound. When she found her voice she asked, "And this is why you have come to my room? Because something has happened to Martha Foster and you think I may be responsible? I know nothing of it. Please go!"

Sancho went with obvious reluctance, suspicion shining in his eyes as they closed the door behind them.

"*Jefecito,*" he said, "may I say that you are sometimes a man whose heart is too good? To you it was as clear as it was to me that the señora marquesa's words were false. The little fire she made, the mark on her face, and the fact that her silken neckcloth is gone—being such a good-thinking man, you said nothing of these black things."

"No, but I haven't forgotten them," Don O'K said. "And I haven't forgotten either that there were papers in Mrs. Foster's briefcase—and that we haven't found the briefcase either."

THE last grim scene of that night took place in Symington Foster's cabin. He sat bracing himself, his jaw sagging, his incredulous eyes shifting from Don O'K to Captain Medina and back again.

"It is, of course, señor," the captain said sympathetically, "a great shock to you. The mind cannot readily grasp such a sudden tragedy. Yet beyond all question the Señora Foster's life has been destroyed. Permit me to express my deep sorrow."

Foster pushed his words out of his mouth with a thick tongue. "But if she fell overboard—isn't it possible a boat—a boat picked her up?"

"Señor," Rafael Medina said, "it is quite impossible. We are in the middle of this vast lake. The *balsas* never follow the Illimani so far as this. At the time the Señora Foster was caused to plunge overboard there was no 'elp near, señor, none whatever, and of course she was rapidly left behind in the water. We 'ave searched carefully, although it was quite 'opeless to begin with, and now I 'ave ordered my ship to proceed again toward Guaqui."

Sancho elaborated the explanation. "As I said earlier tonight to the Señorita Blaine, this water, although it never becomes solid, is as cold as ice. A person like the Señora Foster, when taking a fall into it, is quickly made helpless and quite unable to give support to herself. The thin air, in addition, makes any strong use of the muscles impossible. You see, señor, for one to take a fall into Titicaca and be by oneself at such a distance from land, and at night, is certain death."

Foster's stare returned to Don O'K. "Is that the truth? Isn't there any use hopin'—hopin' that Martha might—?" He swallowed his voice.

"Those are the facts," Don O'K said gently. "Is there anything you'd like me to do?"

Foster muttered, "Radio Martha's lawyer. . . No, no; I'll do that myself."

His eyes were abnormally bright. This was not the light of grief, Don O'K thought. It was the look of a man dying of thirst who dared not let himself believe the oasis he'd sighted on the horizon was not a mirage.

Foster sank slowly back to the pillows, as Don O'K, Captain Medina, and Sancho withdrew to the deck.

"Señor Adams," the captain said, making a distraught, flapping gesture with both his arms, "this affair is one of a magnitude which staggers me. This señora, who is such a prominent figure in the United States, met her death while engaged on a good-will mission among us—an ironic circumstance and also one of grave moment between our governments. An investigation must be made most earnestly, is it not so?"

"Certainly, my captain."

"Ah. Then allow me to rely upon your guidance, my highly respected friend."

Rafael Medina was quite firm about it. In a predicament such as this it was inevitable that the eminent Donald O'K Adams should be considered in charge. Mike Logan, who had joined them, agreed it was a good idea.

Don O'K said, "Very well, but there's not much I can do except report the facts to the authorities when we reach La Paz."

Captain Medina was eying Mike. "Señor, I observe on your coat several marks of fresh paint."

Mike frowned. "What about it? I got it on me when I came up the ladder." He looked hard at the captain. "That's when I got this paint on me, see?"

"I see, yes, señor," Rafael Medina sighed. "Señor Adams, I will now leave all further action to you."

He marched off. Mike followed him. For a moment Don O'K stood in troubled thought, Sancho eying him expectantly.

"Sancho, old boy, this is as ticklish a job as I've ever tackled. It's so important, and it must be handled so carefully. . ."

"Still, *jefecito,* you already have strange thoughts about it." Sancho said softly. "And these thoughts are not to your liking."

"I haven't any desire simply to help solve a puzzle or catch a criminal, Sancho. This case could be a damned harmful thing—a mess of suspicions, recriminations, and ill-will. I can't let such damage be done, Sancho."

"But nevertheless someone will be damaged, *amigo.*"

"Yes. Someone will get hurt. But that will be a matter of justice, Sancho. What I'm so anxious to avoid is the destructive effect of uncertainty and rumor. The truth is the only possible answer; the truth will be understood and accepted and respected."

"However, *jefecito,*" Sancho insisted, "it may be very hard for you to take if you make it be seen that the wrongdoer is the Señorita Blaine."

DON O'K was alone on deck when Francia came to his side and put her arm through his.

"Are you all right?" he asked.

"Yes."

"We'll have to talk about it, I'm afraid."

"I can take it." She gave him a wan smile. "From you."

They moved along the promenade. Don O'K sought an opening through which he might attack his problem and found one.

"There's no sign of your mother's briefcase so far."

"That's not a bit surprising," Francia said. "Those detectives' reports, of course."

"You didn't see them?"

"Nobody but Mother ever saw them."

"Francia," Don O'K said slowly, "you're not safe, either."

"What? Me?"

"That briefcase of your mother's was full of dynamite. She had certain documents that were dangerous to someone. Now, if that same person has reason to believe you may know as much as she did. . . I think you'd better not risk being alone anywhere. When you go to bed, make sure you're safely shut in."

"I will." She looked up at him, smiling faintly. "But I'm not afraid. Somehow you won't let me be." Then she gazed off into the darkness and asked, very quietly, "Do you think Mike did it?"

"Surely *you* don't think that!"

"He thinks maybe *I* did," she said.

Don O'K was shocked. "Nonsense! He. . ."

"Mother's not standing between us any more." Francia's voice was almost a whisper now. "But something else is—and it'll stay there, too, until this awful thing's cleared up. Something worse." Her eyes lifted again, clouded. "Wouldn't it be ghastly, living with each other and neither of us ever feeling quite sure the other hadn't killed her?"

"That's not going to happen, Francia," Don O'K said grimly. "We're going to find out the truth. And you're going to help."

"I'll do anything, anything."

"Good girl. Send a radiogram at once to that detective agency. Ask for a new copy of those reports that came tonight. When we have that we'll be a long step toward the truth."

There was an interruption. A woman's voice, sharply raised, came from the cabin of the Marquesa Carlota de Montalvo. A man's snarling tones followed, and then the woman spoke again, at hysterical pitch.

"It's not true, not true!"

The door opened abruptly. Symington Foster appeared. His nerves were overstrained; obviously he still felt the effects of the mountain sickness. He peered at Don O'K with bloodshot eyes, his face haggard and hotly flushed. "There's no mystery here," he said hoarsely. "You don't have to wonder who killed Martha." He pointed straight at the marquesa's door, his hand shaking. "*She* did!"

Then he staggered into his stateroom and slammed the door. At the same moment Sancho appeared at Don O'K's elbow.

"*Jefecito,*" Sancho purred, "I've the belief that the Señor Foster is less interested in getting the knowledge of who did it than he is in making certain it was done."

SENOR PAULO GALVAN, Captain of the Port at Guaqui, the only remaining "seaport" of landlocked Bolivia, wore an expression of profound solemnity. Guaqui was, after all, a small town without facilities for the regulation of a crime of the magnitude of this one. His chief desire now was to deliver it intact to the chief law officials of the Department in La Paz, as his duty required of him, whereupon he would be relieved to wash his hands of it. He sighed with relief as the party boarded the train for La Paz.

Sancho was being left behind, to mingle with the local Indians and pick up any gossip that might have some bearing on the crime. And Don O'K had asked Mike Logan to fly out over the lake to see if he could spot any evidence of the tragic disappearance.

As the locomotive squealed, Don O'K shepherded the rest of the party into the *coche comedor.* Francia asked wearily, "Just what happens to us when we hit La Paz?"

"You'll find the officials very courteous, extremely considerate, and probably infuriating," Don O'K said. "Try to remember that they have just one purpose—to see justice done."

"But where do we go?" Francia asked.

"Blodgett was to rent a house," Foster said.

"Not for me, thanks!" Fran protested, shuddering. "Blodgett gives me the meemies."

"At the Sucre Palace Hotel," Don O'K suggested, "you won't feel nearly so far from home. Look, we're pulling into Tiahuanaco."

Through the window they could glimpse the ruins of the pre-Inca city which was the objective of Symington Foster's expedition. The impressive, massive Gateway of the Sun stood there, and the pillared palace of Kalasasaya. At the moment, however, there was a sight more interesting to Don O'K than any of these familiar landmarks, the figure of a little man running breathlessly toward the train. He clambered aboard, panting, just as the train snorted into motion again, and Foster rushed to meet him and say a few low-voiced urgent sentences.

The little man had pulled his battered hat off a head that was shiny-bald except for a thin gray fringe above his prominent ears. His eyes were feverishly bright in his wizened face, and darted restlessly about the compartment.

Foster said, "This is my assistant, Stanley Blodgett."

"How d'y' do," Stanley Blodgett said, gripping Don O'K's hand in a thin cold blue-traced claw. He had a faint British accent, still evident to an acute ear. He said again, "How d'y' do," and he kept repeating it nervously while Foster introduced him to the marquesa. He had, of course, already met Francia aboard the Grace liner, Santa Lucia, before he'd gone ahead by plane. He had a quick, toothy grin that appeared and disappeared like the glare of a flash bulb; everything about the man was jerky, nervous, and nerve-racking.

He went on breathlessly, "I'm deeply distressed. This news concerning Mrs. Foster! Symington has just told me. It leaves us all at loose ends, doesn't it?"

"Not so far as the expedition goes, Stanley," Foster said, a grim note in his voice. "We'll go on with it somehow."

"Oh, of course, of course, we must!" Blodgett said, vehemently stirring his coffee into a brown whirlpool. He peered at Don O'K with the feverish eyes of a zealot. Don O'K guessed that here was a timid man who might dare anything in his complete devotion to his work.

And for the rest of the trip Don O'K heard a great deal about that work, and about the disaster that had over-taken Blodgett's career eight years earlier. It had been here, in the Inca country, that he had found what he thought to be the remains of a pre-Tiahuanaco man, preserved for centuries by the glacier formations. However, moving the body had caused inevitable changes, and he had only his Indian guides as witnesses of its original state.

He said, "My discovery was declared to be a fake. I was charged with having trumped up the whole affair with the body of a recently dead Indian, of actually weaving the material of his clothing myself with the deliberate intent to deceive. I was not hailed; I was discredited and disgraced." He whispered it again, venomously, "Disgraced!"

Sinking back in the seat, he murmured, almost indifferently, "I can never hope to repeat that discovery. But there is other proof to be found. This is my first new chance to search for it, y'know, my first opportunity in eight dark years."

"One question, Mr. Blodgett," Don O'K said softly "What have you been doing that very long time?"

"Anything and nothing, Mr. Adams," he answered in a dead tone. "Anything that might allow me to live on in hope. I've clerked in supermarkets, tended gardens. Eight years of nothingness." He blinked nervously. "But now they're past! We'll find the proofs, Mr. Adams, here where mankind began."

Here was still another person, Don O'K suddenly thought, who had good reason to be thankful that Martha Foster was gone.

Arrived in La Paz, after a brief interview with the *agente fiscal* of the Bolivian capital, the party separated. Fran drove off to the Sucre Palace Hotel, the marquesa to her father's beautiful home, and Foster and Blodgett to the house on the Calle Ingavi which the latter had rented. At last Don O'K had a moment to attend to the business which had brought him on this ill-fated trip.

He went at once to the building in the heart of the city which carried the name Adams & Son above its entrance. He was deeply immersed in conference with his manager when there was a sudden disturbance.

Mike Logan had pushed in, worn with fatigue, unshaven and bedraggled. In one hand he held a sodden wad of felt and limp artificial flowers which had once been Mrs. Foster's hat. And clamped under his other arm he firmly held Mrs. Symington Foster's formidable briefcase.

"By the sacred cod! I thought this was too much to hope for. Where did you find it?"

"Drifting," Mike said shortly. "Two bottles inside it—a few aspirin tablets in one and a little smelling salts in the other, but mostly air sealed in. They acted as floats; kept it from sinking."

"How about any papers?" Don O'K said eagerly.

"I didn't take any of the papers out. Couldn't risk it. They're soaked, all sticking together."

"We'll soon get at them," Don O'K said.

There were two brown envelopes, both bearing the return address of the Sloan Detective Agency, New York City. Don O'K lifted out a sheaf of stained typewritten pages to which a number of photostats were clipped.

Mike rose to crane over Don O'K's shoulder.

Gingerly peeling one wet sheet from another, Don O'K saw that this report concerned Stanley Blodgett, and his eyes skimmed over it.

Don O'K said, "There's nothing here that Blodgett hasn't already told me himself. One significant fact, though, I can't get out of my mind: Blodgett's been in South America before. Incidentally," he added, "that's true of you too, Mike."

"What of it?" Mike said belligerently.

"Just an interesting detail," Don O'K said thoughtfully. "Then, besides, there's your queer bundle of attitudes about Francia. You wanted to marry her, but you rather liked the idea of waiting till she had her inheritance."

"Since when does it count against a guy because he's honest?" Mike answered. "Let's see that other report."

Don O'K took out the other envelope and eagerly opened it. It was empty. He said thoughtfully, "So it's gone. We won't know what's missing until Fran gets that copy from New York." He added slowly, "Fran mentioned that her mother had investigated you thoroughly, and there's not one word about you here."

"Why should there be?" Mike countered. "She dug up the dirt on me when I first met Fran, more than a year ago."

"Mike," Don O'K said quietly, "I'm very grateful to you for finding this, but I can't help wishing, for your sake, that someone else had found it."

A COLD gust of air stirred through the room. The door had been opened and closed silently. A poncho-draped figure stood just inside and a broad grin glittered.

"Buenas noches, jefecito!" Sancho purred. "You have had regret for being without me, *amigo,* no?"

"Very much, Sancho!" Don O'K said, rising to put his arm affectionately across the Indian's shoulders. "I hadn't expected you back so soon. How did you get down from Guaqui?"

"On foot, to be certain, *jefecito,*" Sancho was delighted that he had mystified Don O'K. "Being an Indian, and very bright too, I have the knowledge of how to go very quickly along ways which a white man couldn't take at all. Isn't it true?"

Don O'K knew very well how true it was.

Sancho added: "I've come upon knowledge of something truly important. It's about a certain man, *jefecito,* who was out on the water last night." Sancho tore off a hunk of chicle and chewed blissfully.

"On Titicaca? How did you hear about it? Who was it? Are you sure of it?"

"Oh, I'm most very certain, *amigo,*" Sancho assured him. "I got knowledge of this from a number of Indians who are much less bright than I am, but they did see this man, and they could tell me of his moves. This man left Guaqui and went quickly along the edge of the water on foot until he came to Peru. There he made payment for the use of a *balsa* and in it he went across the water until at last, at sundown yesterday, he came to Puno."

"This man was in Puno last evening before the Illimani sailed?"

"He was, truly, *jefecito,* and moreover he had the desire to seem to be not a white man at all. Somewhere he had gotten two or three ponchos and other clothing which he put on in order to give himself the false looks of an Indian."

"Then, Sancho?" Don O'K urged.

"After that, *jefecito,*" Sancho said, chewing unremittingly, "I'm unable to say for certain what he did, but it seems clear, does it not, since the death of the Señora Foster came soon afterward, that he has some connection with it?"

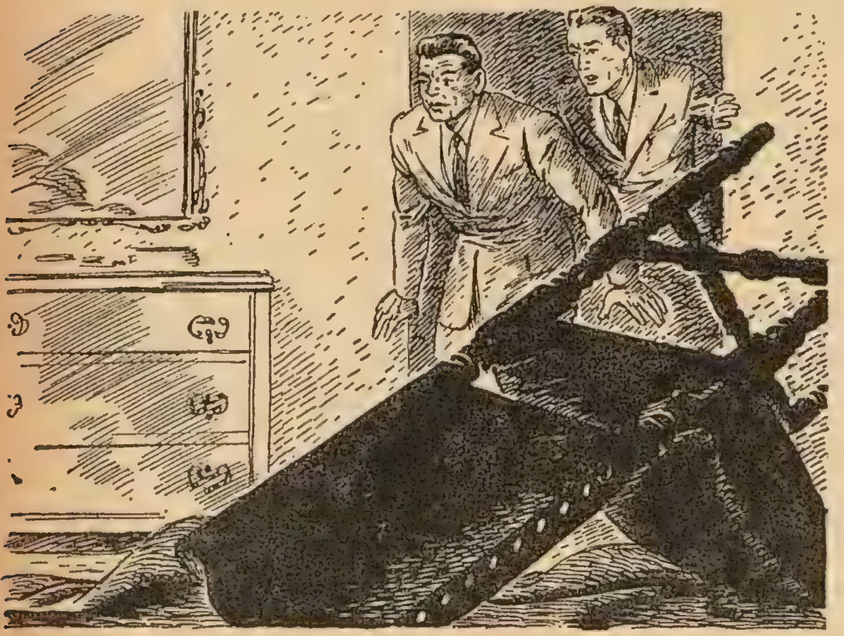
"Sancho, my friend, I compliment you. Now, have we at last come to the point where you can tell me who this man is?"

"It's a man whom I've not ever seen, *amigo.* Not even the Indians had knowledge of his name. They could only say that he was a newcomer in these parts and one who had been at a certain place. Going then to that place, I put more questions and got knowledge of his name. His name, *jefecito,*" Sancho declared with a fine feeling for effect, "is the very strange one of Blodgett."

"Blodgett!" Don O'K exclaimed, sounding vastly astonished for Sancho's benefit.

As he turned to the door, it opened. The man who pushed himself in, struggling for breath, was Symington Foster. The waxiness of Foster's face was a sign of his distress. He sagged against the door frame.

"Pucha!" Sancho said caustically. "It's the *soroche* again." He hurried to the first-aid cabinet at the rear of the office and returned with a small oxygen tank. Foster pulled on it avidly.



"Mr. Foster," Don O'K said, "you've certainly overtaxed yourself. What the devil have you been doing?"

Foster gasped, "Just walking—looking for Blodgett."

"Blodgett?" Don O'K said. "Isn't he at the house on the Calle Ingavi?"

"Not there," Foster answered. "Don't know what became of him. He was acting damn—strange. Wouldn't eat with me. Seemed to have—something on his mind. When I was comin' back from the café—I saw him leavin' —actin' so damn' queer I thought I better follow him."

"Where did he go?"

Foster made a vague gesture of direction. "After a block or so he got away from me. Went past a corner and —disappeared. I hunted around for him—and first thing I knew I was lost. This crazy town's a nightmare to a stranger. Finally I saw the sign here—Adams & Son. By that time I was pretty well used up."

"How long since you left the house, Mr. Foster?"

"Half-hour—hour—I'm too dizzy to be sure about it."

"Right! That oxygen'll fix you up," Don O'K said. "Mike, stay with Foster. Sancho and I have a visit to make."

"Why not?" Mike said and stared thoughtfully after Don O'K and Sancho as they left by way of the office door.

The Calle Ingavi was quiet. Don O'K paused in front of the house which Blodgett had rented for the disrupted Foster party.

It was a semimodern one-story dwelling with a green tile roof and a small patio. The curtains were drawn at the windows, but there were lights behind them. Sancho prowled ahead to the door. Don O'K knocked and the sound echoed inside. After rapping a second time he tried the knob. It turned and his push opened the door several inches.

They stepped into a narrow hallway. The passageway was dark except for the streams of light slanting through the doors on both sides. Don O'K felt Sancho's hand on his arm.

"A woman was here only a little while ago, *amigo,*" Sancho whispered, "or maybe she's still here."

"And how do you know that?"

"Her smell, sir. It's like flowers."

Don O'K listened intently. "There's not a sound."

"But I have the feeling we aren't by ourselves here."

Sancho moved ahead soundlessly. Turning to the first door on the left he paused, nostrils flaring, eyes glittering. Coming up behind him, Don O'K saw an overturned chair and a throw rug heaped up. Then he stopped short, as motionless as Sancho, gazing down at the man lying still on the floor.

The little man lay with his back turned to the door, his knees bent up as though in unendurable agony. Don O'K saw the wizened face of Stanley Blodgett screwed up in an expression of anguish and terror. His eyes were wide open and protruding, their stare fixed. Both his hands were lifted to claw at the white, shiny, red-traced band which was bound around his neck.

"Jefecito," Sancho whispered from the doorway, "this man is very much dead."

Don O'K stooped and looked intently at the body.

"That thing around his neck. The marquesa's scarf! The one she wore at dinner on the Illimani."

"And in addition it's the same one that wasn't seen again on the ship after the Señora Foster was made dead. There can be no doubt of this. The señora marquesa has come face to face with very serious trouble over these deaths, has she not?"

Don O'K nodded and began to examine the room. A few shabby clothes hung in the closet, and on the floor were placed, side by side, a pair of gaiters which had been half-soled and an even older pair of tennis shoes.

He looked through the dresser and found nothing of interest. Again, reluctantly, he went down on his knees and pulled open Blodgett's coat. From the inside pocket he removed a tattered wallet. It contained a thick pack of Bolivian banknotes and a square of closely folded yellow paper—radiograms.

There were three of them, all sent from the Santa Lucia. Don O'K estimated that the first had gone out shortly after the Grace liner's departure from Balboa, Canal Zone, where Blodgett had left the party to come ahead by plane. The others had followed at intervals of a day. Symington Foster's name was signed to two of them:

MARTHA HAS LEARNED ABOUT QUESTIONABLE ARCHEOLOGICAL INCIDENT NINETEEN THIRTY-THREE PLEASE RADIO FULL EXPLANATION.

AM INSISTING ON RETAINING YOU BUT AT DANGER OF REFUSAL EXPEDITION FUNDS YOU MUST HAVE STORY TO CONVINCE MARTHA ON OUR ARRIVAL OR YOUR DISCHARGE CERTAIN.

The third was signed by Martha Foster:

YOUR SERVICES ARE HEREWITH TERMINATED. HOPELESS TO APPEAL. MARTHA FOSTER

THE head of the Bureau of Investigation of the Department of La Paz, Señor Sylvio Taborda, was a dark giant of a man who liked his sleep, and therefore naturally resented the fact that Stanley Blodgett had chosen to be murdered at such an inconvenient hour. He yawned politely between questions and prowled in a circle around the victim's body as if still hoping it would go away.

Don O'K wasn't deceived by Señor Taborda's torpid and ponderous manner; he knew this official to be astute, endlessly patient, and tenacious. After telephoning him, Don O'K had sent Sancho to bring Foster to the house on the Calle Ingavi.

"What's going to become of me?" Foster was saying. "First Martha, then Blodgett! The expedition's done for. I can't go on with it now. Nothing worse could have happened to me, nothing worse!"

"Señor Foster," said Señor Taborda, "you have no suspicions as to who committed this crime upon your associate?"

"Why should anybody want to kill the poor devil," Foster muttered, "except to shut him up about Martha's death?"

"You believe, then, that Señor Blodgett had in some way learned who was guilty of the murder of the Señora Foster and that as a result he was silenced?"

"What else could it be?"

"But in what way had he come upon this fatal information, Señor Foster? And for what reason had he undertaken to learn the identity of the guilty one?"

"His reason's clear enough," Foster said, "and it's a pretty sordid one, I'm afraid. You see, Martha's estate will probably be tied up until—until her body's recovered from the lake, or her murderer's made to confess."

Señor Taborda looked bewildered. "But this, I do not understand. . . ."

"Can't you see?" Foster said fiercely. "He knew how long it would take to establish the *fact* of her death. The expedition depended on Martha's money. And poor Blodgett's whole life was in this expedition. He *had* to find the murderer—and I'm afraid he did."

Don O'K recalled the marquesa's elusive scarf, and wondered if Blodgett had followed it to his death. He felt a gentle tug at his arm, and followed Sancho into the narrow hall.

"Jefecito," Sancho whispered disapprovingly, "your great and good father frequently said that he who has knowledge of when to say something has in addition knowledge of when to say nothing; but is it not true that sometimes being quiet will do greater damage than the most violent words?"

"I know, Sancho," Don O'K answered wearily.

"It is not good, *amigo,"* Sancho insisted, "that you said nothing to this officer about the señora marquesa."

"I know it's dangerous to hold out on him. It's for the sake of getting the truth as a whole, Sancho, that I'm keeping a little of it back for the time being."

"Can it be, *jefecito,"* Sancho asked, "that even though there are so many dark signs that she did these crimes, you have the belief that the señora marquesa has not done wrong?"

"I've that hope, at least, even though it becomes more and more difficult to hold onto," Don O'K said quietly. He gazed up. "The red of the moon has faded a little, Sancho."

"I see it has, *amigo."*

"The clouds are a little thicker. You're the best weather prophet I've ever known, Sancho. Can you tell me how soon the rains will start?"

"But this is a very hard thing to say," Sancho answered. "You seem to have a strange and special interest in the coming rains, *amigo."*

"I have," Don O'K said. "When the rains come, you know, the nights will be blacker, much blacker."

"I have the belief that the rains will come with the darkness tomorrow," Sancho announced confidently. "They will be quite sudden and thick. In the west there are signs of violent thunder and sky flames to come over on Titicaca."

Don O'K looked grim. Perhaps before then, he thought, those reports will come.

And he was right. Next afternoon Francia called in great excitement. The reports had come.

"Wonderful," Don O'K said. "Read them to me."

"There's one on Blodgett. He—"

"Not that one," Don O'K interrupted. "The other."

"It's about the marquesa," Francia said. "No wonder she was so scared of Mother. Poor thing. Her father's a big-shot patriot, isn't he? Wait till you hear this." She began to read.

IN AUGUST, 1937, April, 1938, January, 1939, May, 1941, she was in Havana. There she visited the Spanish legation on Oficios Street. She attended luxurious social functions given by the Marquesa de Trabo, head of the Family Commission of the *Comité nacionalista español de Cuba,* which raised funds for Franco. . . .

In Paris she was seen frequently with General Wilhelm von Faupel, chief of the Ibero-American Institute of Berlin and reorganizer of the Falange as a Fascist party. . . .

In Peru she had been friendly with José de la Riora, the Marqués de Archilleza, a stanch pro-Fascist. . . .

"That's enough," Don O'K said. "Look, Francia, put that report in an envelope and get a messenger to bring it over to my office right away. I think we're about to take that first long step forward to the truth."

Don O'K paused in front of the marquesa's. He went up the steps, rang the bell, and asked to be announced. While the maid bustled upstairs, Don O'K stood in the living room where he had so often in the past been graciously entertained. He took from his pocket the envelope Francia had sent him.

There was the rustle of skirts on the stairs. The Señora Marquesa Carlota de Montalvo came toward him quietly. Don O'K felt a great pity for her. She had once been rich and beautiful; now she was haggard, fearful, and wretchedly alone.

She stopped short, catching sight of the envelope under his arm, and her face became deathly white; then again she came forward, her head very high.

"Buenos días, Señor Adams," she said softly.

"Señora marquesa," he began, "please believe that it is with the deepest reluctance—"

"I know, of course," she interrupted. "This is the moment, is it not, which we have both dreaded so much?"

ONE of her delicate hands waved him to a chair. They sat before the fireplace. A small blaze burned, but it dispelled none of the chill. A portrait of Simón Bolívar looked down on them. The señora marquesa shivered and drew her shawl closer across her shoulders.

"Señora marquesa," Don O'K said gently, "I'm thinking of your father. He is a great patriot and a hater of the Falange. I'm afraid of his learning what I have learned, and of the effect it will have on you. I think the worst thing of all would be that he could show you no mercy."

"It would be very difficult for all of us," she said, "for he would not know what to believe."

"He will believe the truth, señora marquesa," Don O'K said. "But I hope he will never hear it. Is this impossible? Only you can tell me that."

"I have nothing to say, Señor Adams." The marquesa shrank back in her chair. "Nothing, Señor Adams."

"You're very tired," he said. "These days have worn you, and the nights—especially the nights. You have found it hard to sleep because you have said over and over to yourself, 'I killed Martha Foster.' "

The room was gloomy and her face was indistinct in the flickering light of the fire. She sat very still now.

"I have no wish to hurt you, señora marquesa," he said. "But there are things that must be said. You were informed that Martha Foster was coming to Bolivia with information that was dangerous to you. You knew that if your father learned the truth he wouldn't spare you."

Despite the pain in the marquesa's tired face, Don O'K forced himself to go on.

"You found that your worst expectations were true. Martha Foster knew that you had been acting as a sort of espionage agent inside her inter-American organizations. Probably all you did was report their plans to the headquarters of the Falange Exterior at the Spanish Legation in Havana. The harm was not so much in what you had done as in what you were. Mrs. Foster's treatment of you on the Illimani was a bitter example of the disgrace and ostracism you could expect."

The marquesa began to speak. Her voice was so low that Don O'K had to strain to hear the words. "She wouldn't listen to me. That night on deck. I begged. I pleaded. For my father's sake. She wouldn't listen. And then—I saw that briefcase, that terrible briefcase." The marquesa shivered and closed her eyes. Then she went on in a monotonous whisper, "I tried to take it. We struggled. It was horrible." Her eyes opened and she looked straight at him. But he knew she did not see him. She was seeing again the deck of the Illimani, the dark night, the ship driving through icy waters—and a frantic woman struggling, struggling.

The fire threw queer shadows on the portrait of Simón Bolívar, and the room was very still, and her low monotonous whisper went on, telling the whole story, tearing it out of her mind.

They had fought desperately, silently. Martha Foster had tried to escape into her cabin. The marquesa had pulled her back by means of the cruel strength of the scarf she had thrown around her enemy's throat. Then had come the awful chase along the deck, the fall down the wet, slippery ladder.

"She was exhausted. I saw her fall. *I saw her fall*—and I did nothing. The briefcase lay on the deck. I could think of nothing else. I took my report and threw the bag into the water. I saw her fall—and I did nothing, nothing."

Don O'K said, "You burned the reports. You had just finished when we—"

He rose and stood uncertainly for a moment. The fire threw its flickering shadows, and the eyes in the portrait seemed to smile at him. Suddenly he said decisively, "Say nothing of this to anyone else, señora, nothing." He bowed and walked quickly from the room.

Among the Indians of this land the rainbow was an omen of calamity; this evening the bright arch of a rainbow spanned the region of Lake Titicaca.

The rain had struck down suddenly. It was the first fall of the season and it would be followed by many similar heavy, sporadic showers, each to come without warning and following one another in irregular but rapid succession, day and night, for the next six months.

STANDING inside a hangar on the La Paz airport, Don O'K saw rain blowing across the field in great rippling veils and drenching Mike Logan's plane. Its propeller churned as the engine warmed, spinning the raindrops backward in a gale of its own.

"Jefecito," Sancho said in a tone both puzzled and reproachful, "you made the decision to come here as soon as rain came down, but you've said nothing of your reasons for coming."

"I know, Sancho," Don O'K answered. "I don't dare try to explain just yet. It's entirely too likely I'm wrong, and it's a long gamble."

"Like you, *jefecito,* I have great respect for the truth. In addition, I keep myself bright and clear-minded because I am the Indian through whom so many persons look at all Indians. The greatest fear I have is fear of doing wrong. But from the start, *amigo,* you have likewise had your doubts, of not only the señora marquesa, but in addition the Señor Mike and Señorita Francia as well. It is to be seen that any one of them can be the secret death-maker."

Now the rain was letting up, but Sancho went on happily.

"I have the fear that under certain conditions such an act of crime could be done by any of us, *amigo.* In our midst we do it every day we put down and make away with things and persons who are against us. The man or woman who does this in acts rather than in thoughts is simply one who is made to do so by impulses which are too strong for him to put to a stop."

"I've wondered, Sancho," Don O'K said, "what real comfort a murderer could ever gain. His crime never ends. The act persists in his thoughts so that he must commit it over and over again. And his secret is such a horribly lonely one. Even if he has a confederate, he can feel no trust in him, only dread. The most ghastly thing must be to realize that it wasn't worth the prize and it can never be undone."

"Truly, I'm happy that my own hands are clean," Sancho purred, "for now I see such a look in your eyes, *jefecito,* that I have a little fear of you. The rain has stopped now and the night will come very soon. This is the time when we are to go?"

"Yes," Don O'K said.

On the puddled field Mike was climbing out of his plane. At the far side of the broad mouth of the hangar, Francia stood shivering in the chill dampness. Don O'K went over to her. She looked at him with lonely uncertainty.

"I'm going to stay here until you come back," she said. "I've a feeling I'd better."

"Of course," he answered. "I know this must seem a mysterious mission to you, but believe me, I'm using my best judgment."

She followed them across the field and lingered beside the plane as they climbed in. Don O'K took the seat beside the pilot's and Sancho wedged himself in the cramped space behind him. Mike swung in and settled to the controls.

Francia stood shivering, looking up at him. "Watch yourself, you big lug."

Mike grinned and shouted, "O. K., baby!"

He sent the plane sloshing across the sticky field. It picked up speed sluggishly and waddled as it lifted, unstable in the thin air. Don O'K looked back. Francia stood, a tiny and lonely figure. They continued to bore upward, nose pointed westward. Suddenly rain spilled again, and while they swept through it steadily the night came down, utterly black. Winds clashed, rocking the plane and forcing Mike into a constant fight against them. Except for the rain pelting and streaming off the windshield, nothing could be seen outside the cabin until the first lightning revealed a spread of lashing water close beneath the wings. The thunderburst drowned out the roar of the motor. Instantly Mike pulled the plane's nose up, stiff with alarm over the sogginess of the controls

Lightning slashed again, blindingly brilliant, very close. During the split second of the flash Mike saw he'd gained altitude. The controls were responding loosely; a violent downdraft might slap the plane into the lake. The thunder vibrated through the cabin as he frowned at Don O'K.

"What are we looking for?" Mike shouted.

Don O'K shouted back, "A *balsa."*

"A *balsa!* Out in this storm? Who's crazy?"

"Find a *balsa,"* Don O'K said again. "I know that no Indian in his right mind would venture out on the lake on a night like this, but I'm not looking for a sensible Indian."

"What makes you think *anybody* would be crazy enough?"

"Simply the fact that this is the first dark night we've had. Last night and the night before there was a moon, the weather was good, and you can be sure many *balsas* were out as usual. This storm will pass over soon and the moon will rise. It's this brief black period that's so vital, Mike."

"I don't get it," Mike said disgustedly. He leaned the plane into a bumpy bank.

Don O'K said, "Better shuttle back and forth so as to cover the water rather far out on both sides of the town. The storm's moving on now. Another will probably break right on the heels of it, but at least we've a brief respite"

They leveled off and began a weaving course across the end of the lake, miles out.

Don O'K said, "Lower, Mike—low enough to see the water."

Mike swallowed a protest; after all, Don O'K must appreciate the risks they were taking. He sent the plane down gradually. Hampered by the pilot's window, he slid it back. The bitter wind gusted in, peppering them with raindrops. Looking overside, he slid the plane lower until the surface of the lake became visible as a blur of leaping waves. Darker areas appeared; they were skirting above patches of *tola* brush.

"We're coming over the shore now," Don O'K said. "Turn back, Mike, and take it closer in."

THE plane swooped up, leaned over, slid back down, and again they were above the churning water. Mike concentrated on the erratic controls; Don O'K and Sancho peered overside. The water passing beneath them looked like the wildest of torrents. Then again they passed over patches of reeds.

"Back again, please!" Don O'K called.

Mike obeyed doggedly, like a man who'd thrown his own better judgment to the winds. Again he performed the maneuver which might at any second end in a stall and complete loss of the controls. At this low altitude above the shore, and in air this thin, there would be no opportunity even to try to bring the plane out of a crash. It seemed to stagger in its ascent; it leaned on its left wing exhausted. Mike leveled off, shaking his head and drawing a deep breath, and again the water streamed beneath them.

At the same instant Don O'K exclaimed, "Mike!"

"You saw it, *amigo!"* Sancho said breathlessly. "In the light below us. Just as you said there would be—a *balsa!"*

"It was gone before I could be sure of it," Don O'K said quickly. "Did you see how many were in it?"

"Two persons, *jefecito!* One certainly, and of the second I'm almost as certain."

Already Mike was forcing the plane into another swing about. Its wings waggled as it settled back, now droning in the opposite direction. Nothing on the water could be seen, and even the water itself was invisible except in the area directly below, which the wing lights reached in their swift sweep. Don O'K and Sancho thrust their heads into the tearing slipstream, peering down. For long moments they saw only the glow traveling with them. Then a dark shape appeared and was instantly gone tailward.

"Again, *jefecito!*" Sancho cried. "But this time there was only one person in the *balsa.*"

Mike responded quickly. The plane rose, sagged through a turn, then swooped down again. Don O'K shouted at Mike.

"On the water this time!"

Mike stiffened at the stick. Although Don O'K had asked for the virtually suicidal, Mike braced himself for the task of achieving it without disaster. As the plane dipped low they felt the vicious slap of the highest waves and heard the slashing of the water as the pontoons cut through. Their forward motion took on a gummy quality, then smoothed. The wing lights, so near the rough water, were almost useless now. As they rocked ahead Sancho grasped Don O'K's shoulder and pointed.

"The *balsa!*"

The plane seesawed as its speed decreased. Half rising, Don O'K began to get out of his coat while watching the water. Quickly Sancho divined his purpose.

"No, *jefecito!* This is for me!"

He had already placed his precious fedora under the seat to protect it as much as possible from the rain. Now he stripped off his coat and tie. His shoes were a much simpler matter; he simply lifted his feet out of them. Leaning far over, he peered ahead; then suddenly he shouted.

"Here I go, *amigo!*"

MIKE closed the throttle to idling as Sancho disappeared. The Indian was a white splash that swept behind them and instantly vanished. Then they caught another faint glimpse of him, overswept by the waves and struggling. Mike gunned the motor, swung sharply, and aimed as best he could for the spot where Sancho had disappeared.

They found him still struggling in the water and kicking toward them. As the plane waddled nearer he came directly below the cockpit, an uncertain figure in the dim light except for his one arm reaching up. Don O'K grasped it. Sancho found a footing on the pontoon and straightened, bringing his dripping face above the cowling. His teeth were chattering, but his grin was still broad.

Don O'K said quickly, "You've got her, Sancho!"

"Oh, yes, to be certain, *jefecito!*"

Don O'K reached down with both arms; Sancho strained to help him. Mike gazed incredulously at the heavy, dripping burden they lifted. Water streamed into the cockpit as Don O'K gently placed it in the seat. It was Martha Foster.

Her head lolled and her white hair was strung limply over her closed eyes. Her whole body shook with a constant chill. As Don O'K wrapped his coat around her, he saw her jade necklace clinging to her wet skin.

Mike, without a word, quickly got out of his own coat. Not until it was wrapped around the shivering woman did he find his voice. "Good God, she's alive!"

"Not very much," Don O'K said grimly. "The *balsa* now, Mike, the *balsa.*"

Sancho was still clinging to the side of the plane. Shaking with the cold, he pointed into the darkness ahead. Mike sent the plane wabbling in that direction. In the vague shine of the wing lights a dark shape loomed—the *balsa*, rocking in the winds, its sail glistening and fluttering. Sancho, drawing a deep and noisy breath, flung himself off the plane.

They saw him grabbing at the *balsa.* A figure in the boat bent over him, striking at him with two fists. Sancho shook off the blows. Don O'K could actually hear his growl. When the next vicious lunge drove down at him he caught the other man's arm. He pulled sharply; and there was a splash. Now two men were struggling in the water.

The plane swung closer. Don O'K had one leg out of the pit, ready to jump, when he saw one of the men flinging a leg up and pulling himself into the *balsa.* It was Sancho. With amazing physical strength he dragged the other man into the boat and threw him heavily down. Now a wing tip was wavering close to the reed boat and in the brighter light Don O'K saw the white face of the unconscious man. It was Symington Foster.

"Caramba!" Sancho's voice carried through the wind and the ticking of the plane's engine. "Who is the black devil now? What man can have a heart blacker than yours, Señor Foster!"

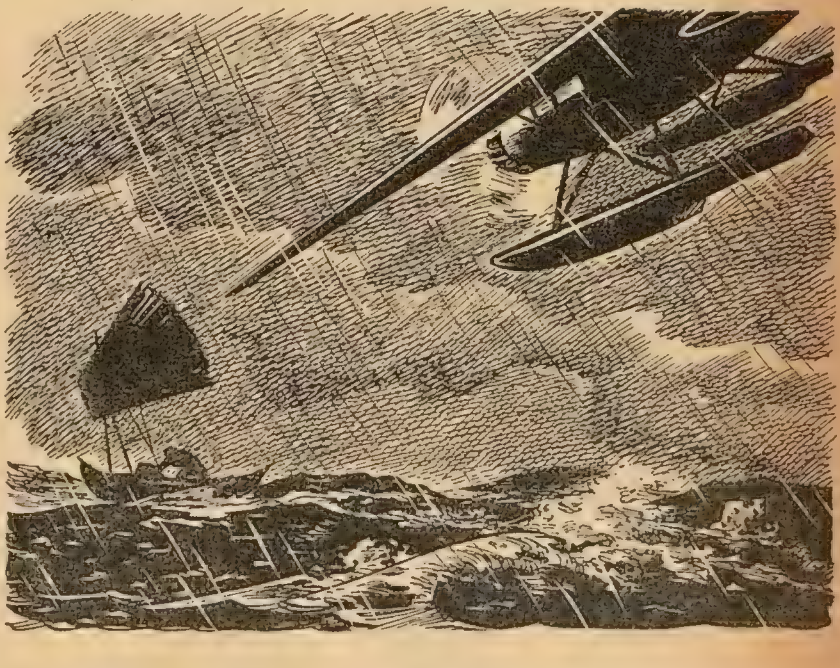
IN HIS spacious and tasteful office, the *agente fiscal,* Señor Cyro Pizzato, sat importantly erect with his fingers interlaced, while his eyes turned searchingly from face to face. Repeatedly he gazed incredulously at Mrs. Foster.

"Delighted as I am to see you here, Señora Foster," he said, "I cannot quite adjust myself to the fact that you are, after all, quite alive."

Martha Foster sat beside Don O'K, her face sad but her eyes resolute. Despite the services of La Paz's best hairdresser Mrs. Foster scarcely looked her old self. Worn and subdued, she had for once shown no inclination to dominate the meeting. She had answered questions with compliance. Now and then her gaze drifted sadly to the man who sat apart with two wary patrolmen beside him. Symington Foster was slumped down in his chair; he stared at the wall. There was nothing left of his handsome arrogance.

Don O'K, as before, sat in the position of honor in the center of the semicircle, with Sancho posted at his back, and to him, inevitably, the *agente fiscal* had addressed most of the inquiry. Mrs. Foster sat on his left and the Marquesa de Montalvo on his right. Before this conference had assembled, he had had a long and earnest talk with Mrs. Foster, chiefly about the Marquesa, and although he trusted that he had reached a workable understanding, he could feel the strain existing between the two women. Both were fearful of the direction which Señor Pizzato's questions might take.

Don O'K was grateful that he had been permitted to guide the inquiry into channels which had not so far led to any regrettable complications. He had to keep the meeting in hand, without appearing to do so. Now, however, it had reached a particularly ticklish point. He gazed thoughtfully at Francia and Mike, sitting side by side, once again completely trustful of each other and making no effort to conceal the fact that they were holding hands.



"Señor Adams," the *agente fiscal* said, repeating a question he had already asked three times, "is it possible that from the very beginning you doubted that the Señora Foster was really dead?"

"Never once, Señor Pizzato," Don O'K answered, "did I say to anyone that the Señora Foster was dead. If the Señora Foster had fallen into the water surely there would have been a disturbance which would have been heard by someone—certainly by Sancho with his sharp Indian ears. Yet she was not on the Illimani. Therefore she must have been taken into a small boat, a *balsa.*"

"Undoubtedly you have evidence to support this theory, Señor Adams," said Señor Pizzato admiringly.

Don O'K nodded. "The two cigarettes which Señor Foster tossed overboard, the cry in the night which sounded like the call of a bird, and the mark in the fresh paint on one of the rail posts."

"Señor Adams," the *agente fiscal* said, "please be so good as to make this as clear as possible."

"The whole terrible affair began with Mrs. Foster's relentless message of dismissal to Blodgett. It made him absolutely desperate. It was destroying his great opportunity to re-establish his integrity as a scientist. And so he took the only certain escape from his predicament. He decided to kill her."

Mrs. Foster drew a shuddering sigh.

Don O'K went on. "He had time to prepare, and he knew the itinerary. He left La Paz for Guaqui and from there he continued on foot, wearing the costume of an Indian, plus his old tennis shoes for surer footing. Then he hired a *balsa,* crossed Titicaca and reached Puno in the evening, just before the Illimani was due to sail. He sneaked aboard under cover of the fog, knowing exactly where to go because he was so sure Mrs. Foster would occupy the best accommodations available."

"But look," Mike said. "How did Foster know that?"

"He didn't, I'm sure. So far, Blodgett's plan of murder was his own secret," Don O'K said. "On deck, outside the stateroom which he believed Mrs. Foster would occupy, he unscrewed the light bulbs, so that he could get away later under cover of darkness. Then he went into the bedroom of the royal suite and waited with the machete he had brought. Sancho can verify the fact of Blodgett's presence in that room."

"Oh, yes, señor," Sancho said quietly. "There's no doubt at all that the smell of this man Blodgett was there."

"Poor fanatic devil." Don O'K shook his head, then went on. "When Mrs. Foster came into the living room of the suite, she was alone. Blodgett was about to attack her when he heard Captain Medina ushering me to the outer door. That was an unexpected crisis. He was forced to act at once. He sprang from the bedroom while Mrs. Foster's back was turned. He switched off the lights and took one terrific swing with the machete. But the opening door made Mrs. Foster step backward and the knife missed its mark. Blodgett had to get out of that room. He raced along the dark deck—I heard the sound of his rubber-soled shoes—but only for a short distance. He slipped into the next cabin—Foster's cabin."

FRANCIA said, "But why did Symington hide him?"

"Because he needed his knowledge and training as an archeologist. Then, too, he was afraid Mrs. Foster might suspect him of complicity if Blodgett was found. Their relationship was precarious enough without that. So he hid Blodgett.

"And then he got his great idea. If he could only get rid of his wife *while he had a perfect alibi*—if he could make her vanish off the Illimani, it might be written off as suicide. And he had the perfect confederate at hand. They made their arrangements."

Francia shuddered. "It seems so awful—so cold-blooded."

"It was," Don O'K said. "And he picked *me* to be his alibi. As soon as he saw us come on deck, he signaled with the two cigarettes, and then feigned the mountain sickness.

"Blodgett was in his *balsa* boat. The thick fog concealed it. There were no others sailing along with the Illimani at that time because the wind had dropped. Blodgett was not depending on his sail, however; he had made his *balsa* fast with a line tied to one of the forward rail posts, and the Illimani was towing it. They had planned to have Blodgett come aboard, get to Mrs. Foster's stateroom, overpower her, and take her off in the *balsa.* Much to his surprise, he found her unconscious at the foot of the ladder."

"As to this, Señora Foster," the *agente fiscal* said incisively, "my understanding is correct, is it not, that this remarkable occurrence was the result of an accidental fall on your part?"

Don O'K stopped breathing. Mrs. Foster, he saw, was stifling an impulse to turn her eyes upon the marquesa. The marquesa, on Don O'K's other side, shrank a little in her chair. Mrs. Foster's answer did not come at once. The moment's silence was the longest and the most anxious Don O'K had ever endured.

"I love to get up near the prow of a ship," Mrs. Foster said at last. "Of course I didn't realize the ladder was so steep and slippery. My hands were too full, too—my heavy briefcase, you know. The fall was such a shock that I couldn't cry out. All I could do was lie there at the base of the ladder, helpless."

"A most alarming moment, to be sure," Señor Pizzato said sympathetically.

"Then I felt hands pulling at me and what followed seemed so impossible I thought I must be going mad. But it was true—I was dragged over the rail and into a small boat. I realized the Illimani was going on, rapidly leaving me behind, but when I tried to call out a hand was pressed over my mouth. Blodgett stuffed something into my mouth and tied it in place, and he tied my hands and feet too. He cursed me; he seemed to have turned into a maniac, and I was so afraid he'd kill me that I lay perfectly still and quiet."

"It was a most frightening situation, of course, Señora Foster," the *agente fiscal* said, and he turned again to Don O'K. "Continue, if you will, Señor Adams."

"I recall," Don O'K said, "that immediately following Mrs. Foster's disappearance from the ship, Sancho and I heard the call of a cormorant out over the water. Sancho mentioned at the time that these birds don't fly at night. It wasn't really a bird, but another signal, this time one from Señor Blodgett. It meant that he had their victim safely in his *balsa* and was going off with her.

"But that's where the plan went wrong. Because Blodgett didn't murder her. He had gone through with it once and failed. His nerve was gone. He could not throw the helpless woman overboard. Instead, he brought her first to the house on the Calle Ingavi.

Sancho nodded. "The smell of flowers."

"When Foster found that out, he was frantic. It had already been proved that he *could not possibly he suspected of murdering her.* His alibi for the time she had gone overboard was absolutely perfect. He could not bear to be cheated of his victory. He and Blodgett were the only ones who knew she was still alive—and that could be remedied. Señor Foster was prepared to go to any limit, however desperate, to get what he wanted. And that is exactly what he has done; he has stopped at nothing. He hid his helpless wife in the house in Tiahuanaco, then came back and murdered Blodgett."

All the eyes in the room turned toward Symington Foster. He had not moved; he did not even seem to hear. He was like a man already dead.

The *agente fiscal* coughed and said, almost apologetically, "You believed from the beginning that the Señora Foster was not dead, Señor Adams. And yet you thought it wise not to say this?"

"You would have done the same, my esteemed friend," said Don O'K. "Even though I was sure she was alive when she left the ship, I could not know how long she would continue to be alive. It would have been cruel to say anything that might arouse her daughter's false hopes."

Señor Pizzato pursed his lips and nodded sagely. "Permit me to salute your wisdom, Señor Adams. It is exactly what I would have done." Having settled this point to his own entire satisfaction, Señor Pizzato went on. "After the murder of Señor Blodgett, the Señor Foster went immediately to your office in an attempt to provide himself with another alibi."

"Yes, Señor Foster thought it would work twice. He wanted us to think that a man in his condition couldn't possibly have been the strangler."

"It was well devised, this scheme," said Señor Pizzato. Then suddenly he glared ferociously at Foster. "But not well enough." He turned again to Don O'K. "But pray continue, Señor Adams."

"He had destroyed the one person who knew that Mrs. Foster had not died in the lake. His final and most crucial step must be to make it appear that she *had* drowned in Titicaca. His intention was to take her out in a *balsa* under cover of darkness and leave her to die in the water."

FRANCIA gasped and clutched tighter on Mike's hand. Otherwise the room was very still, listening to Don O'K's grim story.

"He hoped her body would be recovered soon, but that didn't really matter. The extreme cold of the water and the other unusual conditions prevailing there would make it very difficult if not impossible to determine by autopsy just how long she had been dead when found. There would be no reason to doubt the time and place of her death, for it would appear unquestionable that she had actually plunged off the Illimani while crossing Titicaca. A daring, shrewd, and novel plan, Señor Pizzato! Actually he would be the murderer of his wife, and yet it would logically appear that he could not possibly be her murderer."

Señor Pizzato drew a deep breath and glared at the prisoner. "In apprehending you, Señor Adams has performed an invaluable service which will be long remembered and highly regarded over all Latin America. You are almost as remarkable an example of the worst sort of *vanqui* as Señor Adams is of the finest. He comes among us with the most laudable purposes and the happiest results, but you have brought us shameful crime. Your country, I am certain, will be quite satisfied to see you submitted to the justice of Bolivia."

Outside, Don O'K insisted that Mrs. Foster and the marquesa accompany him in a cab. The two women sat stiffly next to each other, until a particularly violent jounce of the car threw them together. It jogged the marquesa into speech.

"Señor Adams," she said softly, "I shall be forever grateful to you. To keep my name out so completely was more than I had dared to hope." She added bravely, "And you, too, Martha. It was magnificent of you. I know you can never forgive me, but believe me . . ." The marquesa's voice had been quavering; now it broke and tears filled her eyes.

Mrs. Foster's face softened. With almost maternal tenderness she put her arm around the marquesa.

"Martha, Martha," the marquesa said brokenly, "it has been so horrible, so ghastly!"

"Stop that nonsense now, Carlota." Mrs. Foster was quietly firm. "It's all over. There's nothing to cry about. I'm sure we've both learned our lessons."

"Oh, Martha, Martha. I can never forgive myself for what I did. I must have been insane. I'd have given my own life to bring you back. And now you are back. It is like a miracle—a wonderful miracle!"

"It was as much my fault as yours, Carlota," Mrs. Foster said. "I gave you reason enough. If I'd listened to you, let you explain to me, none of this would have happened. What a lot of awful mistakes I've made—but everything's going to be different now."

The marquesa wiped her eyes and the two women smiled at each other affectionately. Then the marquesa turned to Don O'K. "But there are so many things I do not understand, Señor Adams. Why did not Señor Pizzato question me about the report that was in Martha's briefcase, and about my scarf?"

Don O'K smiled. "Well, you see, I'm afraid Señor Pizzato never saw the report on you, señorita. Somehow that one was lost and I forgot to mention it to him."

The marquesa leaned forward and pressed his hand. "You are a good friend, Señor Adams, to me—and to my father."

"As for the scarf," Don O'K said grimly, "it was used deliberately to throw suspicion on you, señorita. It was around Mrs. Foster's neck when Blodgett took her off the ship."

Mrs. Foster shivered. "Well, it's over now, thanks to you, Mr. Adams."

The taxi had stopped. The door was opened, and it was Sancho who stood outside beaming in at them, Sancho who had elected to walk from the hospital. Don O'K wondered for the thousandth time whether there weren't a great many Sanchos, one of whom could be expected to pop up almost anywhere.

At the railroad station in Las Paz, Don O'K waved goodby from the train window and thought happily of the week just past. His business had been an outstanding success; a murder had been solved, and a wedding was imminent. Francia, who was staying on in La Paz as the house guest of the Marquesa de Montalvo, was soon to become Mrs. Michael Logan, with her mother's blessing. Finally, Don O'K knew that Mrs. Foster had become a real ally in the cause he loved.

They puffed and looped up to El Alto; they passed through Tiahuanaco which still kept its secret of man's antiquity, and at last they came to Guaqui.

This night, like all Andean nights, had dropped out of the sky black and whole. The S.S. Illimani sat at her pier with the night mists rising around her. From his bridge Captain Rafael Medina saw Don O'K approaching, and immediately he scrambled down to meet him.

THE street around the pier was crowded, as always, with stolid Aymará and Quechua men and women, llamas, burros, and children. Sancho ran interference, as always, for Don O'K, and cleared a path through them. He was his well-tailored self, with his priceless fedora jauntily tilted, and his full-moon face blandly inscrutable. He proudly ignored the awed stares of the Indians and stepped aside at the base of the gangplank so that Don O'K might precede him.

The Illimani was giving off its agitated noises as Captain Medina awaited his most distinguished of all passengers.

"Señor Adams, *amigo mío!*" he proclaimed. "Most distinguished and esteemed, noble and not sufficiently celebrated sir and friend, welcome aboard the Illimani once more! My ship is yours to command!" He bowed and hurried off.

Don O'K lingered on deck. He looked into the foggy darkness of Lake Titicaca and then his eyes lifted to the black sky.

Sancho chuckled. "Do not be uneasy, *jefecito*. When the moon comes up tonight it will not be red. Truly, you have a very good feeling now, no, *amigo mío?*"

"My great and good father used to say, Sancho, that the virtue lies in the struggle, not in the prize."

"To be sure!" Sancho agreed. "You are coming away from Bolivia a greater man, *jefecito*."

"And you're coming away an even smarter Indian, old man."

Sancho tore a sizable chunk of his wad of chicle and blissfully chewed it. He said, "Oh, yes, *amigo*, without question there's no other Indian on earth half so bright as I am now!"

At that moment the Illimani's horn sent out a prolonged note. For all the world the sound was a hooting *"Pu-ucha-a!"* that seemed to say, "Oh-h, ye-ah?" Its eloquence was so startling that Sancho gulped; and then he hung his head contritely. Once again he had swallowed his gum.

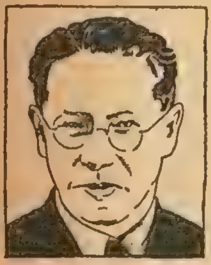
THE END

Puzzle 277 8/5/44

BOOKS IN REVIEW

By E. A. PILLER

LION FEUCHTWANGER'S novel **Simone** is a rather curious projection of the St. Joan legend into modern terms. The intent was good and the parallel is clear; but the simple greatness of Joan, which stands in such contrast to her magnificent achievement, the subtleness of her mysticism, and the agony of her sufferings with which greater masters than Feuchtwanger have grappled just don't come off as counterpoint to this modern story of a young girl's patriotism.


Lion Feuchtwanger

True, the story of Simone Planchard is a moving one and far better than the many recent formula pieces which have recorded the patriotic adventures of Frenchwomen still fighting for their country after the occupation. But it fails nonetheless to stand up to the greatness of its parallel. It might have been better for his novel if Mr. Feuchtwanger had not tried to make it do so.

Simone was a young girl who loved France, an orphan being brought up in the household of her uncle, where she worked hard and did as she was told. Uncle Prosper treated her fairly well, and Madame, his mother, although she had no interest greater than the immediate fortunes of her son, was willing to suffer Simone as long as she served to further those fortunes.

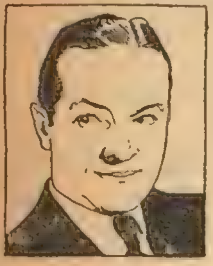
Simone might have grown up like any other French girl in such surroundings had France not fallen and had not the story of Joan so fascinated her. But when the French armies did give way and when Simone discovered that her Uncle Prosper meant to save his own business whether or not it should help the conquerors, she followed the spirit of pure patriotism.

She destroyed the gasoline and trucks which the Germans needed, which Prosper might have sold them—and the family turned on her, tricked her, and railroaded her to prison. Her trial was like Joan's, a tardy rebellion against those who had forced a confession upon her. Her end was not quite so tragic, but her sacrifice was perhaps as hard to bear.

It is a beautiful and touching story of a girl's belief in her country and her ideals, and of how they stand up against those who think only in terms of self-preservation. What it demonstrates more than anything else, though, is that the bitter period of defeat has bred in the people of France deep hatreds against each other as much as against their conquerors. When freedom does come to France those who suffered for the cause of country while others collaborated, are likely to remember and demand revenge.

Published by the Viking Press, N. Y. Price, $2.50.

ANYBODY whose reputation for being funny is as well established as Bob Hope's is brave indeed to write a book. Being funny vocally is a lot easier than being funny in print—as anybody who ever tried it ruefully discovers.


Bob Hope

Well, **Bob Hope** is brave. He is also, I am happy to report, funny in print.

I Never Left Home is a swell book to read aloud. It's a record of the Hope tour. It's full of Hope gags, is a sincere tribute to the boys who are fighting a tough (and in many places monotonous) war, and it's one of the best things that has happened to civilians since the OPA eased up on meat rationing.

Published by Simon & Schuster, N. Y. Price: $1, paper; $2, cloth.

QUIZZ-ICAL CROSSWORD

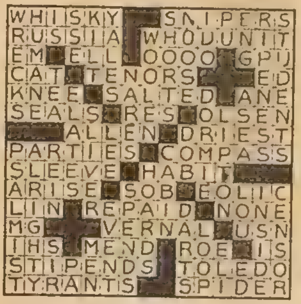
BY TED SHANE

HORIZONTAL

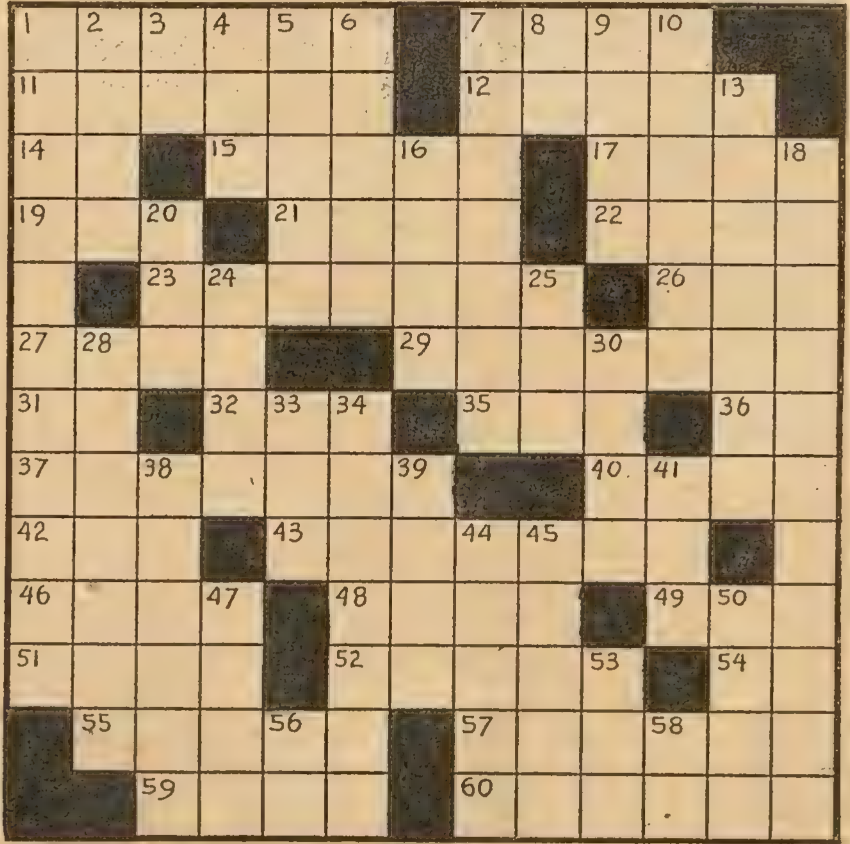
1 What are anacondas?
7 King Tut made his exit from what some years ago?
11 Who was Moses' sister and severest critic?
12 The world's most famous Montague
14 49
15 What lowly part of a cow makes a delicious Creole dish?
17 One what is the lowest bridge bid?
19 What was the chief drink at an old-fashioned cocktail party?
21 Singapore was said to have been lost on the playing fields of what?
22 The first Mrs. Chaplin's first name
23 Opossum are members of what family? (pl.)
26 Shubert wrote the ——— Koenig?
27 Hang one on the kisser
29 Victorian heroines were all pretty what?
31 A little connection
32 Name a ruff female
35 Anagram one
36 Name a Canadian province (abbr.)
37 All Americans in English novels speak in what manner?
40 Anagram save
42 What Jap statesman is concealed in Hirohito?
43 Grammaw said "Naughty mans!"; granddaughter says what?
46 Snobs are puffed up with whats?
48 Pollyanna was always offensively what?
49 Via
51 Who was the heroine of Ibsen's Doll's House?
52 What's the most prevalent nest in X-words?
54 51
55 What tricky pseudonym did Ulysses use when escaping from the blinded Cyclops?
57 Give the last name of Tad, the late cartoonist
59 What movie star is making a comeback?
60 De Maupassant wrote a great story about a piece of what?

VERTICAL

1 Name a famous Washington museum
2 What is known as Rommel's River of Dreams?
3 The beginning of arithmetic
4 Give Carson's nickname
5 Little pitchers are definitely large-whatted?
6 Hang one on the kisser
7 Washington's famed trip across the Delaware took place near where?
8 What two letters make a pair of empty glasses?
9 2150
10 Faith was once known as what?
13 Gunder Haag usually does what to our best milers?
16 Who is known as Leetul Leelee?
18 What plants have been flattened recently in Schweinfurt?
20 What kind of light was the electric light once called?
24 Chicken with what vegetable makes quite a soup?
25 Splendid name for a lawyer's daughter
28 Edmund Burke made a famous what?
30 Bing Crosby has recently been singing of what cause of heart-bumping and knee-knocking?
33 What's the slipperiest wood?
34 Snazzy is what in fancy?
38 With the shortage of beer, what is hard to drown these days?
39 What college in recent years has consented to travel to play other than two traditional football opponents?
41 What did Cleopatra take to get to the pyramids?
44 Make an aromatic anagram of darns (pl.)
45 The village what used to appear in nearly all bucolic plays?
47 Ditto
50 Anagram lane
53 Set the foot in forbidden pastures
56 Compass point
58 An Army proletariat would be a what? (abbr.)

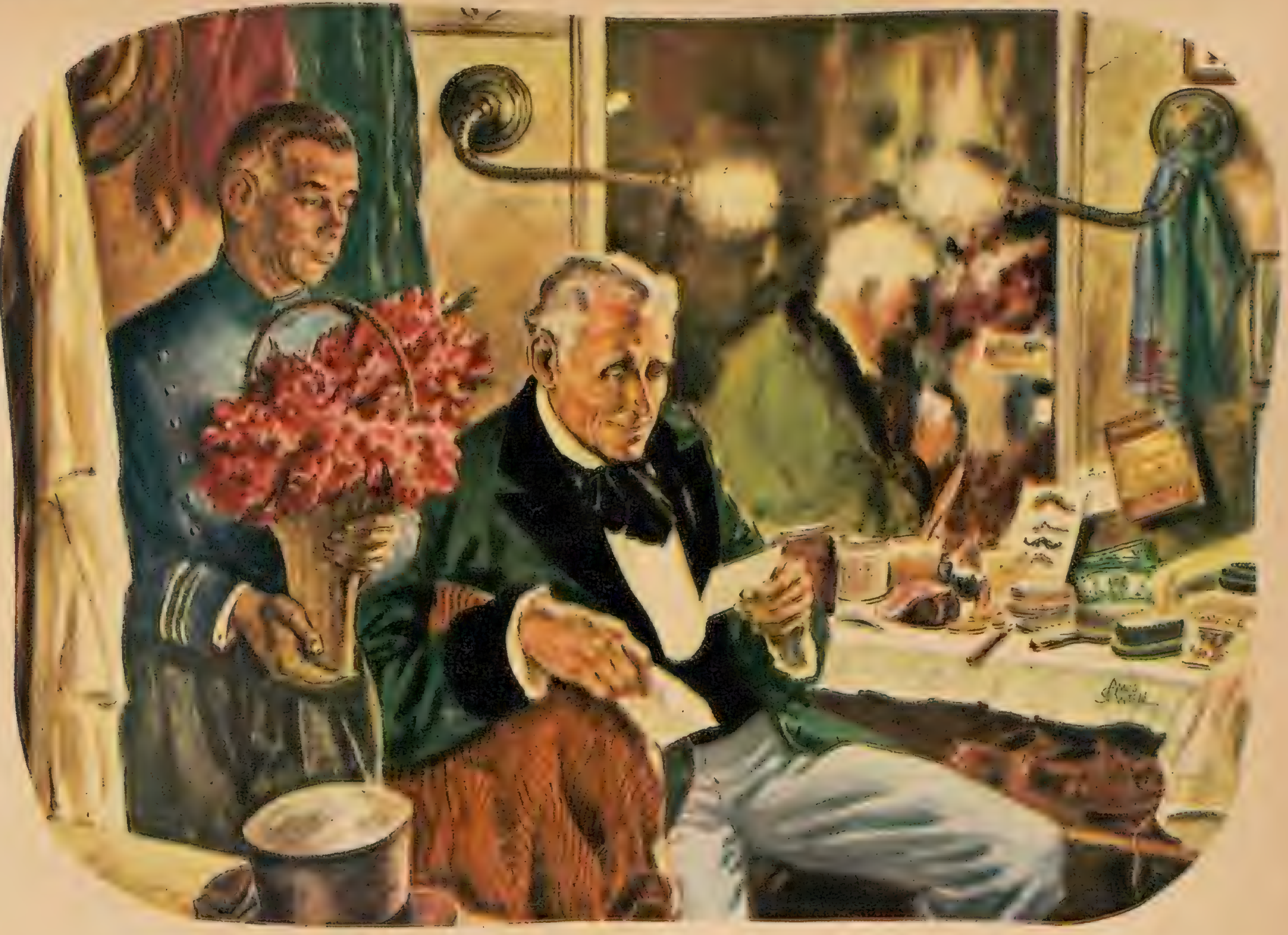

WHISKY■■SNIPERS
RUSSIA■WHODUNIT
EM■ELL■OOOO■GPU
CAT■TENORS■■■ED
KNEE■SALTED■ANE
SEALS■RES■OLSEN
■■■ALLEN■DRIEST
PARTIES■COMPASS
SLEEVE■HABIT■■■
ARISE■SOB■EOLIC
LIN■REPAID■NONE
MG■■■VERNAL■USN
IHS■MEND■ROE■IS
STIPENDS■TOLEDO
TYRANTS■■SPIDER

Last week's answer

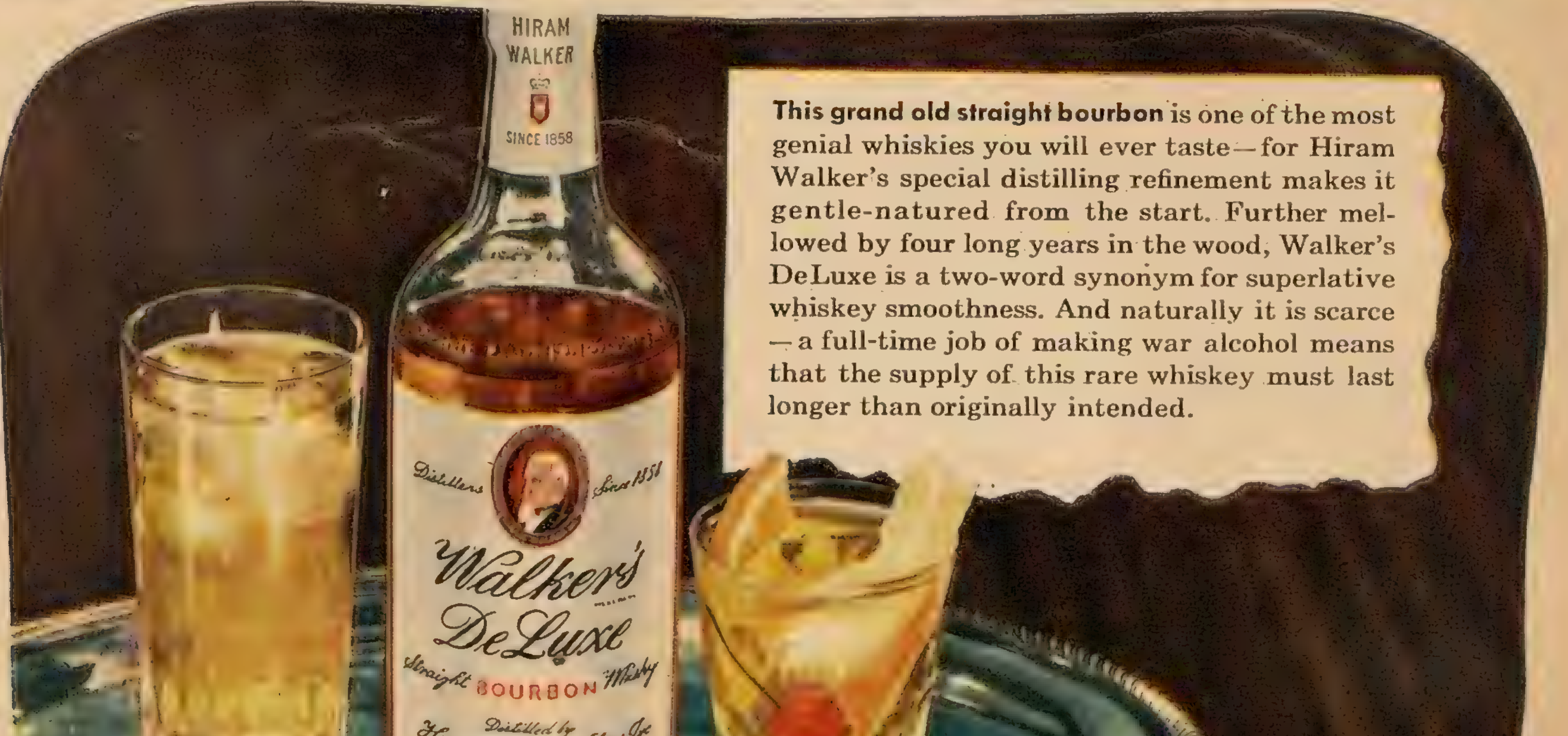


The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

"Old Trouper"–2 words that mean greatness



2 words that mean smooth whiskey –"Walker's DeLuxe"


HIRAM
WALKER
SINCE 1858
Distillers Since 1858
Walker's
DeLuxe
Straight BOURBON Whisky
Distilled by
Hiram Walker & Sons Inc
Peoria, Illinois

This grand old straight bourbon is one of the most genial whiskies you will ever taste—for Hiram Walker's special distilling refinement makes it gentle-natured from the start. Further mellowed by four long years in the wood, Walker's DeLuxe is a two-word synonym for superlative whiskey smoothness. And naturally it is scarce—a full-time job of making war alcohol means that the supply of this rare whiskey must last longer than originally intended.

Straight bourbon whiskey. 86 proof. This whiskey is 4 years old. Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Ill.

BETWEEN FRIENDS

Continued from Page 29

comes home from one of those arty brawls in a starry-eyed mood. There's a dash of ham actor in it. Maybe a touch of sadism. Anyway, she tells enough to let the husband know he's been fiddling while Rome burned. . . . Then she wakes up scared, and denies it. Too late, of course.”

Sam nodded, puffing on his pipe. It was an excellent thumbnail sketch of Cissie Palmer. Including the ham actor and the sadism. And waking up scared when the bill collector knocked at the door.

“What's the phony friend's motive? Biological only?”

“Not too much biology, I think,” Mort said. “Envy, largely.”

Sam cocked an eyebrow at him. That was illuminating. “Envy of what?”

“Position. Social prestige. Income. It's gnawed on the friend for years. They both started from scratch, you understand. The friend's still plugging along.” Mort took his cigar from his mouth. “You don't think envy's so good?”

“Not yet. Rationalize it further.”

“The phony friend had a wife once. She died. He could see the hero with everything he'd missed or lost. There's only one way to reach the hero. Take his wife away, and what has he got?”

“An empty house,” Sam said. He knew.

“Correct,” Mort agreed. “That's a good line. Yes, just an empty house.”

“How far did the affair go?”

“Far enough.” Mort seemed unemotional about it. There was only the telltale glistening of his rotund face and the steady pulsing of an artery at the base of his neck. “A little surreptitious necking at first. The usual hush-hush meetings. There's an aunt in town she's supposed to visit occasionally. Instead, they go driving and steal an hour or two. Finally, everything breaks right. She sometimes spends a night with the aunt. On this particular night the aunt's out of town. It's a perfect rendezvous. They—make the most of it.”

Sam wondered if he, too, were visibly sweating. Cissie's dramatic mood had certainly led them into shoal waters. She'd never admit the actual pay-off, of course. Nor how it had all begun. . . . Just by half closing his eyes, Sam could recall the texture of the moonlight in Cord Mason's garden that night. Cissie had looked up at him, her long lashes fluttering in the best Little Theater manner. “Why, Sam! And I always thought you didn't like me!”

“You let Cord Mason kiss you,” he'd told her. “Where does that leave an old friend like me? Don't I rate?”

“You do, Sam.” Her lips had parted slowly. “And we're going to have some good times, darling. From here on. . . .”

The rest of it had been rather dreary.

“Well,” Sam said. “What's the curtain?”

“A touch primitive,” Mort said. “The hero has nothing left but a yen to balance the books. So he polishes off the phony friend.”

“And then what?”

Mort shrugged. “Maybe they'll hang him. Maybe he'll bump himself off. That detail's vague.”

“It won't jell,” Sam warned. “A curtain like that isn't box-office.”

“It's life,” Mort said. “Once in a while they click. I'm sure this one will. . . . If you've got a better fade-out, let's have it, Sam. But fast.”

A FINAL point had to be checked. Sam was sprawled on his side and elbow, and he shifted his position abruptly, turning a little forward. He wasn't looking at Mort, but he saw Mort's hand drop to the Luger, then withdraw slowly. It was an instinctive gesture, and it gave the answer. Mort had thought this out, long since. He wasn't bluffing.

“I don't like the friend's motive,” Sam said. He knocked the ashes from his pipe and filled it again. “Give him training along pseudo-scientific lines. Let him be an expert on human behavior. A sort of ham expert. He *can* make a mistake.”

“He made it.”

“Not yet,” Sam said. “The woman talked, true. She made the hero squirm. It also cast her in a role she'd never tried before—the beautiful penitent. She is, of course, the impulsive, shallow type.”

“Now look,” Mort objected. “Don't build up this egg at the woman's expense.”

“Listen to me,” Sam said gently. “The woman may be the hero's ideal. But to the phony friend she's an object of mild distaste. Nothing active. He merely recognizes her type at a glance and tolerates her because she's the hero's wife. Did I mention that he has a feeling of real friendship toward the hero?”

“Which he demonstrates by making a pass at the wife?”

“Precisely. You can think of no circumstances that could justify it?”

“No,” Mort said. “It's corn.”

“Permit me to outline my theory,” Sam said. “Every woman approaching forty wakes up some morning and looks in the mirror with a degree of terror. It is the sort of fear that touches men only vaguely: the fact that they are growing old. The superior woman builds her defense quickly and easily, after her first pang of regret. Her husband has also grown old with her. So have her friends. There are a thousand compensations. To the inferior type—with an inferiority complex—it is tragedy.”

“Good classroom stuff.” Mort said. “This is brass tacks.”

“I'll reduce it to brass tacks,” Sam said. “Take this hero's wife. She started with nothing. Now, nearly forty, she has material and social advantages once undreamed. Is she thankful for her good luck? No. She's dismayed. Her youth is slipping away. She knows it and, being the inferior type, can't accept it. So, deliberately—and unintelligently—she decides to disprove it.”

“On the phony friend, I suppose?” There was a hard amused glint in Mort's eyes. “The defense rests on that?”

“This is *not* a defense,” Sam said. “It's a clinical report. On request. Shall we abandon the subject?”

“Hew to the line,” Mort said. “You're right—I asked you.”

Sam lit his pipe and puffed slowly. This would be hard on Cissie, but it had to be done. The pattern of two lives depended on it. Three, including his own.

“Let's assume,” he said, “that there's a lad in this cocktail crowd, a handsome dissipated animal, with a splash of white in his hair—” He described Cord Mason so that Mort couldn't fail to recognize him. “We'll call him the Heel. The Heel's specialty is women who are going through the rebellious phase that is afflicting our hero's wife. He's made some progress in the present instance—”

“Now wait,” Mort interrupted. A flush crept up his glistening cheeks. “I'm beginning to see your theory. She's got to make a pass at somebody. Better our hero's friend than the Heel. Is that it?”

Sam nodded. “To the friend, it's a distasteful chore. Yes, and a dangerous one. . . . Understand, he's tolerated this woman only because she's the hero's wife. She's been aware of it, and resented it. So it's easy to divert her attention from the Heel. The Heel's interest wasn't flattering. This was. It looked like a real conquest.”

“Wasn't it?” Mort asked.

“Let me finish the build-up,” Sam said, “the way *I* see it. The finale's yours. . . . All she needed to restore her mental equilibrium was an emotional experience. She got it. After that, her ego was satisfied when she confessed her alleged guilt to her husband.”

SAM shook his head, smiling a little. “There wasn't any night together.”

“No?”

“No. That's the twist I had in mind.”

Mort looked hard at him, his cigar motionless.

“A twist won't do, Sam,” he said. “Cleverness doesn't count in this story. . . . Let's be specific. Let's call it the night of June seventeenth. Fair enough?”

Sam nodded. That was the night.

“The aunt *was* away,” Mort said. “The wife did spend the night there—all night. She admits the friend was with her.”

“But later denies it.”

“Naturally. So would the friend.”

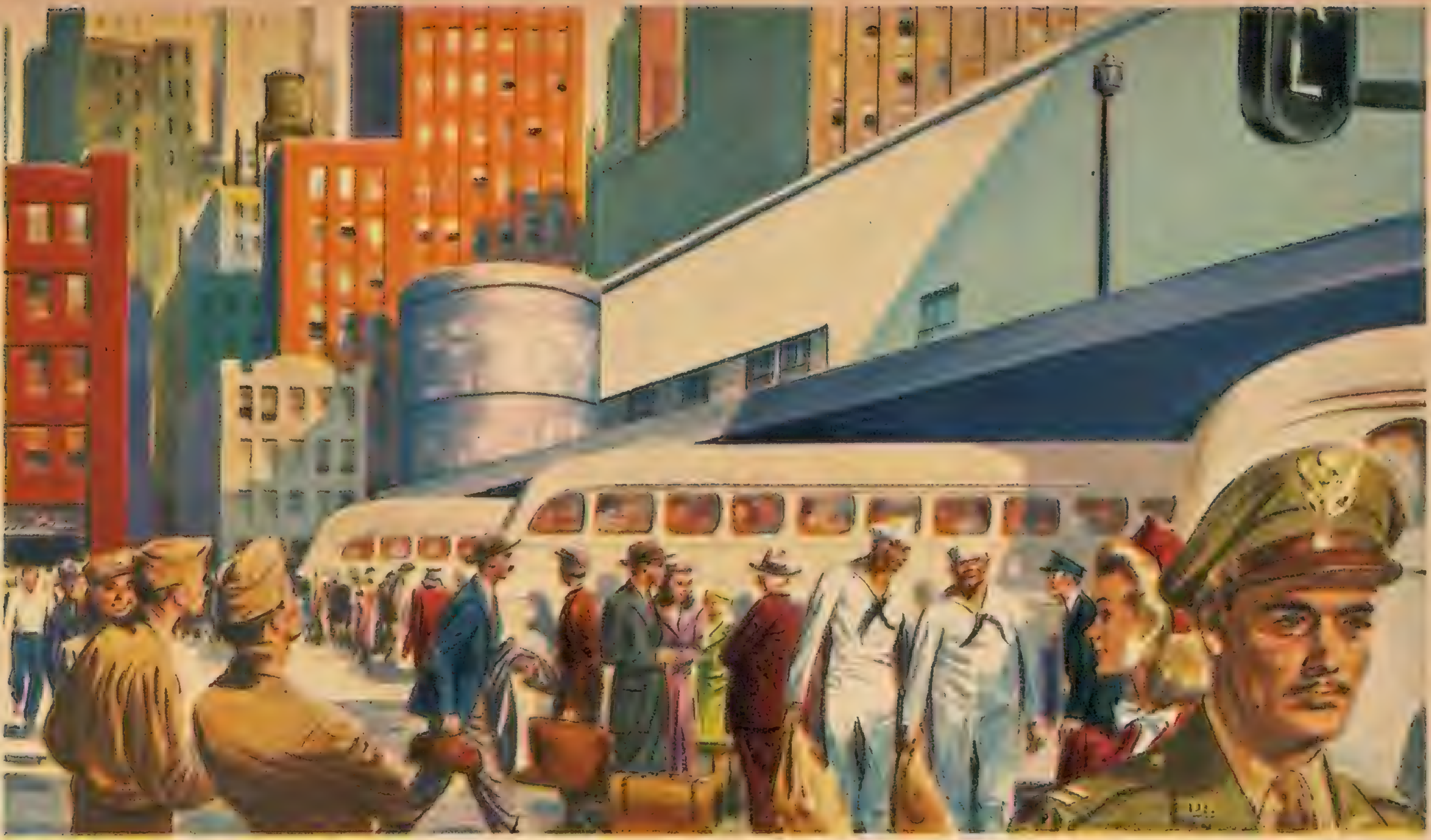
“And she'd rather die, of course,” Sam said, “than admit what actually happened that night.”

“Let's have it now,” Mort said softly.

Sam stated it bluntly. “The friend takes her to the aunt's house. It's dark. They stop at the gate. She's eager, palpitating, carried away by the thought of their guilty adventure. The friend knows this is going to be rough. It has to be. All shock treatments are rough. . . . So he tells her—explicitly, in carefully chosen words—just what he thinks of her. He psychoanalyzes her, and it isn't pretty. He advises her to spend the night there—alone—and think it over. Scales will have fallen from her eyes before morning. She'll have learned her lesson, at no cost except to her ego, and will thereby have been spared a lifetime of remorse. . . . Then,

(Continued on page 50)

RICHardson
ROOT BEER
"it's so flavorful"
Refreshing!



These are the Americans we serve today

Here are your sons who quietly stow their civilian clothes in mothballs to step into the garb of fighting men . . . your daughters who give up the pleasures of home to join their brothers in uniform.

Here, too, are your friends and neighbors who are working with you shoulder to shoulder . . . turning out munitions, producing food, buying War Bonds . . . men and women who keep the home fires burning and the home front strong.

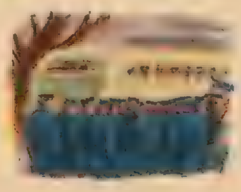
These are the Americans intercity bus lines serve . . . and at the rate of more than 950 million passengers in 1943 . . . *more intercity passengers than were carried by any other form of public transportation.*

True, this achievement has called for some sacrifice of the comfort and convenience that made bus travel so enjoyable in peacetime.

But it's only for a while. And to the millions of passengers who are accepting wartime conditions with a smile, our sincere thanks . . . and a promise. *As sure as victory, travel as you like it, over America's scenic highways, will come again . . . better than ever!*

Intercity Buses Are Doing a War Job Only They Can Do . . . Carrying War-Busy Millions Who Must "Get There" By Highway

WAR WORKERS. In busy war plants, workers count on buses for daily transportation.



FIGHTING MEN. Over the highways, buses directly serve all principal military camps.

INDUCTEES. Buses carry the great majority of inductees called up for service.

FARMERS. By bus, thousands of workers answer the call of our farmers for help in their fields.

Buses keep highways at work for victory

In 1942, more than half of all passengers who used public carriers for intercity travel depended on buses. ¶ With but 26% more buses in use than in 1941, 145% more passengers were carried in 1943 . . . approximately 1500 passengers per seat, per year! ¶ Intercity buses deliver from 2,000 to 7,000 passenger miles for each pound of rubber consumed and 160 passenger miles for each gallon of fuel, thus making a major contribution to the nation's program of conserving vital war materials.

An irreplaceable wartime service

Specializing in the movement of manpower, intercity bus lines have relieved other transportation facilities of an overwhelming load . . . making it possible for them to perform their special wartime tasks. ¶ Along 330,000 miles of strategic highways, 21,480 intercity buses serve wartime America . . . reaching the smallest villages and the largest cities . . . serving thousands of communities that have no other means of public travel. *This vital transportation must be kept strong and equal to its tasks.*

MOTOR BUS LINES OF AMERICA

NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF MOTOR BUS OPERATORS, WASHINGTON, D. C.

LOSING FRIENDS! (because your hair is gray?)

Clairol banishes every trace of gray or graying hair . . . swiftly, surely, beautifully

Are your friends drifting away from you . . . finding excuses to break appointments . . . failing to call you? That happens so very often to a gray-haired woman . . . sometimes because people think she looks too old to have fun . . . sometimes because they think she looks too old to be fun.

But why should *you* be old-fashioned about gray hair? It's not something you have to accept! Thousands of fascinating women rely on Clairol to give their hair glorious, young-looking color — color that seems so natural even experts are fooled. Share their hair beauty secret! Look younger and lovelier!

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(*Continued from page 48*)

with completely obnoxious courtesy, he says good night, and walks off."

"Where?" Mort said.

Sam shrugged, pretending to be caught off guard. "Does it matter?"

"Yes," Mort said. "It matters." His whole body was motionless, except for his right hand. There was nothing theatrical in the deliberation with which the outspread fingers moved a little, and closed over the butt of the Luger. "And I'll tell you why, Sam. Your twist's clever—but phony. Once he's aroused, the husband checks up. He checks up at the friend's club. He's also a member there. He finds the friend was out that night, all night. It was the only time in months. It can't be coincidence. Therefore, unless proved otherwise—and it'll have to be good—he was at the rendezvous."

"Hm-m," Sam ruminated. He knew it was dangerous, but this was it: the showdown. "We need the unshakable alibi, eh? 'Where were you on the night of June seventeenth?' "

"Exactly. And while explaining that detail, Sam," Mort said, almost with a touch of apology, "don't smile, please."

"Sorry," Sam said. "I was smiling at how neatly an experience of mine happens to fit into this picture." Moving slowly, he reached into his hip pocket and got out his wallet. He extracted a folded paper and tossed it on the hamper. "In fact, I think you can use it as is, Mort. We've already given the friend something of a scientific background."

MORT opened the paper with his left hand and studied it. Sam knew what it was, of course. It was a report of an experiment conducted in the college psych lab by Sam's graduate students. The title: Some of the Lesser Phenomena of Sleep. Six students had co-operated, taking turns at checking the subject's respiration, reaction to varied stimuli, and other data. The subject: Professor Samuel K. Trask. The report, by hours, covered the entire night of June 17.

"Notice the date," Sam said. "Consider the friend's viewpoint. He would copper all bets. He'd try to, at least. One does, with big stakes involved . . ."

He was talking mostly to cover up for Mort. To help Mort bridge the formidable gulf between complete certainty and the dawning awareness that he could have been wrong. That he *was* wrong.

Mort was covering up, too. He read the report through again, then folded it and handed it back, his face flaming. He took the cigar out of his mouth and flicked the ash from it. For the first time he looked away from Sam, at the opposite canyon wall.

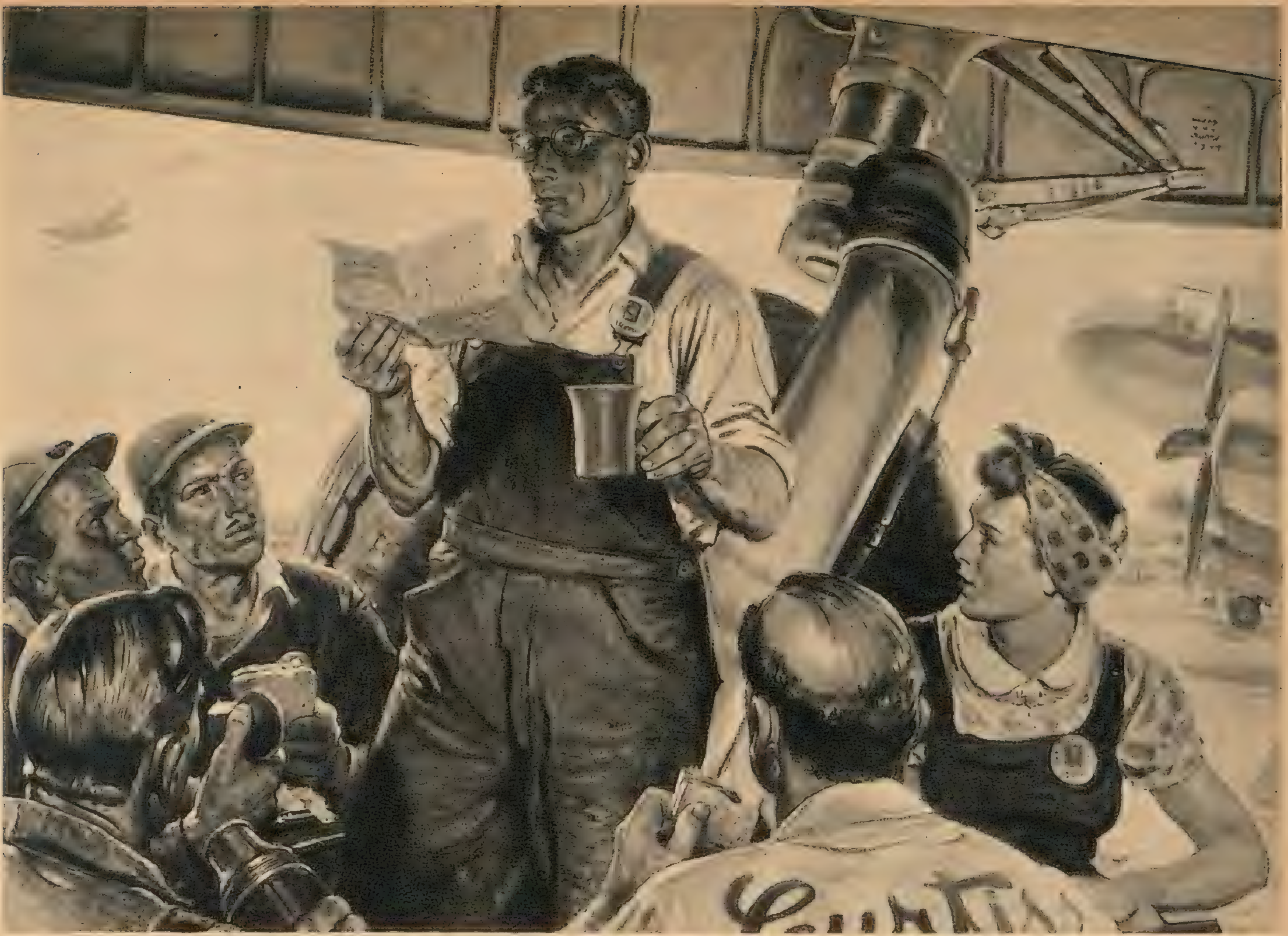
There was good stuff in him, though. Sam had known that for a quarter century, ever since the Meuse-Argonne. "Yeah," Mort said, "it fits in. Six guys standing over him with stop watches!" He got out his handkerchief and mopped his cheeks, his forehead, and his neck. "It's a good twist, Sam," he said. "Thanks."

"It's all right," Sam said. "I'd hoped you could use it."

Mort turned the muzzle of the Luger aside and ejected the cartridge from the chamber. He replaced it in the clip, reassembled the weapon and put it in the basket. Then he pushed the basket out of the way and handed the bottle to Sam.

Sam drank three good swallows, lowered the bottle, and said, "Lawsy!" He handed it to Mort. Mort drank four, and gasped, "Whoof!" Then Mort set the bottle between them and they stretched out with a sigh, grinning at each other like fools, as old friends do.

THE END



The Letter

He builds Curtiss Commandos — and the letter was from his son, who flies them. It told of 3,000,000 miles of flight each day by pilots of the ATC alone — of shuttling state officials, military cargo and wounded men between the four corners of the earth — of a trans-ocean flight every hour of the day and night.

And it closed by saying: "I wonder how many people at home realize what this all adds up to — the millions of trained flyers and ground men in the services, American bases all over the world, and the priceless skills of the people who build airplanes . . . It is one of the few dividends this war can pay, if the people only realize it!"

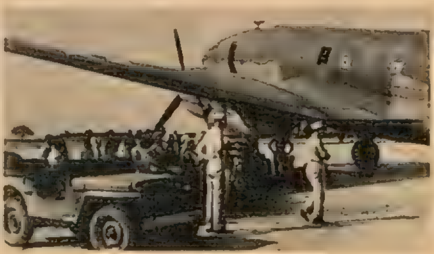
"If the people only realize it!" Realize, for instance, that in the time it takes you to read this page, 2,000 miles will be flown by the planes of the Air Transport Command alone! Realize that the vast energy of American aviation resulting from this war can be the greatest instrumentality of world peace ever created by the skills and the planning of men.

Realize that billions of dollars and thousands of man-years of training have been invested in those skills . . . that failure to use them wisely and well, after this war is won, will mean the squandering of jobs for the flyers who come back — the waste of the training and the faith of millions — the loss of a power more effective than any statesman's blueprints to break down localism, promote trade, and bring the nations of the world closer together in understanding.

But many problems must first be solved if those skills are to be one of the truly great peacetime legacies of this war — problems that call for straight thinking and action both *outside* as well as *in* the aviation industry. Problems of reconversion and finance, of international aviation agreements — of our national policy of security — of the distribution of surplus military aircraft and the degree of regulation or encouragement for the airlines of the United States.

Solution of these problems will depend upon *all* of us, not alone upon those of us who build airpower.

Fast, rugged, versatile — in spite of its tremendous size—the Curtiss C-46 Commando is flying day and night schedules on some of the world's toughest air routes. In countless missions, the "Workhorse" of the Air Transport Command is proving to be one of the most efficient and dependable carriers.



Indian natives, many of whom labor in the construction of airport facilities, follow with unending interest the comings and goings of the Commandos. Today about 75% of the supplies ferried into China are transported by these giants "over the hump" on the hazardous 500 to 600 mile aerial Burma Road.

As they roll from assembly lines in increasing hundreds, Commandos are pressed into immediate service. Jeeps, troops, guns, hospital equipment, mail and essential materials are routine cargo for the world's largest twin-engine transport plane in its global operations among America's far-flung bases.

Look to the Sky, America!

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HOMECOMING

Continued from Page 17

You'll end by eating three or four, ruin your appetite, and eat like a horse at supper. What made you so late this time?"

No one could have told from Hank's face that he had been sitting on the creek bank, impatiently eying his watch and waiting for the time he was supposed to come home. Hank had no hesitation now, no fear of doing it wrong, he and ma and papa had rehearsed it too many times.

He yanked back a chair and flopped into it, wearing the patched sweater and baggy old pants he had worn the last time Gary saw him. "Oh, I just didn't get that frog out of my desk in time is all." He smirked and sent an eloquent side glance at Gary. "You know teachers, Gary. They think frogs belong outside." The day before Gary went away, it had been a water dog in Hank's desk.

Gary relaxed. He felt almost limp as he grinned back. "I never could make 'em see the light myself. It's a rum go. You'll have to load 'em with shot or something, so they'll stay put."

Hank asked, "The teachers or the frogs?"

Gary laughed outright. It went on that way all afternoon. It went on through supper and after his mother had cleared the table and they sat in the living room.

Gary felt like a boxer, excited and on edge, feinting and shying around the ring, waiting for his opponent to make the expected rush. But the rush didn't come. His father settled to reading his paper and smoking his rank old pipe. His mother brought her sewing basket and went to work mending Hank's blouse. Hank dumped himself spread-eagled on the floor, scowled over his arithmetic book for a minute, then looked up at Gary.

"Hi, Gary. Look. If A has sixteen acres at eleven dollars per acre, and B has thirteen acres at seven dollars per acre, and C has fifty-six acres at—"

Gary interrupted. "Bring it here. That sounds like one of those tricky ones." In another minute they were bent over the problem, scowling in concentration, and it took Gary a couple of minutes to discover the trick. Then he began to laugh.

SUDDENLY he sat erect, his eyes wide. Something was wrong. He didn't feel the way he had thought he was going to feel at all. He didn't feel like a stranger in a strange land. He felt as if he had walked out the back door only yesterday. And it was all wrong! Things simply couldn't have stayed unchanged all this time. *They* were making him feel this way, his mother, his father, Hank. But they couldn't fool him! *He* knew how long he'd been gone. *He* knew how things had changed.

People could pretend. But a horse couldn't. The horse would know he was a stranger. The horse would know how long he'd been away. You couldn't hoodwink a horse!

Gary stumbled to his feet and, his face blanched, his eyes defiant, mumbled "Excuse me," and charged toward the side door, mechanically snatching down his old leather jacket and slipping it on over his tunic.

Before he went away his mother wouldn't have called to ask where he was going. She would have known. He'd always liked to ride wildly around the pasture of nights. She didn't call now, but her eyes, frightened, leaped to his father's face. This was something they hadn't counted on, with all their preparations.

She said, in panic, "Oh, what if Blackie shouldn't remember him?"

Herndon said helplessly, "Well, after all, there isn't much that you can do about a horse."

Her voice shook. "But he was almost—almost on the edge of—of adjustment. If something should throw him back now!"

Hank tossed his book to the table and made a streak for the door. Before he was down the steps, he heard his parents coming and stopped to wait for them. The three went on together, hurrying till they got Gary in sight. They could see him clearly in the bright moonlight striding toward the pasture fence. They saw him stop at the fence and lean against the top rail.

HALF across the pasture Blackie was prowling, a clean black silhouette against the grass silvered by the moon. Gary sent a shrill whistle leaping through the night air. The black horse stopped in his tracks, jerked up his head, and stood immobile. It was exactly as if he couldn't believe his pricked-up ears. Gary whistled again. Blackie whinnied, loud and long, wheeled, and came thundering straight toward the fence.

Gary vaulted the fence and went running to meet him. The big horse stopped, reaching out his long narrow head, nickering and pawing and snorting, flirting his lips and nuzzling the old jacket.

The listening three heard Gary cry, "You old devil!" They saw him reach for the long thick mane and vault to the horse's bare back. Blackie pawed the ground again, whinnied, and half reared, plunged into a long gallop across the pasture toward the third oak, Gary leaning to his speed. At the edge of the oak's spread, Blackie came to a sliding stop, waiting for Gary to stand on his back and look at the thrush's nest that was always there on the long bough every spring.

Herndon said shakily, "The damn horse! He even remembered that!"

They saw Gary's figure rise on Blackie's back, stand a moment, then sink down again to sitting posture. They saw Blackie turn into a black streak, tearing around the pasture like a creature gone mad with joy for an old comradeship renewed, and come thundering like the wind down the home stretch toward the barn.

THE three retreated to the house in haste. Herndon picked up his paper. His wife resumed her mending. Hank caught up his arithmetic.

Gary came rushing up the steps and breezed in the door, and saw them all sitting exactly as he had left them. Then he got the shock of his young life. It was as if that wild night ride had swept the last fog out of his brain. He could still feel Blackie's silky hide under his touch, he could smell Blackie's scent on his clothes and hands. The horse hadn't known! The horse hadn't known he was a stranger. The horse hadn't known he'd been away too long.

The horse had confidently expected him to pull his ears and tweak his nose, leap on him bareback and go sky-hooting to the oak, look at the thrush's nest and race like mad around the pasture—all the old tricks. You couldn't fool a horse! Why, there wasn't anything wrong about it. It was right as rain.

Gary shouted in wild excitement, "Ma! *Ma!*"

For a full instant she held herself rigid, before she dared look up with a smile. His father barely moved his eyes, gazing at him over the top of his paper. Hank gripped the arithmetic so hard his fingertips bleached white. Gary saw all that in one lightning glance. He saw the rumpled bed, the socks and shoes on the floor, the sweater on the chair, the soiled bowl and soap and towel. He saw with swift surety all that this starkly ordered atmosphere had cost them, all the numberless precautions and hidden agonizings they would never tell.

He said gently, "Hank, don't you want to look at my medals? I'll take 'em off so you can feel 'em and try 'em on, if you'd like." He lifted his hands toward the decorations, shoving the jacket back. "Ma, you come right over here and beller all you want to. Papa, I've got a swastika flag for you in my duffel bag. All the boys wrote on it for you. I've got—"

Hank threw the book across the room with a blood-curdling *Yiippeee!* He raced to take the bars and ribbons with eager caressing fingers.

His mother stumbled to her feet, sobs beating against the walls of her throat in tumultuous relief, and came rushing toward him. Gary opened his arms to her, Hank clinging at one side, and hugged her close and felt her tears wetting his neck.

His father sprang from his chair, tears frankly raining down his own cheeks. "A Nazi flag? Well, I'll be damned! Just stay where you are, son. I'll fetch the duffel bag. I—did you start to say something, son?"

Gary looked at his father exultantly across his mother's blonde head. "Yeah! Criminy gosh, papa, it's swell to be *home!*"

THE END

COLONEL STOOPNAGLE'S FICTIONARY

(Unabashed)

FAMININE: No dames.

CREASE-US: A fabulously wealthy tailor.

BRRRRLESQUER: A strip-teaser in an air-conditioned theater.

HIPPOBOTTOMUS: The big boy on the river bed.

UMPHASIS: Stressing sex appeal.

SHORE-TANNED: A stenographer on the beach.

APPETIGHT: Alcoholic hunger.

HICKUP: Rural belch.

CUSSTODIAN: An ornery guard.

LAWNING: A tent over the grass.

McELROY'S MAGIC MADHOUSE

Continued from Page 30

pionship back in 1921. Currently, his mark of 77 words received per minute, established before a group of U. S. naval officers at Asheville, North Carolina, five years ago, is the official world's record.

Nowadays, he never trains for championship competition. In 1933 his wife, Margaret, prevailed upon him to take it as seriously as it deserved. For six months Ted trained, making sure that he got enough sleep each night, eating loads less than the seeming tons of food he usually devours each day. By the time the telegraphy tournament rolled around, he was a well-conditioned shadow of his former self.

That year Ted lost the world championship—by one tenth of one point. "But he really looked wonderful after all that training," Mrs. McElroy recalls. Ted hasn't forgotten, either. He's been eating ravenously—and winning laurels—ever since.

The importance to the United Nations' war effort of the equipment conceived and manufactured by Ted is best shown by a comparison of the word rates of the world's fastest human telegraph receiver—McElroy himself—and those of his mechanical reconstructions of himself. His unofficial highest mark is ninety words a minute, while the McElroy High-Speed Recorder, one of the many models manufactured by him, records dot-and-dash signals at a speed approximating 1,000 words a minute.

Though Ted left school at the age of twelve because he just couldn't fathom the mysteries in the sixth-grade textbooks, he has no aversion to knowledge. "I think book l'arnin's a wonderful thing," he says. "That's why I got Sam Cauman here. He's the book-l'arnin' feller. When I got a problem, Sam gets me out of jeopardy by going home and reading one of those books."

SAM had to do a bit of boning during the past Christmas season because Ted got himself into "jeopardy," as he quaintly puts it. At least, he was in a fix when fire destroyed his plant at Littleton, Massachusetts, where boxes and packing cases are manufactured for the telegraphic instruments put together in the Boston factory.

The Littleton plant, set on a hill overlooking the 200-acre estate recently purchased by McElroy, caught fire the night of December 22. Ted was summoned from his ten-room home on the shore of McElroy Lake and rushed up to the fire in his bright-red Ford truck. When he arrived, the local fire chief and constabulary would pay no attention to his suggestions for fighting the blaze. Standing off to one side while it consumed his factory, he scratched his head and shouted, "Say, whose fire is this, anyway?"

The fire went on burning for two days, but McElroy wasted no time. He called up Sam Cauman and told him, "Sam, get those books out and find out how we can build a new factory, fast."

"This isn't one for the books," Sam replied. "This is a job for hard work."

That was all the information McElroy needed. He recruited as many workers as his Boston plant could spare and set to work. Even while the fire was still smoldering, he was within the ruins with steam shovels. In one day the wreckage was cleared. In four more days, on the selfsame site, a new factory was erected—and in operation. Ted McElroy had pulled himself out of "jeopardy" in five days.

"Show off!"

The fire took place a month after his plant had been awarded the Army-Navy "E." At the time the award was presented to him, the ceremony was broadcast over a national radio hook-up. Army and Navy officials went to Boston to do the honors, and it was thought wise to have a government official draw up a speech of acceptance for McElroy.

Ted accepted gracefully the suggestion that he read the speech drawn up, but at the moment he stepped forward to the microphone, he slowly tore the text of the speech into little pieces. Everybody present ducked for cover—but their fears were ungrounded. He delivered a simply worded, sincere and appropriate speech of acceptance. Its keynote was his humble thanks to his employees for their splendid contribution to the war effort.

No day's work at the McElroy Manufacturing Company is complete without reading the bulletin board at the Boston plant. The week before Thanksgiving last year, a notice was posted on the board in McElroy's quaint language informing the shop that a vote would be taken on whether the factory would be closed on the holiday. McElroy makes no major move without first consulting his employees, and the Thanksgiving referendum was part of the democratic process. A secret poll was held on the proposition, and the employees voted 95 per cent against working on Thanksgiving Day. McElroy was chagrined. The next day this notice appeared on the bulletin board:

"To my dear boys and girls: I don't know what we've got to be thankful for right now except the Rooshians and the Atlantic Ocean. How about another vote on that Thanksgiving business?"

THE workers agreed to another poll. This time they voted 100 per cent to work on Thanksgiving Day.

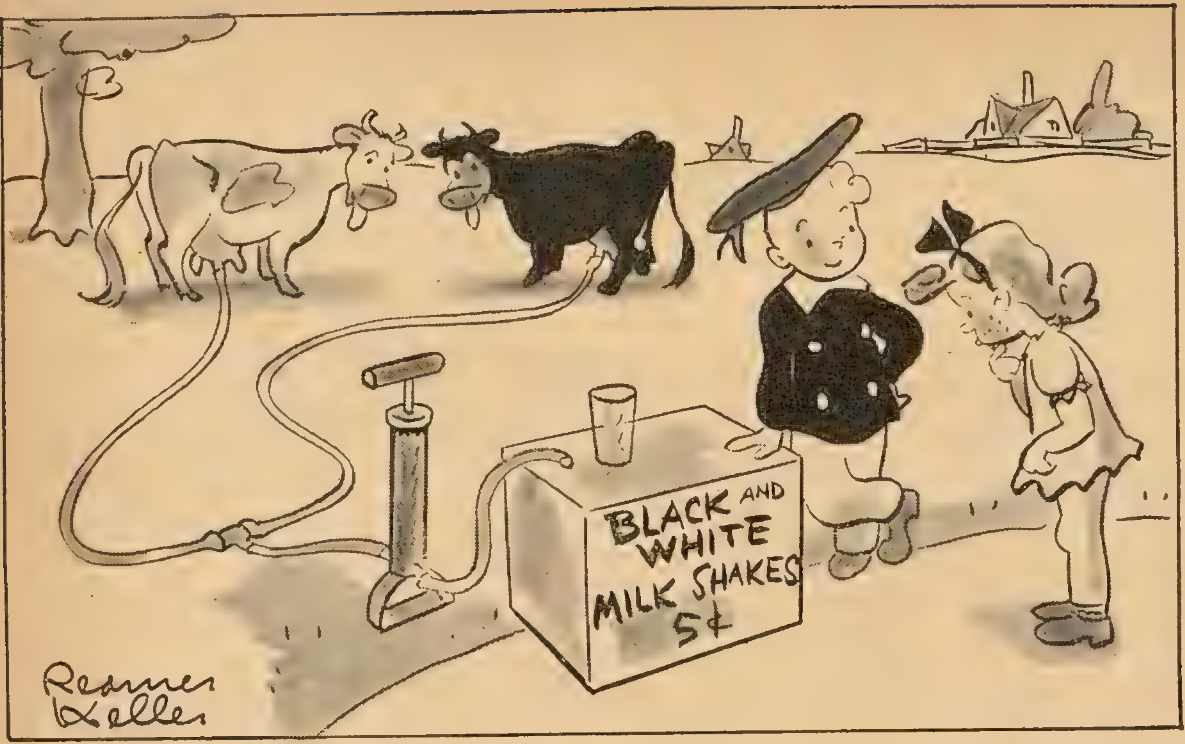
"What difference does it make, anyway?" one employee said. "So we'd stay home and go to a show. Say, you don't got to go to a show when you work at McElroy's. It's just one vaudeville act after another here."

McElroy's constant struggle with the English language is part of the entertainment. With the same canny knack he has of disregarding all nonessentials and going straight to the core of a design or production problem, Ted's simple English is efficiency in itself. He makes a few words do the work of thousands.

Advertisement

"Oh, I always choose the winnin' team! I know all the Wheaties eaters!"

You're choosing a sure winner when you team up lots of milk, fruit, and Wheaties, "Breakfast of Champions." Crack whole grain nourishment in those big crisp toasted flakes. And delicious "second helping" flavor. Lead off with a heaping bowlful of Wheaties—tomorrow morning.


BLACK AND WHITE MILK SHAKES 5¢
Reamer Keller

His slurred speech has resulted in a renaming of most of his employees. John Cannava, a former employee now in the Army, always was "Johnny Conniver" to the boss. John Feldhaus, still employed in the Boston plant, is "Johnny Fieldmouse."

McElroy went into the business of manufacturing telegraphic instruments in 1926 on $600 borrowed from two of his friends who never expected any return on their dough.

Last year the McElroy Manufacturing Company did a gross business of $4,000,000. Yet there is no difference between the man who was indebted for $600 and the man who hit the million-dollar bracket last year.

Now McElroy can afford shirts costing ten to twenty-five dollars, but he still doesn't bother buying ties to go with his shirts. And he's still the crony of his workers. For that reason alone, there is no union at McElroy's. Not that the United Electrical and Radio Workers of America, a C. I. O. union, slipped up in its organizational activities. Not by a long shot.

Whenever a United Electrical organizer negotiates for a contract in the Boston area, he uses the McElroy Manufacturing Company as a yardstick in an effort to obtain high minimum wages for the union men and women. The union considers McElroy an exemplary employer, just as his workers do.

McELROY, who grew up in Somerville, Massachusetts, and had to go to work as a Western Union messenger at the age of twelve to help support his family, really can say, "Some of my best friends are union men," and mean it. His Washington representative is Hoyt S. Haddock, who also serves as legislative representative in the capital for the American Communications Association, the militant union of radio telegraphers. But Ted goes this one better by employing as his New York representative J. Frank Rigby, who in his position as personnel manager of the Radio Corporation of America must vie with the A. C. A. in contract negotiations.

When Ted purchased his 200-acre estate at Littleton, Massachusetts, he didn't forget his old friends. Choosing the ten-room lakeside lodge as his home instead of the twenty-two-room house known as the "Palace," he turned three of the ten vast rooms into dormitories for his workers, who take turns in week-end visits to him.

There are at least half a dozen beds in each dormitory. His closets house 410 blankets for his guests, 500 plates, cups and saucers, and thousands of towels. There are five immense refrigerators for food, and there is a television set in each room of the house.

In the midst of all this, there is not one domestic helper. Ted can't stand the thought of employing persons to do the menial chores of the home. He does all the work himself, spending two to three hours each day in it.

THE luxurious twenty-two-room Palace, which he doesn't occupy, has not been left vacant. It is occupied by the families of the farm workers who till the soil on the McElroy estate. Other rural employers wanted to set up a kangaroo court to try Ted when his farm employees let it be known that they were receiving $100 a week in wages, plus sumptuous abode, but Ted's Irish charm finally won his neighbors over.

In the early days of his firm, when business was something less than good, he managed to keep life and limb together by giving typewriting exhibitions around the country for the Royal Typewriter Company. Yes, this man with the hams for hands and the telegraph key for a brain, is also one of the fastest typists in America.

Recently McElroy, one of the few Americans familiar with *katakana*, the Japanese Morse code, decided to put out a chart listing all the known codes and signals in the world. Learning of a New York commercial artist named Fred Stern who could do the art work on the chart, he called Stern on the phone and said, "Come up to Boston and have lunch with me."

Stern accepted the invitation and told his secretary, "I'm going up to Boston. I'll be back tomorrow." The artist had miscalculated, for it was eight weeks before he could detach himself from the McElroy charm. That must have been the longest luncheon date on record.

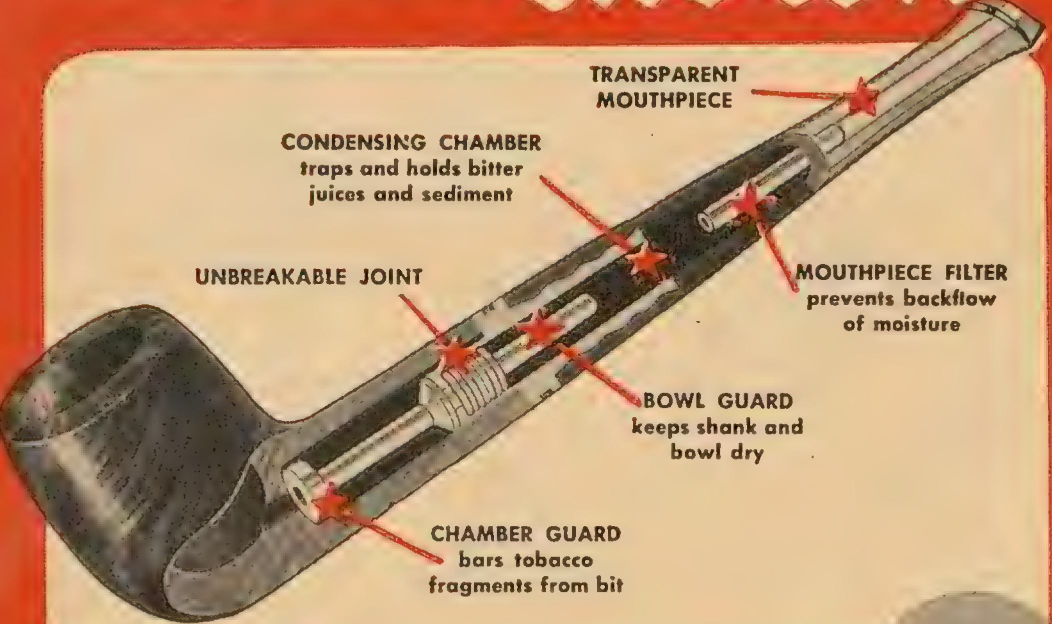
A newcomer to the McElroy company, fascinated by Ted's speed on the telegraph key, asked questions and learned that each of Ted's five brothers is a speed demon with the "bug." The next day the new employee approached the boss himself and chortled, "Now I know, Ted, why you're such a fast telegrapher. It's in your blood."

"That's right," the boss told him. "Everybody in my family is a speed telegrapher. Sure—everybody, including my adopted brother."

THE END

FOR MEN WHO REALLY KNOW PIPES

Royalton CROWN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RAID ON RABAUL

Continued from Page 20

dogfights all over the place. Planes stand on end, whirl like tops, fall thousands of feet. You don't believe your eyes.

It is all very beautiful—and terrifying!

"One down!" yells the nose gunner. Looking off to the right, I see a wing with a red circle separate itself slowly from a plane and fall off into space. Like something out of a Hollywood thriller.

We have settled down to our bombing run. Our target is a bloated freighter, anchored on the south side of the harbor. It is there, just where the photos said it would be. There are also one or two other stationary targets. But most of the harbor is in a turmoil. Ships are zigzagging about, their propellers threshing the water. Three freighters are steaming hurriedly for the mouth of the harbor. Two cruisers are twisting and turning like mad.

Not easy targets to hit from our altitude.

But our freighter sits down there, sleek and smug. And we are on the bombing run.

"There's one coming in at three o'clock," comes through the noise of the interphone. But there is no sudden shattering outburst of guns, for our gunners have never stopped firing!

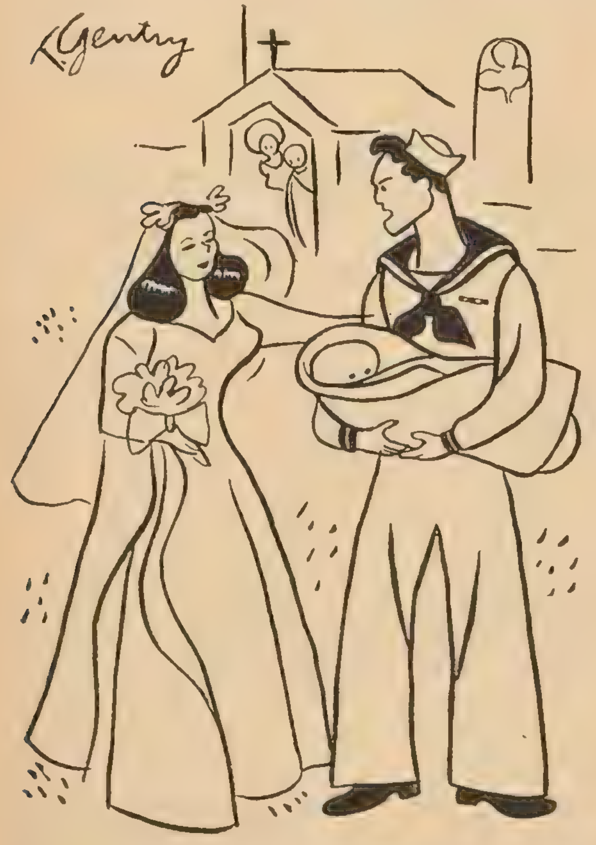
I look up at Kernan as he swings the turret around swiftly, tracking a Zero in his sights. He seems like a creature out of some fabulous Wonders of the World book, crowded in that turret, smothered in oxygen mask, winter helmet, earphones, and sun glasses. He is terribly intent now as he swings the turret around precisely, smoothly. This aerial gunnery is no hit-and-miss affair. Behind it are months and months of training, much study, much practice. You just don't pick it up with a snap of the finger.

I thank God for the eyes behind those sun glasses and the thumbs pressed against those trigger buttons!

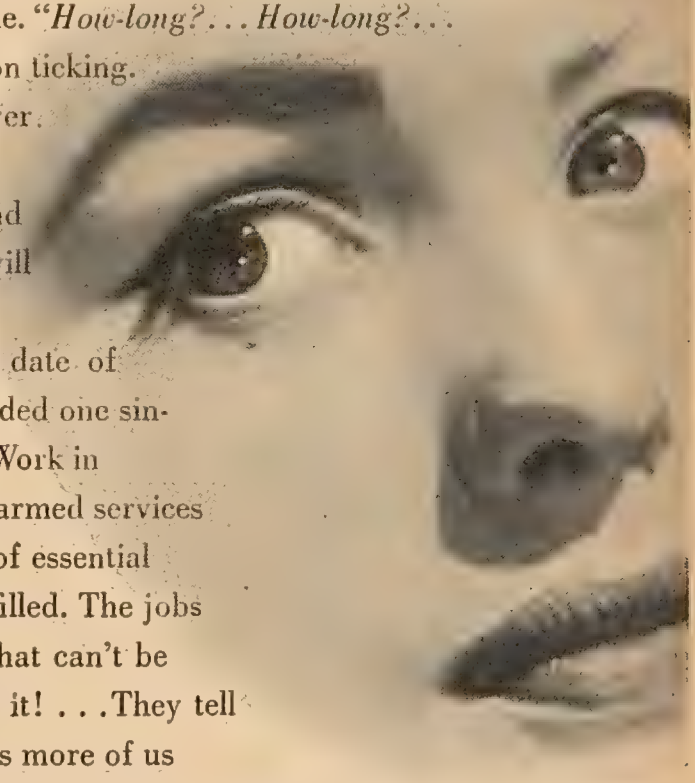
The bomb-bay doors are open. The course is straight and steady. The formation is perfect, the weather ideal, and the ship's below.

"Bombs away!"

I crouch down on the flight deck, edging my head out until I can see the bombs. They fall in a lovely pattern, fall straight and sure and deadly. They gleam in the sun. Quickly the water comes up to meet



"It seems to me your sister could have picked another day to leave her baby with us."



"Last night I listened to the clock..."

● Have you a clock that talks? Ours does—has ever since I married Jack. *"Hap-py . . . Hap-py . . . Hap-py!"*—that's what it always said to me until the time he left to fight. Then we—the clock and I—were left alone . . . Since then it haunted me. *"How-long? . . . How-long? . . . How-long?"* . . . it kept on ticking.

How could a woman answer that? There *is* a way. Not one that will set the day, month and year when all our enemies will finally be beaten—but a way to help make certain that the date of victory shall not be extended one single, needless day! . . . *Work!* Work in war industries . . . in the armed services . . . in any one of the hundreds of essential jobs that are begging to be filled. The jobs that must be filled. The jobs that can't be filled unless we women do it! . . . They tell me that you and I and millions more of us are needed . . . that no special skill is required . . . that the need is desperate. To me, that's all I need to know . . . Yesterday I got a job. Not very glamorous. Just a job. Last night I looked into the mirror. No outward change. No halo. No resemblance to Joan of Arc. But the clock knows the difference. It won't frighten me now . . . Last night I heard it using Jack's words—words spoken for millions of our men out there who are counting on us helping here. *"Good-girl! . . . Good-girl! . . . Good-girl!"* Remember that whether or not you've ever worked before—are skilled or untrained—makes no difference. In most communities there's a job waiting for you . . . Millions of women are already doing work that is new to them. In war plants—in the armed services—in the hundreds of different-type jobs in essential business —you are *needed* to overcome this desperate emergency. See the Help Wanted advertisements in your newspapers—visit the local office of United States Employment Service or Army and Navy Recruiting Stations—make inquiries among your friends . . . There's work to be done—there's a war to be won!

The more women at war ...the sooner we'll win!

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them. For a few anxious moments I think they're going to fall short. But bombs falling from that altitude always give that impression.

Then they hit! They make a perfect pattern around the freighter. The ship seems to lift out of the water, to vault into the air like a thing alive, and then settle slowly back. Thick black smoke blossoms in the air and a sheet of flame sweeps the deck.

"Bombs on target!" Cunningham yells.

Then we really get it.

By what odd chance they all mass in our small part of the sky, I don't know. But we seem to be the target for the whole damn Jap Air Force. There certainly are enough of them, anyway.

We turn slowly to the right and head for the open sea. Losing altitude, we pick up air speed. The formation tightens, every gun in every position blazing.

I hear Coffey's voice amid the uproar: "Got one more!" The Indians are on the warpath again. Watch yourselves, you Red Circles!

The lead plane is catching hell. Six Zeros are making co-ordinated passes. You don't stay healthy long when that happens. But suddenly three 38s come streaking down from above. That stops the co-ordinated attacks quickly.

There's a wild, splattering, rackety crash as The Drip bounces violently in the air. Ack-ack! It throws me to the floor and I grab wildly for a parachute. This is it, I think, and wonder how I'll get out of the plane. But The Drip continues to fly and I struggle to my feet. We're still in formation. A burst of ack-ack has caught us under the left wing. Looking out, I see a ragged pattern of holes.

Close, but not close enough.

WE are now ten minutes away from the target. Looking down, I see the open sea. It looks good. Clean and smooth and very blue.

"Two at six o'clock." It is Cook's voice on the interphone. Then, before you can snap your finger, comes that slow Tennessee drawl: "One down and one away."

Old Possum-Dropper has scored again.

Now there's a sudden silence. It scares me more than the noise. For a minute I can't understand why everything is so quiet. Slowly I understand—and feel cold all over. Not one of our guns is firing.

I clutch at Kernan in the top turret and he looks at me blankly. His turret won't move. I remember the generators and look at the indicator. They're all out. I'd forgotten about those precious generators during the excitement of the attack. And now we have none. No generators, no electricity, no turrets operating.

Kernan scrambles down to the flight deck. He shakes his shoulders helplessly. Nothing can be done. The strain of high altitude. . . .

In the cockpit the instruments operated by electricity are splayed all over the panels. Useless. The pilot can't change his prop pitch or engine speed. We can just go sailing along at the setting used before the generators burned out. And that setting is eating up a maximum of gas.

But the turrets are most important.

I look out the window and wait. There is nothing else to do.

MAYBE everybody on our crew is standing right with God. Maybe we all have clean white slates. That's the only really convincing explanation I can think of. Of course, it is about time for the Zeros to be running out of gas, and they've had only a certain amount of ammunition. Furthermore, we're fast leaving Simpson Harbor behind, and they'd probably think twice before getting too far away from their base. And there are the 38s that close around us protectingly.

But I still think it is because we are standing right with God!

Because, a minute after our turrets cease to operate, the Zeros make their last pass before heading for home. Several bullets on that last pass tear into our fuselage—but no harm is done.

We *are* standing right. . . .

After that it's smooth sailing. Of course we worry a bit about our gas supply. But there is an American-held island only 200-odd miles away. We won't have to go all the way back to the base.

The plane is pretty well riddled, but we know that everything is all right.

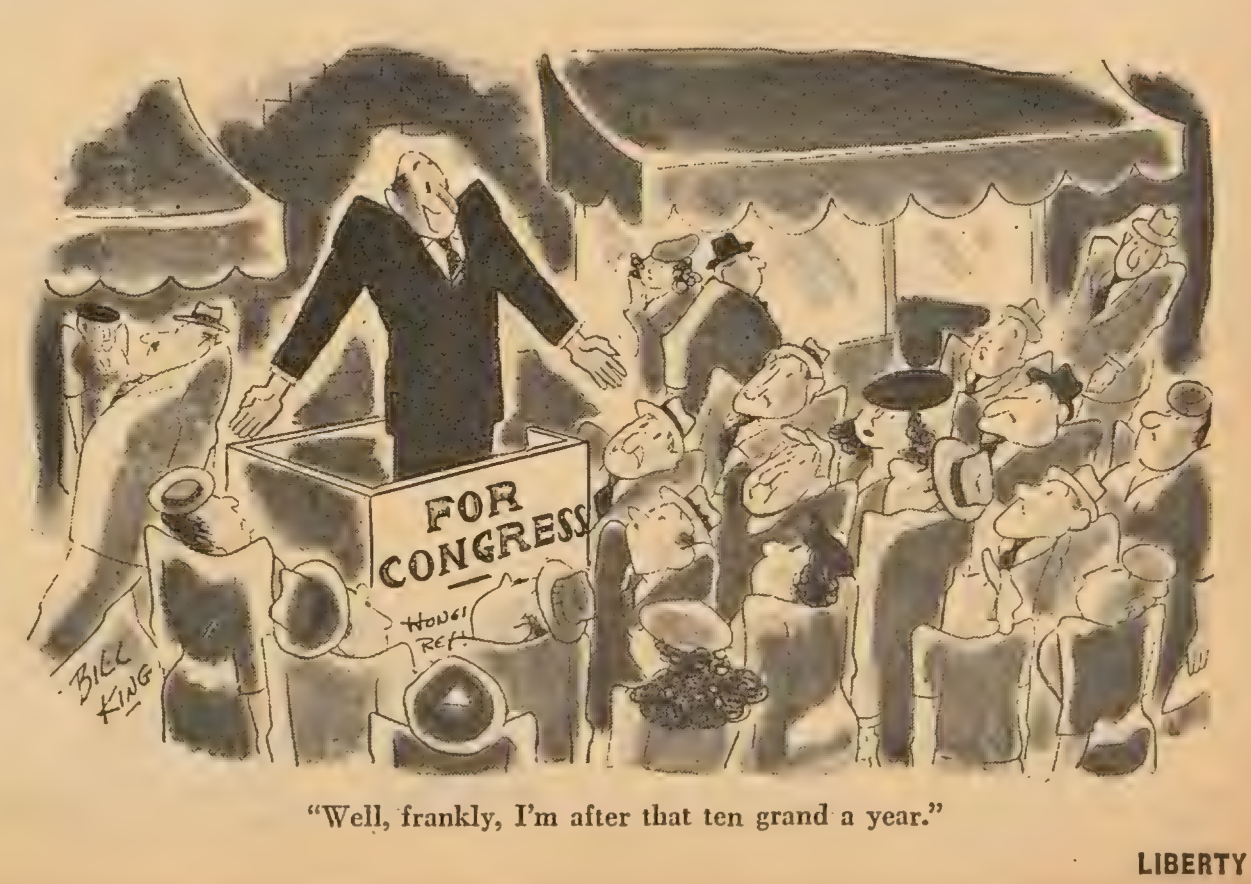
Two days later, when all the information has been collected, we're told the whole story. One hundred Jap planes destroyed on the ground and fifty-one damaged. Twenty-six Nips shot down in combat. And we sank three large freighters and three destroyers, badly damaged a cruiser, and destroyed about 120 smaller vessels.

We lost five planes.

A second Pearl Harbor *has* been accomplished. Rabaul is no longer impregnable. The Allied air victory has been a complete one, and the way is paved for new American invasions.

For weeks afterward those huge grinning skulls wear a satisfied expression.

THE END



"Well, frankly, I'm after that ten grand a year."

THIS MAN'S WAR

CONDUCTED BY OLD SARGE

I'M telling the story of the Purple Heart medal today for two reasons. First, because a lot of readers have been asking for it since the invasion began. Secondly, because Monday, August 7, will mark the 162d anniversary of the founding of this oldest of American military decorations.

George Washington himself created the award, which is authorized in this war for all U. S. servicemen and servicewomen suffering wounds or death in action.

The Commander in Chief had his headquarters in Newburgh, New York, that hot summer's day in 1782 when his order was issued. Behind him were seven years of war. The great victory of Yorktown was nearly eleven months old, but Washington's Continentals still traded skirmishing shots with the Redcoats of British General Clinton, who held New York. The big battles of our Revolution were over, but official peace—the signing of the Treaty of Paris—was still thirteen months off.

As he waited, General Washington reached his decision to establish an award for military merit to be bestowed for outstanding acts of heroism and fidelity during the long struggle. He also worked out a badge design for the award.

It was, he specified in his order of August 7, to be heart-shaped and of "purple cloth or silk, edged with narrow lace or binding," and sewn on the left breast of the uniform coat over the soldier's heart.

Fragmentary records name only three of the Revolutionary heroes who were the Purple Heart's recipients.

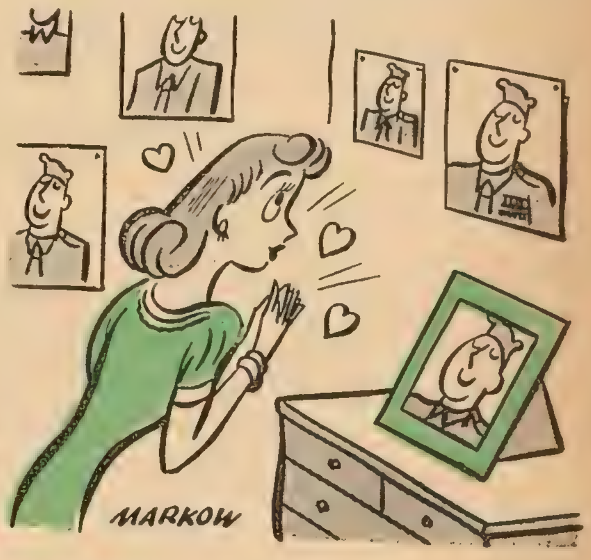
One was Sergeant Elijah Churchill of the Second Continental Dragoons, who led two destructive raids of commando type against British forts on Long Island. Sergeant William Brown of the Fifth Connecticut Regiment distinguished himself in leading a daring attack at Yorktown. And Sergeant Daniel Bissell, also a Nutmeg trooper, underwent pretended disgrace, with the ugly word "deserter" temporarily beside his name, while he risked his neck carrying out a protracted espionage mission for Washington in enemy-held New York. How many other Revolutionary fighters won the award we'll probably never know.

Only one original of Washington's badge of the Purple Heart is known to be in existence. It was found some years back on a dusty, moth-eaten Continental coat hanging on a peg near the horse stalls of an old Deerfield, New Hampshire, barn. Who originally owned the coat was never learned.

After the Revolution—as after all our past wars—America's interest in military matters lapsed. The award created by Washington lay forgotten for one hundred and fifty years. Then, on February 22, 1932, the bicentennial of Washington's birth, it was revived by President Hoover and the War Department—not as a cloth badge, but as the heart-shaped medal we see today.

It's gold in color, with a center of purple enamel. The obverse bears a relief bust of Washington. On the reverse is the inscription "For Military Merit," with the owner's name engraved beneath.

The War Department in reviving the award confined its issuance for acts or services prior to February 22, 1932, to persons who, as members of the Army, were awarded the Meritorious Services Citation by the Commander in Chief of the A. E. F. or were wounded in action under conditions entitling them to wear a wound chevron.



Her fiancé

On September 19, 1942, the War Depart-

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BOSTON, MASS.

ment authorized the Purple Heart for all Army personnel of World War II wounded or killed by enemy action. President Roosevelt followed this step on December 4, 1942, by extending the award to the other armed services.

That's the story of the Purple Heart, which you'll see more and more frequently as our wounded come home from battle. For the G. I.s who carry on in the soldierly tradition honored one hundred and sixty-two years ago by Washington, here's a salute from

Old Sarge.

* * *

Would it be proper to display a service flag for my grandsons in the service?

W. H., Bismarck, N. D.

The War Department authorizes display of a service flag by "immediate" members of the serviceman's family. Strictly speaking, this would refer to parents, brothers and sisters or children of the serviceman. But I can't imagine anyone raising the slightest objection to a service flag in the window of a proud grandfather or grandmother.

* * *

My fiancé, in the Air Transport Command and stationed in this country, has been told his outfit will be allowed only one fifteen-day furlough this year—and he won't get his until October. I miss him dreadfully! Isn't there an Army ruling that all men are entitled to thirty days a year?

A. E., Kansas City, Mo.

There is such a regulation, but it was tailored for a peacetime Army. A C. O. has authority to permit furloughs only in accordance with training and security considerations for his particular unit. Naturally, you miss the big lug. But don't forget, there are G. I.s battling in Europe and fighting or manning posts all around the globe whose wives, sweethearts, and families have missed them for two years and upward.

* * *

Sarge, if I married a British sailor would I lose my U. S. citizenship?

M. W., Pawtucket, R. I.

No, marriage to a British subject would not cost you your citizenship. You'd cease to be an American citizen only in case you became a British subject via naturalization.

* * *

I enjoyed your yarn about falling into the drink while boarding a battlewagon from a drifter on your recent trip across. You sure were lucky, Sarge, that you did it as a civilian. I pulled the same stunt once back in my Marine days. Instead of conferring a mock decoration, as they did in your case, they awarded me about three tons of spuds to peel. "Imbibing," I believe, was the word the skipper used in my citation. But all's well that ends well. Regards and *bon voyage* if you sail again.

M. L., Galva, Ill.

Thanks, Old Timer, and same to you.

* * *

What is the address in New York City to which we have been asked to send old fur coats or jackets to be made into linings for coats for men in the air forces?

Mrs. K. R., Washington, D. C.

Send those unneeded furs to the War Emergency Board of the Fur Industry, Fur Vest Project, 135 West Twenty-Sixth Street, New York City.

* * *

My husband will be thirty-eight in September. Would it be possible for him to obtain an Army discharge then, if he gets a job in a shipyard or some other war industry?

Mrs. J. P., Portland, Ore.

You're asking about an exit that no longer exists. Men who turned thirty-eight prior to February 28, 1943, were released from the Army to take employment in essential industries, providing they made application for such release before July 1, 1943. Up to this writing, there has been no indication of any intention to stage another such release of thirty-eight-year-olds.

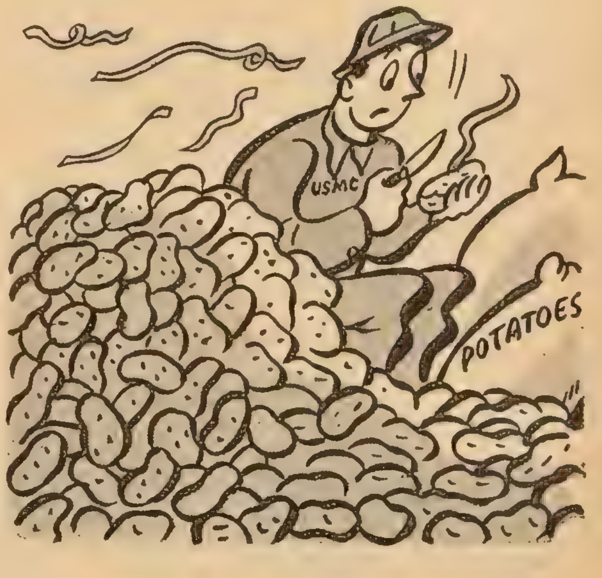
* * *

I read somewhere that there is a pin or button for men to wear who have been honorably discharged from the Army. Having been discharged some months back, I'd like to get one.

Can you tell me how?

R. E., Wheeling, W. Va.

For a Service Button denoting your honorable discharge, apply at the nearest Army Recruiting Station. You'll have to present your discharge certificate.



Three tons

Would you mind settling an argument, Sarge?

Is there such a rank as commodore in the Navy? If so, how does it rate in importance?

J. F., Tucson, Ariz.

Yes, the rank of commodore was re-established in the Navy in April, 1943. It ranks above a captain and below a rear admiral and may be compared to a brigadier general in the Army. The rank of commodore has been conferred chiefly upon the commanders of convoy escort forces.

* * *

What is the largest flag used on a military post?

G. L. V.,
U. S. Veterans Hospital, Oteen, N. C.

The garrison flag, measuring twenty feet hoist by thirty-eight feet fly, is the largest. This flag is used on holidays and ceremonial occasions. For general use, the post flag is flown. It measures ten feet hoist by nineteen feet fly. Inclement weather calls for a storm flag, measuring five feet hoist by nine feet six inches fly.

This department of Liberty is for the men and women of the armed forces of the United States: Army, Navy, Marine Corps, and Coast Guard, also their families and friends. The identity of letter writers will not be disclosed without their permission. Address your letters to: "Old Sarge," c/o Liberty, 205 East 42d St., New York 17, N. Y.

RUSSIA'S WOUNDED FIGHT AGAIN

Continued from Page 22

The Red Army's stretcher bearers, the field nurses who pick up the wounded as they fall, form the first link in the lifesaving chain. Since the first day of the war it has been a strict rule that wounded must be carried off the battlefield immediately, regardless of the intensity of enemy fire. This is the responsibility of the stretcher bearers. They are not actually stretcher bearers, for they do not work in pairs with stretchers. They work singly, crawling across the battlefield and removing the wounded on their backs. Most of them are women; many are girls from sixteen to eighteen. The soldiers call them "front-line girl friends"—a term of warmth and respect. Each must carry a shovel for entrenching. Each must know how to creep along in the midst of the battle; how to give first aid lying down; how to protect the soldier from further injury; how to remove him while crawling under fire.

Many of these field nurses have been killed, but the number of soldiers' lives they have saved is enormous. Stories of their heroism are legion. One twenty-three-year-old girl carried one hundred men and their weapons off the battlefield in a single day of fighting. Asked afterward how she felt, she said, "I was frightened. Then I was tired. But"—and she brightened—"I did it!"

Tamara Kalnina, seventeen, saved fifteen Red Army men when an ambulance was bombed and its driver killed. Fifteen times Tamara entered the burning ambulance, and fifteen times she brought out a wounded man and carried him to safety. Then, unable to walk, her own body a mass of horrible burns, she crawled to a field hospital for help.

THIS letter appeared in a Moscow youth newspaper: "It happened at River D. A bridge—not very large—rickety. Soldiers were crossing it and fording a river. Bullets whistled through the air. Enemy shells were bursting. Then a girl appeared at the bridge, leading a tired roan drawing a cart. She was wilted with fatigue, her uniform was covered with blood, her eyes burned with a terrible fire.

"Later we found this was the third cart laden with wounded whom she had rescued. Now, the cart empty, she was returning to the firing line for a fourth time.

"Suddenly, right next to the cart, a mine exploded—

"Never let the memory of this girl grow dim. Her name is still unknown, but all the soldiers who crossed the river that cloudy morning have her memory in their hearts. Red Army man Alexandrov, whom she had saved that very morning, told us that as she put him in the cart she said, 'My good brother, it is not at all terrifying to die for our Russian villages and cities.'"

Second link in Russia's chain of mercy is the mobile field hospital. Doctors dress wounds, give blood and plasma, inject tetanus and gas gangrene antitoxin, remove dead tissue, apply plaster casts and splints in the immediate battle area. They perform emergency operations as near the front line as possible. Major operations are carried on farther behind the lines.

Often in winter, dog sleds must replace ambulances for the shorter trips to specialized hospitals where the major operations are performed. For longer trips and for seriously wounded needing immediate attention, airplane ambulances cover distances averaging from sixty to 120 miles. These are mostly small outdated planes, not fit for fighting. The wounded are placed in the cabins and in padded coffin-like boxes under wings and fuselage. These planes were invaluable in removing the wounded from Sevastopol, Odessa, Stalingrad, and Leningrad. From Leningrad they carried not only wounded soldiers but civilians. Many of the pilots are women, and the medical personnel is almost entirely women.

Ambulance planes are nothing new to Russia. For ten years they had taken medical aid to, and removed the sick from, the vast Siberian and Arctic regions. As a result of this experience, the Army was able quickly to fit the next link into its chain: an efficient system of carrying aid by air to guerrilla fighters in enemy-held territory. Doctors and nurses parachute down to them with first-aid and surgical equipment, or drop supplies by parachute, to save thousands of lives.

An amazing "underground railroad" gives shelter to the wounded hidden in German-occupied villages, spirits them from house to house and from town to town, and keeps contact with the parachuting doctors and nurses.

"The lightly wounded guerrillas go with their detachment into their hide-outs in the woods," reports one doctor. "The seriously wounded are taken to villages—German-occupied villages—along paths known only to the guerrillas.

"In one German-occupied village I stopped to remove a bullet from the body of a guerrilla. There were eleven seriously wounded in that village. The guerrillas called it 'the health resort,' and every one of those men returned to fight again."

Vital in the chain of Soviet medical work are the specialty hospitals. Near the front lines, the wounded are carefully grouped according to their injuries. Each man is tagged. One tag signifies that the soldier is to go to a hospital specializing in face and skull wounds; another, a treatment center for bullet-inflicted fractures; a third designates a hospital for chest wounds; a fourth, a hospital for abdominal wounds, etc. Even such apparently simple injuries as finger and wrist fractures are treated in specialized hospitals.

THERE are twenty-five specialized hospitals for treatment and rehabilitation of men who have lost limbs. Many of these men go back into the ranks in noncombat assignments. The Russians produce thousands of hands and feet of rubber and plastics by factory methods. A clinic assistant who himself had lost a hand designed a rubber hand with which the wearer can learn to pick up a glass, pour water, light a match. It is made to unscrew at the socket so that a hammer or other tool may be screwed into its place. The Gontarev Hospital, which holds the record for restoring life to limbs, has been able to return 97 per cent of its patients to active duty, and 2.3 per cent to noncombat service.

Red Army doctors and nurses aren't alone in serving the wounded. The people

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themselves are doing a heroic job of helping to care for them. In Kalanin a hospital was created in an old building in a single day. The entire population turned out to prepare for the wounded. Hundreds of women, old men, and children dragged sleds heavy with beds, blankets, tables, bed trays, cooking utensils, night clothing, bandages, and other supplies from all corners of the town. They went into the forests and chopped wood for fires; pulled barrels of water up the steep slippery slope from the Volga (the retreating Germans had cut the city's water main). They scrubbed the building, made up beds, and had dinner ready for the wounded that night. Excepting a few Army doctors, the personnel that manned this impromptu hospital was entirely volunteer.

Even the aged are eager to help. One letter, written to the Russian Red Cross for an illiterate woman of seventy-two, read: "I want to help in whatever way I can. I am still strong and can work better than the young ones. I can't read or write, and it is probably too late now to teach me. But I can wash clothes, scrub floors, carry water, feed the wounded and care for them. I will do it all with the greatest love and care. I want to volunteer."

There are three times as many civilian volunteers for blood donations as are needed. In Moscow alone more than 2,000 donate blood each day. Since March, 1942, Russia has been preserving plasma in a frozen state for indefinite periods by a new Soviet-developed process. Fifteen hundred local centers and seven institutes have kept blood moving to the Army so efficiently that, in spite of high casualties, there has never been a shortage.

Blood donors, if they wish, may accept compensation: 135 rubles (nominal value twenty-seven dollars) for a half pint; 270 rubles for a pint. Most of the donors refuse the money; many donate it to the Defense Fund. All donors must accept additional food to restore energy, for the Russian rations are at a bare minimum for health. They receive three fourths of a pound each of sugar, butter, meat, and cereal at the time of the donation, and also supplementary ration cards entitling them to ten pounds of bread, a half pound of sugar, two and a half pounds of meat, one and a quarter pounds of cereal, and one pound of butter, over a period of a month.

Before the blood is taken, donors are fed toast and hot tea with lemon and sugar; afterward, they get hot cabbage-and-beef soup, veal cutlets, fried potatoes, cakes, hot tea with sugar, and lemon slices coated with sugar. Blood may be donated by an individual no oftener than once in six weeks, and donors must be over eighteen.

The Germans who face Russia's fighting men are not half so fortunate in the care they receive. Soviet doctors, who once considered Germany first in the world of surgery, now hold the Nazi Army Medical Corps in contempt. One reason is the bad showing of the German surgeons on the Russian front. Chief Surgeon Burdenko of the Red Army estimates that only about 40 per cent of the German wounded return to the ranks; the majority of the remaining 60 per cent die. One German company ambulance doctor told his captors that 40 per cent of his wounded died; 35 to 40 per cent remained cripples; and only 2 per cent returned to action.

Failure of the German surgeons is due in great part to military miscalculations at the start of the war. They believed the Russian campaign would be another blitzkrieg; that there would be no need for any great number of casualty clearing stations and field hospitals, or for large medical staffs. As a result of this unpreparedness many German soldiers lost arms and legs from frostbite; thousands died from severe colds. Time and again the Germans have abandoned their seriously wounded on the battlefield.

"That makes an even three million I owe you."

In contrast, one outstanding Russian Army doctor reports: "There are times when our Russian surgeons don't leave their operating tables for three or four days on end. In seventy-two hours a surgeon may treat 200 to 250 soldiers. We fight for lives."

The Russians have come to look with increasing admiration on American surgery. "Today," says one high official, "American surgery ranks above all. The experience of our American colleagues is indispensable to us."

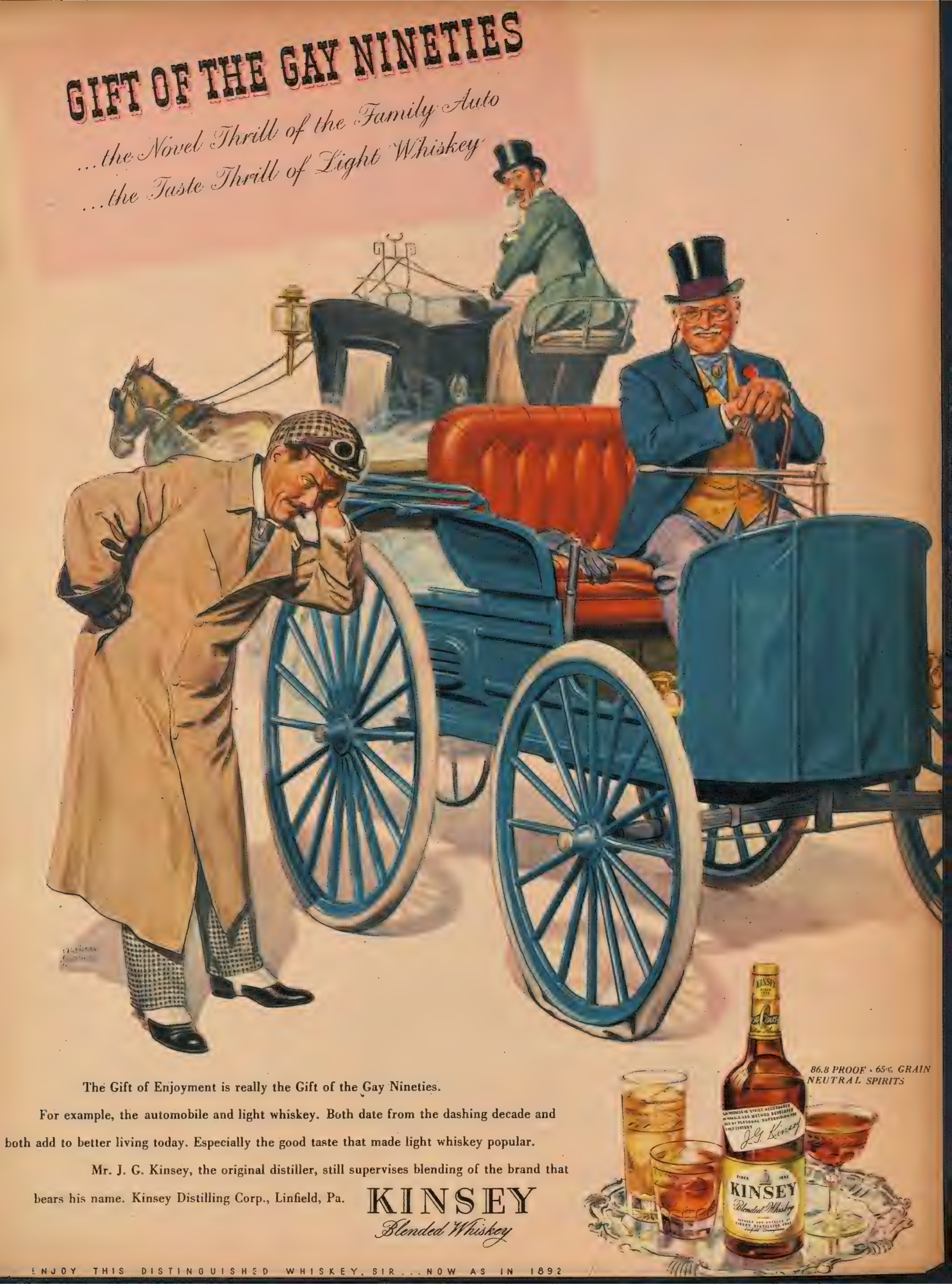
Part of this admiration stems from the high quality of American surgical instruments and medicines now being received in Russia through Russian War Relief, an American volunteer organization. In the past year Russian War Relief has shipped close to $5,000,000 worth of medical supplies alone—supplies so badly needed that within three days of arrival they were in use in hospitals at the front and behind the lines.

A few items picked at random give an idea of the desperate need: 48,500 amputating and operating knives; 80,000 pairs of surgical gloves; 128,367 pairs of surgical scissors; 143,367 hot-water bottles; 67,000,000 sulfapyridine tablets; 12,000 convalescent coats and trousers; 30 operating fluoroscopes; 50 radiographic and fluoroscopic machines; 10 complete mobile X-ray field units. Often Russian War Relief has been able to fill spot demands for the Soviet faster than lend-lease. For example, it flew in by plane some 13,000 safety razors when Russia's hospitals faced an acute shortage.

Meanwhile Russia's doctors and scientists work frenziedly to develop new techniques, better ways to save more lives. In spite of the enormous demands on manpower, Russia's medical institutions are graduating a record number of physicians and surgeons this year, equipped to carry on with lifesaving at the front. The lights in Soviet laboratories never go out, for theirs is a fight against time and death.

In World War I, 55 per cent of Russia's wounded died; millions more remained cripples and invalids. In this war, far more brutal in the injuries it inflicts, only 1½ per cent of the wounded have died. "But this is still not good enough," say Soviet surgeons. "We can do better."

THE END



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Shuron

SMART EYEWEAR

TO THE VICTORS BELONG THE COMMITTEES

Continued from Page 15

deed which even gets itself talked about on the floor, to say nothing of its being acted upon. Endless parliamentary hocus-pocus is involved in unearthing it from whatever convenient spot an unfriendly chairman may have chosen to bury it in. Chairmen devote most of their time to the work of their particular committees. The chief clerk of a committee is usually the chairman's own secretary, and the rest of the committee clerical staff are his appointees. Almost invariably the veteran members of the committee other than the chairman are chairmen of other committees, and they are perfectly willing to let him run his show because they have their own to run.

A chairman can sit on a bill or bring it up for consideration when he feels in the mood. True, a majority of his committee can override him, but this doesn't often happen. The chairman appoints all subcommittees, stacking them with members obedient to his wishes, and an obstreperous member may discover that his own pet legislation has had its throat cut while he wasn't looking.

In their dealings with Congressional committees, the executive departments of the government deal with the chairmen, and because these departments live and breathe on the money pumped into them by Congress, they are likely to be more than somewhat friendly to committee chairmen—especially the chairman of one of the Appropriations committees.

THE prediction that a Republican Congress can wreck the New Deal even with a New Dealer in the White House is based on the fact of Congressional control over the purse strings. Suppose, for instance, that executive agency PDQ is unpopular with the new Congress. It may not be possible to eliminate PDQ all at once. A slice of it may have to be kept around to liquidate whatever involvements it has on hand. What could happen is that Congress would grudgingly dole out just enough pennies to let PDQ finish its job, but not enough for it to tackle anything else or plan for anything except a quick death by starvation. The Senate, moreover, must confirm major White House appointments, and a Republican Senate could enforce appointment of non-New Dealers by refusing to confirm any New Dealers advanced as candidates.

One of the key figures in a Republican Congress would be John Taber of the 36th District, New York, heir apparent to the House Appropriations Committee chairmanship. Taber, a veteran of twenty-one years' service, is very angry at the New Deal and hasn't missed a chance to say so in twelve years. This white-haired sixty-three-year-old lawyer begrudges spending taxpayers' money much more than he does his own. He refers scornfully to the New Deal as "this outfit." Detail is his passionate interest. No item is too trivial to escape his attention, and his committee combs through appropriations running around 100 billion dollars a year.

Another who is equally willing to play the role of executioner of the New Deal is Jesse Wolcott of Michigan, a member of the House for fourteen years and prospective chairman of its Committee on Banking and Currency. Wolcott is short, hefty, slow-moving, fast-thinking, conservative, and erudite.

The Naval Affairs Committee in the House would draw another roly-poly, Mel Maas of Minnesota, who knows his Navy as few nonprofessionals could know it. He was with the Marines in World War I, and he's had a go at combat in World War II in the South Pacific. He's a "Big Navy" man and, peacetime or wartime, he favors Uncle Sam's having one. He has been a sore trial to the New Deal on most scores, but another Minnesotan has been even more so. This is Harold Knutson, breezy, short, fat, and bald, as Western as a prairie fire, and the prospective chairman of the very potent Ways and Means Committee.

This is the committee which initiates tax legislation. Knutson is forever unhappy because Bob Doughton, the North Carolina Democrat who is chairman today, insists on secrecy for the committee's deliberations. Knutson would just as soon have it debate its bills in public. After all, the public pays for them, he reasons.

Under the Republicans there'd be a woman chairman, Edith Nourse Rogers of Massachusetts, for the Committee on World War Veterans Legislation. She is best known at the moment as the sponsor of the WAC bill, although she's been in Congress since 1925.

THE Committee on Rules of the House is almost a superbody, a sort of supersteering committee, and if the New Deal rummaged the world, it couldn't find a man less pleasing to itself than the prospective G. O. P. chairman. This is Hamilton Fish of the 26th District of New York, one of the most discussed and cussed men in the country, who has never yet found anything, domestic or foreign, on the New Deal menu which did not afflict him with acute nausea. It will go hard with the New Deal if Ham Fish is swinging the blackjack in the Rules Committee.

Something of an exception to the general run of violent anti-New Deal feeling among House Republicans is Charles Eaton of New Jersey. Eaton has followed the White House rather substantially on foreign policy at least, and he is heir apparent to the House Committee on Foreign Affairs. That might be some consolation for the New Deal if it retains the Presidency.

New Jersey would also draw the chairmanship of Interstate Commerce—Congressman Charles A. Wolverton, studious, quiet, and conservative, who would bring to that job a splendid background in the laws and regulations governing commerce.

Clifford Hope of Kansas is ranking Republican on the Agriculture Committee, and while he's listed as a member of the farm bloc, he is somewhat more "moderate" than other members of that powerful dual-party alliance on Capitol Hill. He's a lawyer himself, but the farm bloc isn't likely to be much different from what it is today. The solons from the silo section are too numerous to brook restraint.

The Military Affairs Committee would be headed up by Walter G. (Ham) Andrews of the 40th District of New York, a veteran of the Mexican border campaign and World War I and a personal friend of General Dwight Eisenhower—which is something to think about in relation to what a new administration might ask in the way of a change in military leadership.

The prospective chairman of the Judiciary Committee is another World War I Veteran, Clarence E. Hancock of the 35th District of New York, an excellent lawyer, quiet, and generally respected.

There is nothing quiet, however, about any of the gentlemen who would head the major committees in the Senate. Among them are some of the most explosive, most talked-about, most forceful men in the world, let alone in Washington.

The most important committee in the Senate is, perhaps, Appropriations, and the chairman apparent, assuming his re-election this year, is Gerald P. Nye of North Dakota.

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At fifty-one, and in his nineteenth year in the Senate, Nye rejoices in operating as a thorn in the side of the New Deal. One of the sharpest critics of New Deal foreign policy before Pearl Harbor, he is also extremely "farm-minded," and the farm bloc would feel no pain if he inherited the Appropriations chairmanship. Like Taber in the House, he is a detail man on appropriation bills and a sworn enemy of spending tax money on "experiments."

LIKE Nye, most of the prospective G. O. P. chairmen have been called "isolationist" and were in the Senate before the New Deal was born. Arthur Capper of Kansas, at seventy-nine brisk, gay, and gingery, has his choice between chairmanship of the Agriculture Committee and of the Finance Committee. It is a good bet he'd choose Agriculture.

In almost every case the Senate chairmanships present something of a choice to the ranking Republicans. House members rarely have membership on more than one big committee, whereas senators serve on four, five, or six committees and frequently "rank" on more than one. Henrik Shipstead of Minnesota is next in rank to Capper on Agriculture; and on Finance, the Senate's tax committee, Arthur Vandenberg of Michigan is next to Capper, but Vandenberg is a likely claimant of the chairmanship of Foreign Relations or Commerce. The Michigan newspaper publisher is well equipped for either spot. A senator since 1928, he is author in fact of the federal deposit insurance plan, is generally considered one of the closest students of legislation on the Hill, and is deeply interested in foreign affairs as well as in domestic matters.

Another prospective chairman of a major committee up for re-election is Charles W. Tobey of New Hampshire. He entered the Senate in 1939 and is therefore young in seniority for the rank which may win him chairmanship of Banking and Currency, a strategic spot.

In contrast, Hiram Johnson of California, who has been a senator since 1917, would be chairman of Foreign Relations, although at seventy-seven his health is not too good. It could be that he'd pass the chairmanship along. The line of succession is Capper; Robert M. La Follette, the Progressive who might get it if he elected to caucus with the Republicans; Vandenberg; Wallace H. White of Maine; Shipstead, and Nye, most of whom have other shots at spots of more personal interest to them. This chairmanship of Foreign Relations, certain to be a key spot in postwar world affairs, is somewhat in doubt. But it is noteworthy that Nye is chairman of the Republican Conference Committee on Committees, which has considerable to say about who lands on what committee.

Also in doubt, as already indicated, are the chairmanships of Finance and Commerce. On Commerce, the Republican line-up includes Johnson of California, Vandenberg, Ralph Brewster of Maine, and Harold Burton of Ohio. As it sits, it looks like Brewster.

Customarily, the majority leader of the Senate does not hold a chairmanship, and Senator Wallace H. White of Maine, Republican floor leader since the death of Charles McNary of Oregon, would be forced to forgo chairmanship of Interstate Commerce if he retains his leadership. New England states have a chance at several chairmanships besides Banking and Currency and Commerce, by reason of the ties between New England and the Republican Party.

Warren R. Austin of Vermont is the prospect for Judiciary, but is also ranking member of Military Affairs. John Danaher of Connecticut ranks next to Austin on Judiciary, and Styles Bridges of New Hampshire next to Austin on Military Affairs.

No confusion will exist about Naval Affairs, however, if Senator James J. Davis of Pennsylvania is re-elected. "Puddler Jim" is one of those rare people who have gone to Congress after holding a Cabinet post. He was Secretary of Labor under Harding, Coolidge, and Hoover.

If the Republicans control the Senate in 1945, the chairmanships in general will follow this outline. There may be some trading around, even to a point where men now comparatively low in rank will edge within striking distance of a chairmanship. Deaths have permitted senators elected as late as 1938 to move into such positions.

New Dealers (and Democrats) insist the G. O. P. hasn't a chance to control the Senate, though they largely concede the House. The G. O. P. remembers, on the other hand, that in 1942, with the party organization badly shot, in debt, and indulging in family quarrels, it elected nine new Republican senators, among them E. H. Moore of Oklahoma and Chapman Revercomb of West Virginia, states nominally Democratic strongholds. It remembers, too, that it has twenty-eight governors, and that Kentucky in an off-year election went Republican.

THE G.O.P. is extremely cocky about its chances in the Senate. As things sit, it must hold all the seats it has and take twelve more to organize the chamber. It figures there are fifteen Democratic senators up for re-election whose seats are most insecure, among them that of Majority Leader Alben Barkley of Kentucky.

With that situation prevailing, the G. O. P. thinks anything can happen.

THE END

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BLOW HIGH, BLOW LOW

Continued from Page 25

out the missionary and cannibal puzzle on the nearest cadet, and Peter left the place and went to the communications office.

The blimps on regular antisubmarine patrol had found nothing off the coast. At eleven hundred, four training blimps took off, and Peter called Mr. Whittaker.

There was no word. Sue's mother was prostrated by anxiety.

At noon the fog was still tight over the bay, and Peter's chest felt as if a thirty-pound sack of ballast sand was resting on it. He paced the wide hangar doorway for the hundredth time, and noticed that the hills to the southwest were now barely visible. Perhaps up around a thousand or twelve hundred feet there would be a wind blowing westward.

All at once he found himself before the captain, getting his tongue into a bight.

"Sir, I thought—that is, if I could have permission to hop the Sad Sack—that is, sir, the free balloon—"

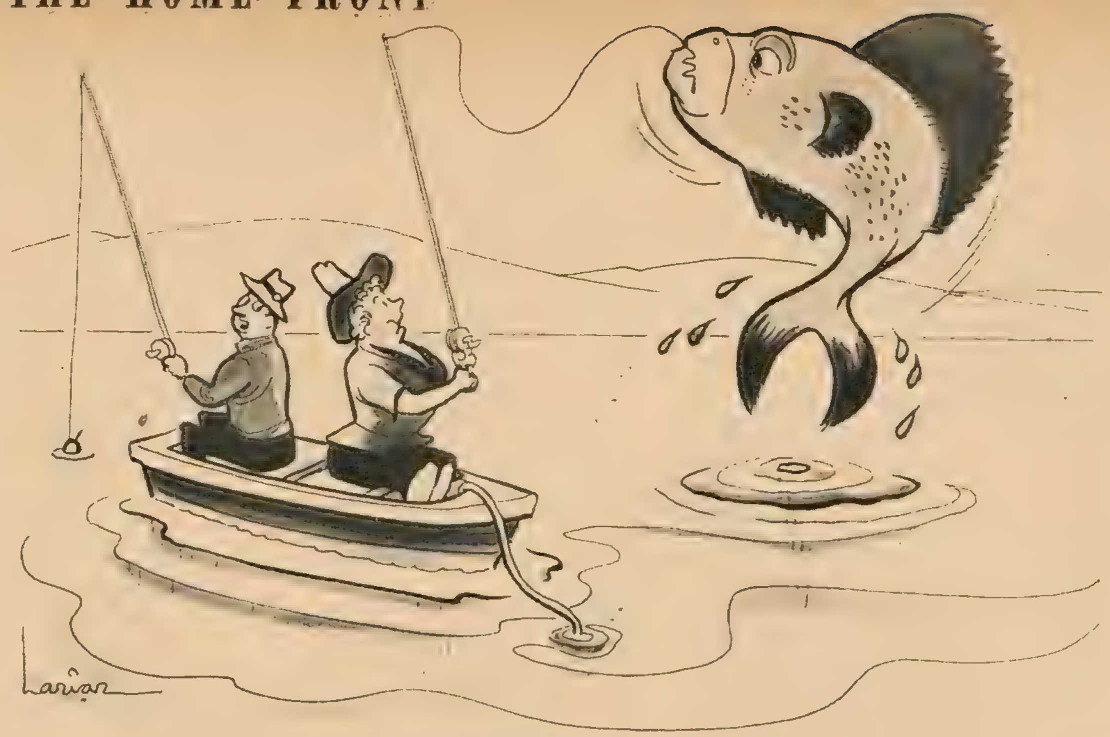
"As a part of the searching party?" the captain asked with a faint smile. "Wind's toward the bay, isn't it?"

"Yes, sir, but maybe higher up it wouldn't be. Anyway, sir, we'd like to get in some time. And you can scout a lot of territory from a free balloon, captain. It's like an observation tower. It's steady. A free balloon, sir—"

He was getting all wound up, and he was going to tell the captain that the Sad Sack was tops, and that if you knew your business you could make her roost on a barbed-wire fence.

"Permission granted, Seahorn," the captain said.

THE HOME FRONT



"You're just imagining things, dear!"

THE Sad Sack was heavy, and there wasn't enough heat in the sun to expand her gas. Peter jettisoned ten sandbags, although Ensign Stuckey complained the ballast might be needed later, before the ground crew could weigh him off. The Sad Sack rose into a sky still wispy with fog, and started a slow drift toward the bay.

"This is crazy," Stuckey said. "If we have to cross the bay, we'll have to sit down somewhere and phone and wait a couple of hours for the trucks. I'll miss my date with Sue."

"The hell with your date!" Peter flared. For all you know, Sue's —Sue's— Out one handful! Out two handfuls! Let's get some altitude!"

The altimeter swung to eight hundred, nine hundred, a thousand. Peter jettisoned even more sand. The drift was the same—due east. Eleven hundred, and the pigeons were fluttering in their box. Peter looked down at a cabbage patch, and saw the drab expanse of the mud flats just beyond. Two power lines angled across this monotonous waste, and farther on was the dirty water of the bay half concealed by fog. Twelve hundred and seventy.

"Sir," said one of the cadets, "there's

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something in the mud. Right over the third tower in that first power line—"

Peter looked and let out a yell. It was a sailboat turned on her side, her wings muddied and bedraggled. Two tiny figures perched on her sloping hull.

"Break out a pigeon!" Peter ordered. "Stuckey, send a dispatch: 'Flint boat sighted in mud flats NE station. Both alive. Will attempt rescue. Seahorn.' "

"You're going to try setting down at that spot?" Ensign Stuckey demanded. "Uh-uh, Peter! It's between the power lines. You brush a hot wire, and we'll swap our Navy wings for the real thing!"

"Write the dispatch!" Peter told him.

The Sad Sack was at thirteen hundred. Peter checked the drift as the pigeon was tossed. The bird circled twice and made a beeline for the home loft. But the training blimps were a long way off by now, and any other method of rescue would be necessarily slow. That mud, as an occasional duck hunter learned, could come up to a man's armpits.

"Valve one second. Valve two seconds. Out two handfuls!"

Ensign Stuckey opened his mouth to protest, but closed it again and swallowed hard. The Sad Sack fell through with express speed, regained positive buoyancy, drifted a little farther eastward, and fell through again. Peter groaned. They were too far south; they'd miss the sailboat by two hundred yards.

He tossed a handful of tissue paper over the side. The drift was due eastward all the way down.

"We've got to go upstairs and find a south wind!" Peter said. "Out two handfuls. Out two handfuls. Out one handful!"

SUE stood up and waved her scarf. Sue knew he was trying. He cupped his hands and shouted down: "Stand by to grab the dragline when I come over!" and then ordered more sand out of the basket.

The bubbles ran right through the statoscope tube, and Peter jarred the altimeter into admitting that they were up to fourteen fifty. At fifteen hundred he checked the climb long enough to watch more paper flutter earthward, and at seventeen hundred he repeated the process.

The second handful swayed and bent northward.

"Got it!" Peter exulted. "We want that wind at about sixteen hundred feet. Stuckey, check the drift. You're a mathematician—line us up with that boat. Valve one second!"

The Sad Sack started down, with Peter hammering the altimeter. He held her at sixteen hundred, and juggled sand and gas as delicately as if he were using chemists' scales. The drift northward was almost imperceptible.

"Mark, mark, mark!" Stuckey was chanting nautically. "Take it easy, now! Mark, mark! Hold her, Peter!"

Peter yanked the valve line, and felt his ears pop as the Sad Sack went down like a shot—out of the north wind and into that blowing eastward. He gauged the distance to the overturned boat and the height of that first power line.

"We're on the beam, Stuckey!" he said. "Get that dragline ready. Wilson, hold a bag of sand on the basket coaming—hold two bags! If we miss with the dragline, drop them both so we'll hop over that next set of hot wires!

"Valve half second. Out one handful. Out two handfuls. Valve one second."

"I can't keep up with you, sir!" complained the log keeper.

"The hell with the log! Hey, Rocky! Grab the line and take a round turn on something!"

"You're crazy!" Rocky Flint yelled back. "Keep off—keep away from these wires!"

Peter Seahorn laughed. He could see Sue's face turned up like a white flower. Her lips were parted. He knew, now, he wouldn't wait till they were alone. . . .

The Sad Sack's faint shadow crossed the power line, and then her basket was so close to the wires Ensign Stuckey shut his eyes and heard the transmission lines singing. Peter yanked the valve line and held it down.

"Drop the drag!" he shouted.

Stuckey heaved the line over the side. It trailed in the mud, costing the Sad Sack at least thirty pounds of lift, and Peter watched it, agonized. It wasn't going to touch the sailboat after all—it was missing by eight or ten feet.

Then Rocky Flint proved that he was a man of action. He ran the treacherous length of the canted hull and dived for the mud. There was a splatter and a jerk. Peter valved gas for a full three seconds. The Sad Sack's basket dragged in the muck and came to a dead stop, with her crew clinging to the rigging to avoid being thrown overboard.

"O. K.!" Peter announced. "Now, Rocky, just wade back to the boat and run that line through a block. I'll lighten ship, and you can haul us flush with the deck. That way, Sue won't get her feet wet."

"Peter," Sue cried, "you're wonderful!"

Rocky Flint spat out a blob of mud and snorted. "He's a damn fool!" he said cheerfully as he waded through the mud. "But he's lucky. The tide would be in again in a little while. There was water here last night, believe it or not!"

He made the boat, and Peter scooped sand from a fresh bag until the Sad Sack lifted a few inches from the mud. Rocky hauled her across the intervening space. Ensign Stuckey, ever gallant, helped Sue into the basket. But it was Peter to whom she gave the quick little hug.

Rocky Flint was about to climb in, too, but Peter stopped him.

"What do you weigh, Rocky?" he asked.

"Hundred and ninety—er—two," said the mud-plastered jaygee. "But I— Why?"

Peter grinned. "We haven't got enough sand to drop out here to compensate. In fact—"

Ensign Stuckey stiffened. "What are you looking at *me* for?"

"Sue weighs a hundred and fifteen. You weigh a hundred and thirty. Right?"

"But I can't get out here!" Stuckey protested. "We've got enough sand for Sue's weight!"

"And we may need it before I find a place to set down," said Peter. "Sorry, Stuckey, but it's an order. There'll be a blimp along after a while. Out you go!"

HE shipped the dragline and dropped two full bags of sand. The Sad Sack pulled her basket bottom out of the mud, and leaped skyward before the wind could catch her. She was over the farther power lines at a hundred and fifty feet before Peter remembered something.

"Hey, Stuckey!" he yelled back at the boat. "I just figured it out! You guys are cannibals. Sue and I are missionaries! Get it?"

There was no answer, but Sue got it. Sue crept into the crook of his free arm, and the cadets looked the other way, and Peter kissed her. She had a daub of mud on the tip of her nose, and her hair was matted, and she was beautiful.

"Sue," he said, "it looks like we never will be alone, but I have to ask you something. Will you—"

The log keeper pried Peter's fingers loose from the valve lanyard, logged a three-second loss of gas, and took the responsibility of ordering out six handfuls of sand. The answer, it appeared, was yes.

THE END

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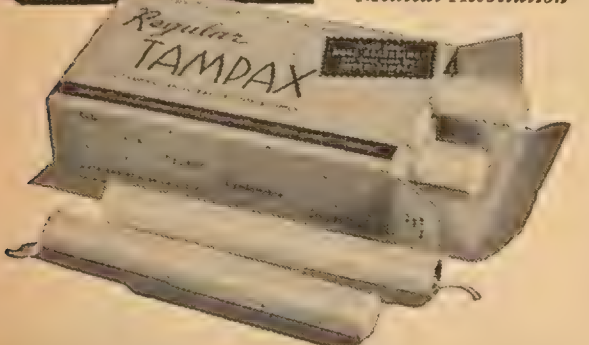
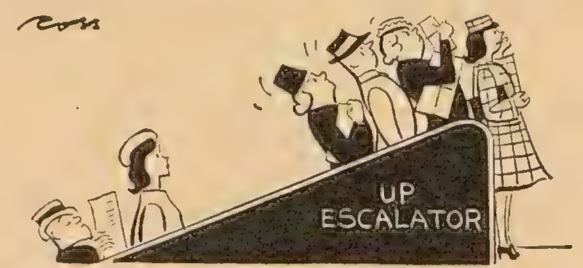


Woman-Talk

BY MARGARET FISHBACK

PET PEEVES: Cold sandwiches served on warm plates in soda fountains where the turnover is so rapid a plate doesn't have a chance to cool off after being washed and dried. . . . Hot fried eggs chilling themselves rapidly on a cold plate. . . . People who won't move to the rear of the elevator or the bus, even though they aren't planning to get off till the end of the line. . . . Shoppers who disembark from an escalator and stand stock-still in front of it, and then snarl as the other riders pile up on top of them. Shoppers who do the same on emerging from a revolving door, and are surprised and grieved when other people bump them out of the way. Shoppers linked arm in arm strolling down a crowded department-store aisle, and holding up hordes of customers in a hurry. . . . The unprincipled character who sneaks in at the head of a line of people waiting at the post-office window. . . . Picking one of the lines at the bank's wickets, then seeing an adjacent line melt swiftly away while mine is held up by someone depositing and cashing checks running into astronomical figures. . . . Women who bawl out salesclerks for keeping them waiting twenty minutes when it has been only ten.



COAL-BLACK MARKET: News from Belgium and the Belgian Congo, published by the Belgian Information Center, 630 Fifth Avenue, New York, makes life in the United States seem extra wholesome. The black-market price for butter in the region of Namur, Belgium, is 400 francs, or about $16, a pound. Bacon at 300 francs a kilo comes to about $5 a pound, while sardines bring 58 francs, or about $2, a box.

CHEST PROTECTOR: How about cleaning out that medicine chest NOW? So many odd bottles could go—the pink liquid which Mama *thinks* was what Dr. Anderson prescribed for little Marmaduke last winter; the lemon-colored bottle which is probably that sedative he gave Papa the night the baby came; the eye drops dated August 4, 1934, or are they nose drops? And all the other mysterious bottles and boxes which no one dares to use or throw away. Thousands of medicine chests harbor not only trash, but danger, in the form of badly labeled jars and vials which may contain poison instead of only antiquated medicines which have lost their potency.

HOT TIP: At a recent service in the Protestant Episcopal Church of the Heavenly Rest in New York, the Rev. Dr. Henry Darlington revived the old admonition: "When your knees get wobbly, kneel on them."

AS YE SEW: To paraphrase the Bible, "As ye sew, so shall ye reap," has been handsomely demonstrated in the Fourth Annual National Sewing Contest, sponsored by the National Needlecraft Bureau. The six home sewing champions were presented with $100 war bonds at a fashion show in the Waldorf-Astoria, New York. Many other garments in addition to the first prize winners were shown on ravishing models who didn't detract one bit from the beauty of the clothes. Each garment in the show had won a first-award war bond in local competitions sponsored by newspapers or radio stations in key cities. Every single entry should put manufacturers and couturiers and stores on their mettle, for the quality of the tailoring and the charm of both the standard pattern dresses and those made from the contestants' original designs show that a woman with a sewing machine and some fabric can perform miracles. And she doesn't even need new materials. Mrs. J. W. Tracy of Columbus, Ohio, won a $100 bond with a magnificent suit made from a ten-year-old black flannel robe coupled with a spicy brown woolen cloth, salvaged from her husband's old sports coat. She seasoned this with a chartreuse blouse of new fabric—total cost to her, five bucks! Another conservation entry which won a local contest consisted of brother and sister suits: Big Sister's skirt and bolero were of white cotton; her blouse, striped cotton. Little Bro had white pants and bolero, plus stripes for his shirt—the whole works made from five men's shirts, cast off by the head of the house. Cutest trick of the fashion show was a sister act; the teen-age sis wore a light blue cotton dress with square neck and waist outlined in eyelet embroidery. The baby sister model couldn't have been much more than two, and she carried a doll dressed the same way. Youngest national champion was twelve-year-old Clare Davis of Rocky River, Ohio, who won a $100 bond with her blue-gray woolen suit. A serious Victory gardener and pianist, she took up sewing two years ago, and is now teaching her mother!

OLD MEANIE: Nomination for world's meanest man goes to Mr. Lancelot Arthur Rushbrooke of London who recorded his wife's faults in a diary from which he solicitously read to her every Friday night. Mrs. Rushbrooke was granted a decree nisi in the Divorce Court on the ground of cruelty.

OUTPOST STOCKHOLM

Continued from Page 23

the Swedes on American culture; he won Sweden's applause last winter by playing his way into the final match of the country's squash tournament. Mab Wilson, a former model and vice-president of a perfume house, distributes fashion material to the Swedish press and also manages the OWI campaign to get American institutional advertising in the Swedish papers, which carry tributes to American industrial might from firms busy making goods of war.

The OWI lends a helping hand to Americans as well as to Swedes. I flew into Sweden last year with Martha Cooke and Isabelle Davenport, two girls who went out from the United States to take secretarial jobs in the Stockholm OWI outpost. Those girls now supplement their informational duties by running a sort of overseas USO at which they entertain American flyers interned at Falun, Sweden, on their monthly leave in Stockholm. In between leaves the girls send books and copies of Yank and Stars and Stripes to Falun.

All Stockholm knows where these people work, because one of the sights of the city is the complicated radio aerial which the OWI outpost has set up to facilitate its communications with the United States. The aerial and radio towers rise above the red brick mansion which serves as headquarters for the Stockholm outpost. Once this building, prettily situated in a park by a canal, was the residence of the American Minister, Herschel Johnson, but now for the duration he lives in an apartment. The game room houses a printing press. The basement swimming pool is covered over to provide more working room.

HERE Jensen and his staff go methodically about their job of teaching Herr Goebbels a thing or two. One of the first weapons the OWI put into action in Sweden was the United Newsreel. Three or four hundred thousand Swedes see it each week. It is made up of the best portions of the reels of five commercial motion-picture companies in the United States, and 300 prints are in circulation in Sweden at any one time. Sweden saw the Allied landings in France through United Nations motion-picture camera lenses. The German newsreels have been shoved into the background.

Sweden loves the movies. King Gustaf has frequent private film showings in his palace. One day, after the OWI had been in action for a year or more, I counted thirty-two movie advertisements in an evening newspaper and noted that twenty-one of the features were American films. Swedes laugh at the Nazis in Disney films like Der Führer's Face. The Swedish government has banned some American films on neutrality grounds, but the OWI arranged showings of them by invitation. In this manner many Swedes saw striking movies like The Great Dictator, Charlie Chaplin's burlesque of Hitler. The Germans were so impressed by Mrs. Miniver as a propaganda piece that their movie men publicly admired it in Stockholm.

The next step was to freeze the Germans out of the newspapers. Here the OWI relied on American technical skill and American news-gathering superiority. Unlike the Germans, we could buy no newspapers or editors. But we could help editors sell their papers by improving their product.

On the historic occasion when Franklin D. Roosevelt and Winston Churchill met at Casablanca, the OWI gave Swedish edi-

(Continued on page 72)

KLEENEX TISSUES
KLEENEX
KLEENEX TISSUES

In wartime as in peace

A special process keeps

KLEENEX

luxuriously soft . . . dependably strong!

In your own interest, remember—there is *only one Kleenex** and no other tissue can give you the exclusive Kleenex advantages!

Because *only Kleenex* has the patented process which gives Kleenex its special softness . . . preserves the full strength you've come to depend on. And no other tissue gives you the one and only Serv-a-Tissue Box that *saves* as it serves up *just one* double tissue at a time.

That's why it's to your interest not to confuse Kleenex Tissues with any other brand. No other tissue is "just like Kleenex".

In these days of shortages

—we can't promise you all the Kleenex you want, at all times. But we do promise you this: *consistent with government regulations,* we'll keep your Kleenex the finest quality tissue that can be made!

There is only one KLEENEX*

*Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Your nose knows—
there's only one
KLEENEX

"I'm sorry I invented the pocket!"

IF I HAD KNOWN that some Americans would be using pockets to hold all the extra money they're making these days I never would have invented them.

Pockets are good places to keep hands warm.

Pockets are good places to hold keys . . . and loose change for carfare and newspapers.

But pockets are no place for *any* kind of money except actual expense money these days.

The place—the *only* place—for money above living expenses is in War Bonds.

Bonds buy bullets for soldiers.

Bonds buy security for your old age.

Bonds buy education for your kids.

Bonds buy things you'll need later—that you can't buy now.

Bonds buy peace of mind—knowing that your money is in the fight.

Reach into the pocket I invented. Take out all that extra cash. Invest it in interest-bearing War Bonds.

You'll make me very happy if you do.

You'll be happy too.

WAR BONDS to Have and to Hold

LIBERTY MAGAZINE

This is an official U. S. Treasury advertisement —prepared under auspices of Treasury Department and War Advertising Council

LIBERTY GOES TO THE MOVIES

BY EVE STANLEY

WIN WITH WOODROW

Eddie Bracken (as fake hero Woodrow) is horrified to find himself elected mayor.

HAIL THE CONQUERING HERO

(Paramount)
Eddie Bracken, Ella Raines, William Demarest

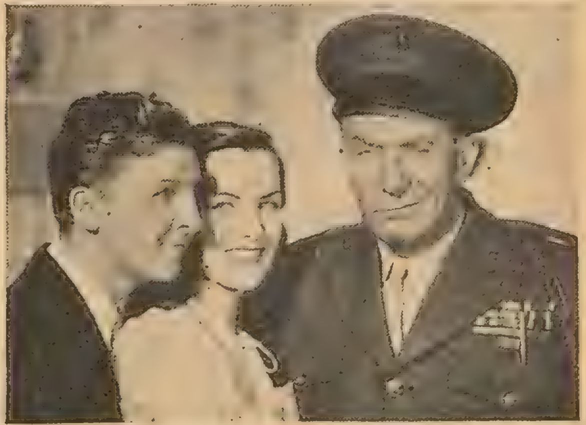
IF you came away from The Miracle of Morgan's Creek with the uneasy suspicion your feelings had been tampered with by the tongue-in-cheek wizardry of Preston Sturges, here's double recompense. It's the tale of a frustrated hero who flounders gallantly through a colossal hoax. Phony glory is thrust upon him, but the good things that come with it are pure gold. It's a typical ironic Sturges dilemma, and the author-director pulls out all the sentimental stops that made such matchless dissonance in the "Creek"; but this time the result is true harmony.

Again the comic-pathetic foibles of human nature are shown up inimitably—by the artistry of the ordinary act. In brief indelible glimpses the picture reveals the essence of a little town, the people who live there, their strange functionings as a crowd. But here the issues are strong and deep, and the result (in laughter and tears) is that rarest of movie treats—a real reminder of the things worth living for.

1 Eddie, discharged from the Marines for hay fever, gets involved in a scheme to make his mother believe that he's a "hero."

2 When the going gets too tough, he tries to sneak away, but the marines who have got him into all this make him stick it out.

3 Eddie, who has become the town idol, thinks he's found a way to ease himself out. He says Uncle Sam's called him back.



4 Tough Sergeant William Demarest has good reason to wink as Eddie comes through his ordeal, wins Ella Raines.

MARINE RAIDERS

(RKO)
Pat O'Brien, Robert Ryan, Ruth Hussey

HERE'S a war story that junkets about with the marines from Guadalcanal to Australia, home to San Diego, and back again. The friendship of "Captain" Robert Ryan (artlessly and appealingly reminiscent of the young Gary Cooper) and he-man "Major" O'Brien furnishes a human-interest thread which ostensibly holds together all the realistic battle and training scenes. Romance comes along too, in the form of a true-blue officer in the Australian WAAFs (Ruth Hussey), and things look pretty dark for the Captain when he gets himself wounded in a Jap air raid and is shipped home without a chance to say good-by.

Well, a little faith goes a long way, and when he finally does get back to Australia—but who are we to give things away? The love interest is tenderly and convincingly sustained, and able direction plus the assistance of the Army, Navy, Coast Guard and Marine Corps have resulted in some stirring action sequences. If this were the only war picture to date, it would show up fairly well, in spite of its obvious lack of organization. As it is, it savors uncomfortably of Guadalcanal Diary and practically every war romance you ever saw. Even so, there's enough interest in the subject matter and pleasant cast to make an evening's entertainment.

SECRET COMMAND

(Columbia)
Pat O'Brien, Carole Landis, Chester Morris

TWO-FISTED Pat O'Brien once more socks his way through plots, counterplots, and counter-counterplots—all to the glory of the secret service, the Seaboard Shipyards, and Carole Landis. He may look like a has-been in search of a job—but don't let that fool you—he might be a saboteur. Then again, he might be a secret agent who *looks* like a saboteur, out to get saboteurs. Get it? Shh—he isn't really married to Carole Landis at all; it's just part of the Plan (and the atmosphere gets pretty strained by bedtime). There seems to be plenty going on around here—if you can follow it.

LILI MARLENE

(British Ministry of Information Film)

THERE'S a song we're all going to be humming before long, and it's called Lili Marlene. Originally sung by a husky-voiced little Swedish singer in a Berlin night club, its simple, nostalgic tune spread, through records, over war-ridden Europe, from there into Allied camps and far-flung outposts. This British film gives the song's history in a combination of authentic shots, captured enemy film, and re-created scenes. Lili Marlene, who waits under the lantern every night for her soldier lover, has achieved her unique popularity because she stands for the deep human feelings that go beyond war itself.

PICTURES WORTH SEEING

DOUBLE INDEMNITY (Paramount). Fred MacMurray, Barbara Stanwyck. Drama.
GASLIGHT (M-G-M). Charles Boyer, Ingrid Bergman, Joseph Cotten. Drama.
GOING MY WAY (Paramount). Bing Crosby, Risë Stevens, Barry Fitzgerald. Drama with music.
THE ADVENTURES OF MARK TWAIN (Warners). Fredric March, Alexis Smith. Drama.
THE EVE OF ST. MARK (20th Century-Fox). William Eythe, Anne Baxter, Vincent Price. Drama.
THE HAIRY APE (United Artists). William Bendix, Susan Hayward, John Loder. Drama.
THE HITLER GANG (Paramount). Robert Watson and others. Documentary melodrama.
THE STORY OF DR. WASSELL (Paramount). Gary Cooper, Laraine Day, Signe Hasso. Drama.
TWO GIRLS AND A SAILOR (M-G-M). Van Johnson, June Allyson, Gloria De Haven. Musical.

Squirt
GIVES YOU
GO!
Squirt
Squirt
TRADE-MARK REG. US PAT OFF
Squirt's the sparkling grapefruit drink . . . Squirt's a new high in taste thrills. You'll like Squirt!
5¢
FOR EXTRA GO!
America's Favorite Mixer
*Trade-Mark of The Squirt Company • Copyright 1944, The Squirt Company
Beverly Hills, California

WATERY BLISTERS BETWEEN TOES?

This Often Helps Quickly

For 10 minutes tonight, soak your sore, tired, itching feet in the rich, creamy lather of Sayman Wonder Soap—and pat dry with a soft towel. Then smooth on plenty of medicated Sayman Salve—over the painful cracks, sore spots and watery blisters. Do this for 10 nights and shout with joy for comforting relief. 25c and 60c. All druggists Get the genuine

SAYMAN SALVE

Right of Way!

Civilian shipments must, of course, give right of way to military supplies during wartime. That's why we know you will bear with us if your copy of LIBERTY fails to arrive on the regular publication date.

Get More Comfort For Standing Feet

With A Daily Ice-Mint Treat

Don't let tired, burning sensitive feet steal energy and make the hours seem longer. Just massage frosty white Ice-Mint on your feet and ankles *before* work to help keep them cool and comfortable . . . and *after* work to help perk them up for an evening of fun. No greasy feeling—won't stain socks or stockings. Grand, too, to help soften corns and callouses. Get Ice-Mint from your druggist today and get foot happy this easy way.

YOU
CAN BUY
THE THINGS YOU
WANT WHEN THE
WAR IS WON.....
IF YOU SAVE
NOW IN
WAR BONDS

(*Continued from page 69*)

tors a pleasant surprise. By radio the New York office sent photographs of the meeting to Stockholm. Now eight photographs a day are transmitted to Sweden in such fashion, and the OWI sells them to Swedish papers. The Casablanca picture appeared in 195 of Sweden's dailies. Last May the Swedish papers published 709 radiophotos as well as 4,327 other photos supplied by the OWI. Because of the great transportation difficulties there is no other medium by which Sweden can receive up-to-date photographs of developments in the war theaters. The radiophoto helps the Swedes forget their isolation.

Sometimes the OWI has been able to give the lie direct to Nazi "news." Soon after the Italian campaign began last summer, the Aftontidningen, a Stockholm newspaper which frequently falls for German phonies, printed a story that American soldiers on the Isle of Capri had looted the home of the famous Swedish doctor-author, Axel Munthe. The story caused a stir, the more so because Munthe at the time was a guest of King Gustaf in the royal palace. The OWI sent a query on the story to Algiers via New York. In a couple of days Swedish newspapers received a United Press dispatch from Algiers quoting an American Army officer to the effect that all was quiet and undisturbed on Capri.

THROUGH their newspapers the Swedes these days are following closely the American elections—something they were interested in but could get little detail about before Jensen and his staff moved into Stockholm. The OWI cable desk in New York was radioing last spring a special story on each primary election, Republican and Democratic. Early in June the outpost distributed a feature about American political conventions and the workings of the electoral college. As a result of such stimulation, the war news in the Swedish papers is predominantly from the United Nations point of view. Last February the eight leading Stockholm papers carried 13,154 column inches of news under Allied date line, and 6,420 column inches under Axis date line. The Swedish provincial press, which averaged fifty-six columns of United States news in 1941, now averages 118 columns. The OWI feeds the papers in the cities and in the rural areas, but most of the news comes from the private agencies like the Associated Press and United Press.

American triumphs in the newspapers did not throw the Germans into a quick propaganda retreat in Sweden. They began to bombard Swedes with the story that we in the United States are soft sensation-seekers given to boasting and frivolity, who would spread a barbaric, materialistic culture around the world if the Allies won the war. They played up race disputes by distributing shocking pictures of lynchings and of the Detroit riot of June, 1943. They gathered a series of pictures of Yank Levy, the guerrilla warfare expert, demonstrating various methods of hand-to-hand combat, and gave them to Swedes in a pamphlet sarcastically entitled, Gentlemen of War, in order to fortify the Goebbels propaganda claim that Americans are a race of killers. They refer often to Al Capone as a man considered a success in America.

The OWI in answer launched a cultural offensive to show the Swedes that the United States is not crude and uncivilized. German orchestras find it easy to travel to Stockholm, but the OWI negotiated with Radiojanst, the Swedish governmental radio, to play records of musical arrangements by the great American orchestras. Paul Sachs, at Harvard University, sends

USE ASTHMADOR

The medicated smoke of Dr. R. Schiffmann's ASTHMADOR aids in reducing the severity of asthmatic attacks—helps make breathing easier. ASTHMADOR is economical, dependable, uniform—its quality more than ever insured by rigid laboratory control of potency. Use ASTHMADOR in powder, cigarette, or pipe mixture form. At any drugstore—try ASTHMADOR today!

PULVEX
FLEA POWDER
Kills fleas
JUST APPLY TO ONE SPOT
25¢
AND 50¢

FALSE TEETH

KLUTCH holds them tighter

KLUTCH forms a comfort cushion; holds dental plates so much firmer an snugger that one can eat and talk with greater comfort and security; in many cases almost as well as with natural teeth. Klutch lessens the constant fear of a dropping, rocking, chafing plate. 25c and 50c at druggists. . . . If your druggist hasn't it, ***don't waste money on substitutes***, but send us 10c and we will mail you a generous trial box. © I. P. INC.

KLUTCH CO., Box 3138-H, ELMIRA, N. Y.

SAVE

Every Scrap of

PAPER—

Old Newspapers
Magazines
Wrapping Paper
Cardboard

•

Everything that's
PAPER
Every bit of it is needed
to help win
THE WAR

to Sweden a weekly review on developments in the American art world No matter how humble, scarcely a house or apartment in Sweden lacks a good oil painting or water color.

American books furnish the core of the cultural propaganda. American authors are more popular in Sweden than any others. There was a drought of their works when Jensen got off his plane. Since then, the outpost has imported about 300 titles which have been translated into Swedish and widely sold through private enterprise. American plays are often translated and sold in book form—for examples, The Moon Is Down, The Eve of St. Mark, and Mourning Becomes Electra. Germans in Stockholm bookstores looking for Nazi fare are confronted on the shelves with that condemnation of Nazidom in play form, Watch on the Rhine. Wendell Willkie is a best seller in Sweden, and so is John Steinbeck.

The OWI does make mistakes. For instance, its editors thought the Swedes would be as moved by cute pictures of dirty-faced children as American newspaper readers are. But the Swedes, who worship cleanliness, got a wrong idea of the United States from the pictures, and now they appear no more. Day after day the office seeks to make America impressive and admirable for the Swedes. The job entails strange chores. One resulted from the fact that the Swedish Minister of Agriculture was interested in developing new types of peas. The OWI sent him a pound of each of twenty kinds of American peas. (In Burma, it has been sending vegetable seeds by plane to men and women living restlessly under the Jap occupation.)

A TRAIN ride overnight from Stockholm will bring an OWI agent to a part of Sweden where he can look at Denmark, guarded by German soldiers. For two years the OWI has been outwitting those Germans. Each week three prints of the United Newsreels are slipped into Denmark. The Moon Is Down, a motion-picture denunciation of the Nazis, had a great success among underground audiences in Copenhagen and other Danish cities. The Stockholm outpost publishes a weekly newspaper for the Danes, Over Atlanten Nyt, just as it publishes a weekly paper for the Norwegians, Amerika-Nytt.

This well-organized contact with the free world has helped the Danes and Norwegians to keep alive their faith that in time they will be liberated from the Nazis.

Jensen has tried to make the OWI indispensable to a wide range of Swedish people. Through him, the United States has given books to the library of Uppsala University. The Swedish Cancer Research Society has obtained through OWI the latest information from cancer specialists in the United States. The OWI is setting up a library of 200 technical magazines for Swedish engineers and industrialists. Every month it distributes news letters on latest American scientific developments, and it has supplied pertinent information to the Swedish Commission on Juvenile Delinquency, which asked how the United States was dealing with the problem.

The human touch plays a large part in the success of the American propaganda. Every Monday Jensen gives a cocktail party, and many Swedes attend. There editors learn something they might want to take up in their newspapers during the coming week. The OWI has been lavish in arranging lecture programs for Americans through the villages and towns of Sweden. A popular lecturing visitor last winter was Mrs. Lena Madesin Phillips, president of the International Federation of Business and Professional Women. She broke her arm the morning she reached Sweden, but, like an old trouper, she insisted on delivering a scheduled address that afternoon, and Stockholm applauded her for her gameness.

Jensen has taken advantage of the fact that Sweden is deeply interested in modern architecture, of which the Stockholm Town Hall is a world-renowned example. Jensen himself was a pupil of Frank Lloyd Wright, the Wisconsin architect who built the earthquake-proof hotel in Tokyo. In June, by collaboration with the Museum of Modern Art in New York City, he presented in the Royal Museum in Stockholm an exposition called America Builds. It was made up of 508 photographs and 102 photostats.

THE intensity of the OWI work in Sweden has not only overwhelmed the Nazis but impressed them. One of their papers in Stockholm remarked: "Whatever one thinks of the British and Yankee capacity as warriors, one must admit their unquestionable superiority in the realm of publicity."

The Stockholm outpost's success depends on its co-operation with the American Legation and British Ministry of Information branch in Sweden and with OWI headquarters in the United States. In Washington, Bjarne Braatoy, a Minnesotan who was brought up in Norway, supervises our Scandinavian propaganda. In New York, a young woman who used to teach history at Columbia University, Mrs. Royce Moch, feeds Stockholm news by wireless and airmail. She wires 2,300 words a day and mails 33,000 more each week.

The New York office is headquarters of a world-wide operation for which Congress has appropriated $59,000,000 for the current year. In all the neutral countries, as well as the Allied capitals, you find the OWI at work. In Eire, its Letter from America has the largest circulation of any weekly. It keeps a staff of eighty-eight in Istanbul, Turkey, where Germany has seventeen "cultural attachés" who go to such lengths as bringing in typhus vaccine for the families of newspapermen sympathetic to the Nazis. From Switzerland, the OWI for a long time was feeding American news and pictures to newspapers in Hungary. Every day the New York office sends out 60,000 words a day for newspapers and broadcasts 275 radio programs.

The Jensen crowd has consistently stressed four main informational lines—that the Allies will win, that U. S. production is tremendous, that the United Nations stand solidly together, and that the world will be a decent place after Allied victory. The OWI is looking beyond the present in this propaganda. It hopes the Swedes will be so sold on America that they will help convince the German people that their wisest future course lies in accepting the terms of peace and building their lives anew without thought of revenge in some other war.

THE END

There's Always a Bright Side If It's Only Black and Blue

Love tossed you for
A loop, a beaut.
But hush that dreadful
Din:
A heart is hardly
Worth a hoot
Till it's been broken
In.

—ETHEL JACOBSON.

POWERFUL LIQUID
promptly soothes TORTURE of
ATHLETE'S FOOT

And
On Contact
Kills Germs
That
Cause It!

If you're discouraged about a mean, hard to relieve case of Athlete's Foot—just try *Extra Strength* ZEMO. The first applications relieve that intense itching soreness between cracked peeling toes and on contact actually *kill* the vicious germs that most commonly cause and spread Athlete's Foot.

Zemo is a Doctor's wonderful soothing yet powerfully medicated *liquid* backed by 35 years' success. The first trial of Zemo convinces! At all drugstores.

NOTE: *Also Fine for Tired, Sore Feet* → **ZEMO**

HOTEL LOWRY
ROOM & BATH $2.50 UP • ST. PAUL, MINN.
← GARAGE • COFFEE SHOP

CARELESS TALK CAN BE PIECED TOGETHER BY THE ENEMY

ITCH CHECKED *In A Jiffy*

Relieve itching caused by eczema, athlete's foot, scabies, pimples and other itching conditions. Use cooling, medicated **D.D.D. Prescription.** Greaseless, stainless. Soothes, comforts and checks itching fast. 35c trial bottle proves it—or money back. Ask your druggist today for **D.D.D. Prescription.**

CHANGES of ADDRESS

Notice of change of address should be sent not less than four weeks prior to the date change becomes effective. Send the address at which copies are now being received and the new address at which you wish to receive copies.

LIBERTY
205 East 42nd Street New York 17, N.Y.

New **FOOT RELIEF**

Dr. Scholl's KUROTEX, velvety-soft, soothing, cushioning foot plaster, when used on feet or toes, quickly relieves Corns, Callouses, Bunions, Tender Spots. Stops shoe friction; eases pressure. Economical! At Drug, Shoe, Dept. and 10¢ Stores.

Dr Scholl's
KUROTEX

Easily cut to any size or shape

AUG. 5, 1944

PAUL HUNTER
Publisher
EDWARD MAHER
Editor

AN OPEN LETTER TO CAPT. JOE PATTERSON

"Cap'n Joe," publisher of New York's Daily News.

DEAR Cap'n Joe:

Maybe you remember Liberty Magazine. After all, you should. You started it twenty years ago. We remember you around here with considerable kindliness, even though after a few years you did sell us down the river into a fate that at times seemed worse than death. So maybe we're entitled to talk back to you a bit frankly.

As we remember it, Cap'n Joe, you used to be a pretty good guy, with a genuine feeling for the welfare of the little people. We never pass your imposing building without glancing at the quote from Lincoln chiseled over its doorway: "He made so many of them"—meaning, of course, the little people God loves so much. We think you really mean that—at least you did when you put it up.

We're sure you're a pretty smart cookie, too, or else you couldn't have built the biggest—and, who knows, maybe the best—newspaper in the country.

But lately, Cap'n, we can't figure out just what you're driving at. The editorials in your Daily News seem predicated on the assumption that people are just no damn good. They don't make you sound like a man who loves people. They are often contradictory and seem meant to create suspicion and further discord rather than the tranquillity which the little people everywhere want.

Let's start with a simple fact and see where it takes us. War falls heavily on the little people. Its recurrence must be prevented if the human race can find within itself the power to do so. Any plan aimed at preventing war should get the support of a man who professes to love the little people.

We know, of course, that you think affairs on other continents are none of our business and that we were foxed into this war by the clever British and the "messianic" Roosevelt.

But, Cap'n Joe, isn't it obvious that if we hadn't helped the British and Russians keep fighting we would now be at war anyway? If England, Russia, and China had succumbed to the aggressors, would not their resources now be ranged against us instead of fighting on our side? Our only alternative would have been to make a cynical deal with Hitler and Tojo and let them steal what they wanted from their neighbors while we stole what we wanted from ours.

You know we could never have done that and kept our soul. Besides, it would probably have led to war anyhow and on an even bigger scale.

The "turtle" psychology you advocate for the future seems to us to assure that bigger war some day. We have learned from this present conflict that fortifications don't mean a thing any more. Smart guys on the other side can always figure ways around them. Thus your idea of maintaining our armed strength at a high point and to hell with the rest of the world looks dangerous to us. Some future aggressors may grab the rest of the world while we "mind our own business" and then come and take us apart.

No, Cap'n Joe, the time has come when, for the sake of the little people, we must make a sincere effort to settle the world's squabbles through co-operative international effort. We all ought to concentrate on getting an organization that will work, and on avoiding the sort of toe-in-the-water commitment which is sure to keep it from working.

You and your paper can do a great deal to help bring this about or to prevent it. Before you go any further you owe it to the little people to think this whole thing through again. Why don't you take a nice long walk some day and do that? Make it soon, willya, Cap'n Joe?

Paul Hunter

Liberty
. . . FOR ALL

Through three wars . . .

Loose Talk Aided the Enemy

PRESS MESSAGE
N. Corby
BUY WAR BONDS
CORBY'S
Reserve
N. Corby
BLENDED WHISKEY
BLENDED AND BOTTLED FOR JAS. BARCLAY & CO. LIMITED PEORIA ILLINOIS
PRESS 1944

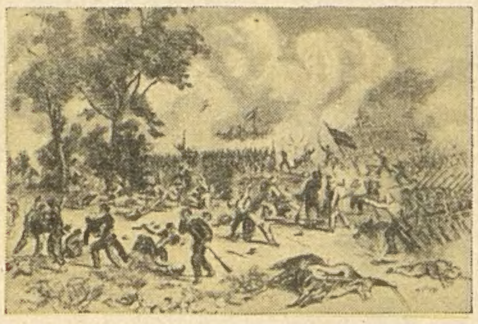
A GRAND OLD CANADIAN NAME

PRODUCED IN U. S. A. *under the direct supervision of our expert Canadian blender.*

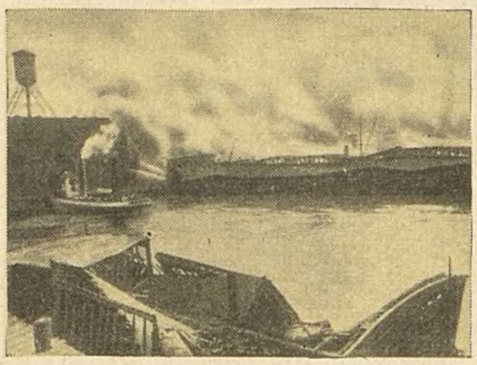
"Don't talk about anything connected with the war effort unless you see it published or hear it on the radio." That's the Government's request to help keep military secrets and hasten Victory. Between now and the day when the war ends you may occasionally find it possible to buy a "sample" bottle of Corby's, the light, sociable blend. *An occasional "sampling" of Corby's now may lead to lasting preference after Victory!*

Lend
Fighting
Dollars
BUY
WAR BONDS

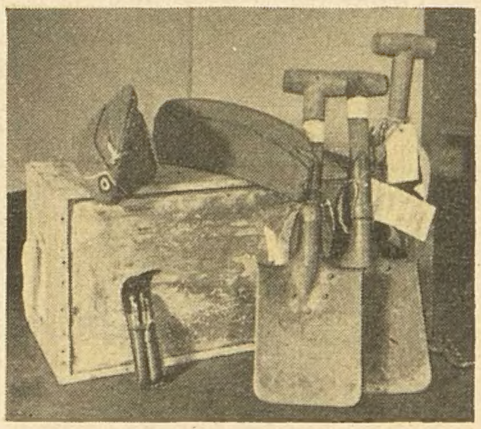
86 Proof—68.4% Fruit and Grain Neutral Spirits
Jas. Barclay & Co., Ltd., Peoria, Ill.



1861 **A WOMAN** spy sent nine words of information from Washington to a Confederate General. This resulted in defeat for the Union Army at Bull Run. Careless talk cost lives in Corby's third year as a Canadian whiskey name.



1916 **BLACK TOM EXPLOSION,** largest sabotage operation in history, cost 6 lives, 20 million dollars damage. Somebody talked, German agents located and destroyed Allied supplies in Corby's 58th year as a grand old Canadian name.



1942 **EQUIPMENT LANDED** in Florida with saboteurs from Germany. Eight Nazis from submarines were captured in this country and executed, other spies may be active here. Loose talk about the war effort can aid the enemy in this 86th year of Corby's whiskey fame.

JUST ABOUT THE COOLEST THING YOU EVER SAW!

A julep made with whiskey "Like Sunny Morning in Your Glass"

WANT to taste something as cool as the breezes of a sunny country morning? Then . . . take ice, take mint, take the whiskey that's "Like Sunny Morning in Your Glass" . . . and make a thirst-provoking SCHENLEY Reserve Mint Julep!

Settle back for the treat of your life . . . because the first sip of that brisk, bright flavor is as eye-opening as the crow of a rooster at dawn! Why is SCHENLEY Reserve so outstanding among fine whiskies? Frankly, it's the result of *genius*—no less—*in blending!* No wonder SCHENLEY Reserve has won such popularity.

HOW TO MAKE A SCHENLEY JULEP:

Put 10 or 12 sprigs of tender young mint in a tall glass, add 1 teaspoonful of powdered sugar dissolved in a little water. Add one drink of SCHENLEY Reserve. Stir gently, then pack the glass with finely crushed ice. Stir again until glass is frosted. Decorate with fresh mint.

The basic whiskies in Schenley Reserve blended whiskey are supplied only from pre-war stocks. Our distilleries are now producing only alcohol for munitions, synthetic rubber and other important uses. Schenley has produced no whiskey since Oct. 1942.

MELLOW AND LIGHT AS A PERFECT MORNING

SCHENLEY
Reserve

BLENDED WHISKEY

They also serve, who BUY and HOLD WAR BONDS!

SCHENLEY
RESERVE

Schenley Distillers Corp., N. Y. C. 86 proof—60% neutral spirits distilled from fruit and grains.